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sex and the high school girl

by Nancy Jo Sales

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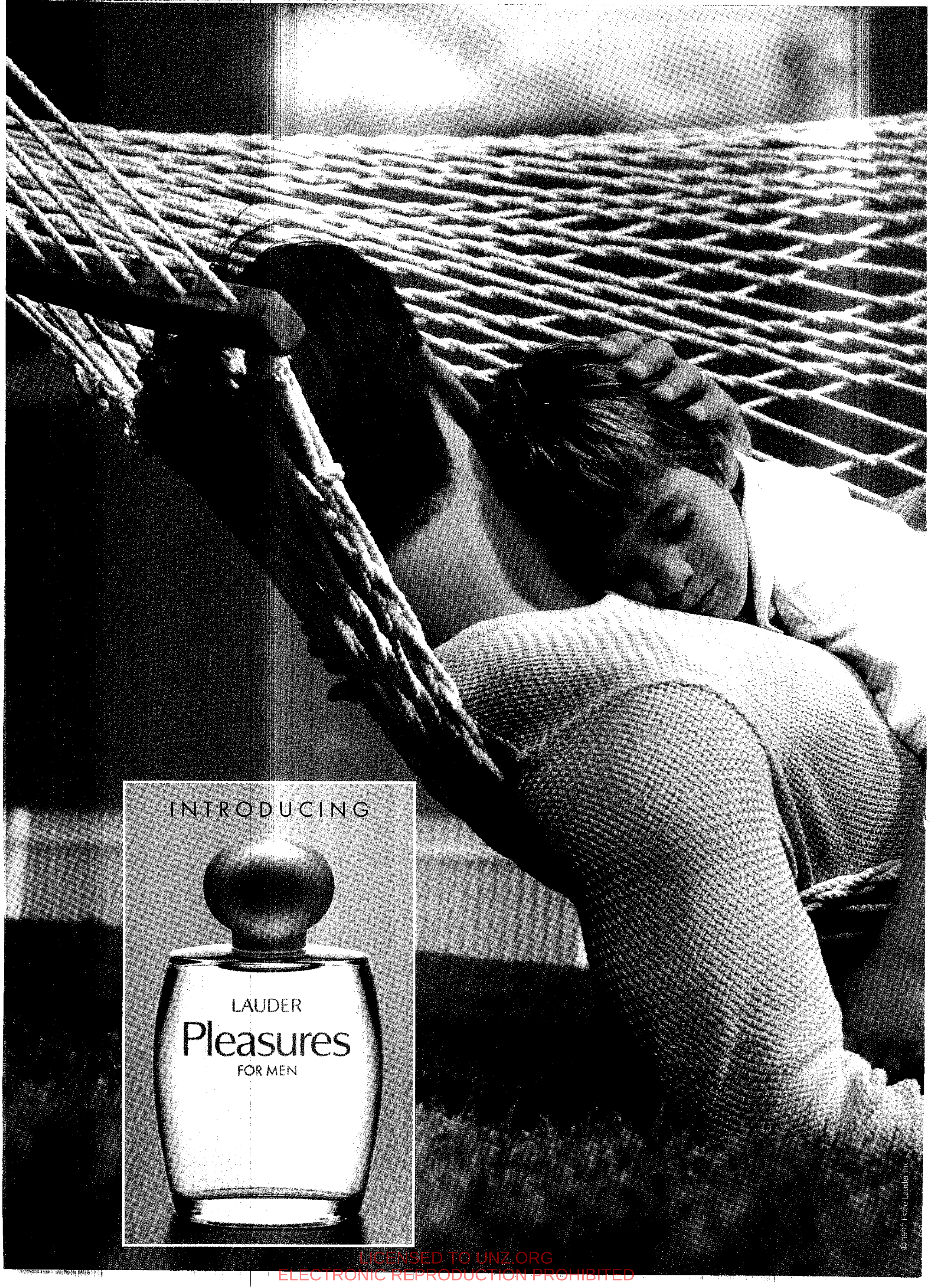
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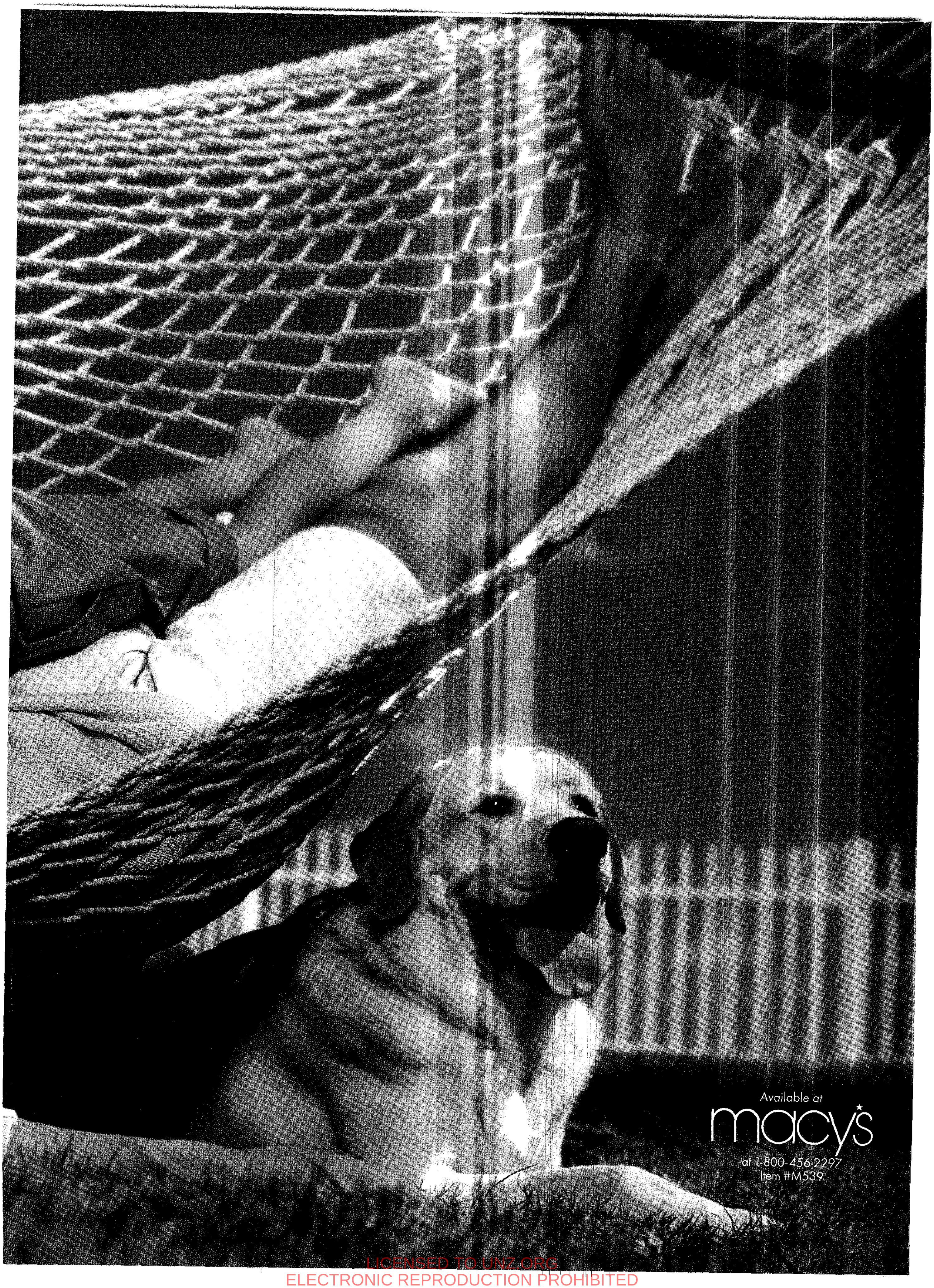
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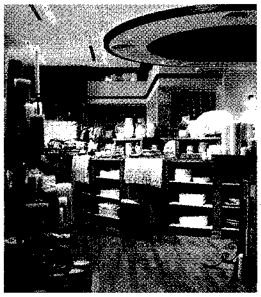
Contents Sept. 29, 1997

> *"For a girl to be accepted among boys, she has to be down and dirty. . . .*
> *To be a cool girl, you have to stab girl-kind in the back."*
>
> "HONOR," PAGE 26

26 Sex and the Schoolgirl

By Nancy Jo Sales

In the overheated atmosphere of many Manhattan schools, a scary new morality has taken hold. Sex has never been so casual, and if a girl doesn't participate, she's branded a loser. But if she has sex with the wrong person, or too many people, she loses her reputation—she's a "ho," or worse. Meaning that in the new war between the sexes, the boys are winning.



34 Luongo Time Coming

By Manny Howard

As he opens Tuscan Square next week, restaurateur Pino Luongo—whose critics are as passionate as his customers—will be taking his biggest gamble yet. Can Rockefeller Center's tourists support an immense mall celebrating Tuscany? And can the man who's built so many New York restaurant successes sell sweaters and toothpaste, too?

38 Un-Unplugged

By Mark Jolly

It may be the best contemporary-music show ever; it's certainly the biggest forum for borderline-mainstream musicians. The strange thing is, *Sessions at West 54th* isn't anywhere near the usual cable channels—it's on public television.

40 A Freaky Pad

By Rene Chun

Is it a surprise that John Leguizamo, star of the upcoming *Freak* (in which he plays 40 roles without a costume change) has a thing for cocktail-culture kitsch? A look inside the actor's East Village house, where Hef's Bunnies and the Lady Bunny would both feel at home.

Gotham

15 Marv Albert, crusader; the *Times* is the new Tammany?; the Mekons in New York; just say no to commercialization

Departments

22 The City Politic

Michael Tomasky

The runoff mess proves that the primary should be held sooner

24 The National Interest

Hanna Rosin

Pat Moynihan's struggles with Clinton have left him marginalized. Is New York paying for it?

63 Restaurants

Hal Rubenstein

Snappers: Estiatorio Milos's uniquely consistent fish; Pearl Oyster Bar's clipped service

Marketplace

46 Best Bets

Corky Pollan

Radiant heat; kid-style drawer pulls; vintage bathroom lighting

48 Sales & Bargains

Ondine Cohane

Autumn in New York: Discounts to start the new season, on everything from highlights to leggings

The Arts

50 Movies

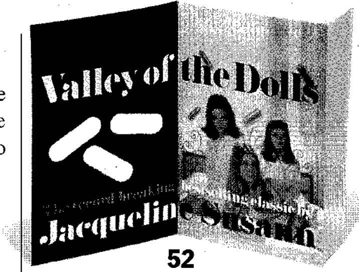
David Denby

L.A. Confidential is pure American *noir* without overstyled gimmicks

52 Books

Mim Udovitch

Does Princess Diana, too, reside in *Valley of the Dolls*?



52

56 Art

Mark Stevens

Robert Rauschenberg at the Guggenheims shows where modernist abstraction broke down

57 Classical Music

Peter G. Davis

It's singers vs. sets in City Opera's new *Macbeth; L'italiana in Algeri* comes south

59 Dance

Tobi Tobias

Dance Theatre of Harlem's technique isn't at the expense of warmth; a fair-to-Poe performance

61 Television

John Leonard

Bochco tries to make the funny; *Dharma & Greg* is one big meet-cute

Cue

65 An Irishman on why he writes that way; floating operetta; Stephan Petronio, punk no more; a Roche crawls out; a photo record of our New York

Misc.

Letters 8
Intelligencer *by Beth Landman Keil and Deborah Mitchell* 11
***Guardian* Crossword** 108
'Cue' Crossword *by Maura B. Jacobson* 108
Classified 97
Strictly Personals 104

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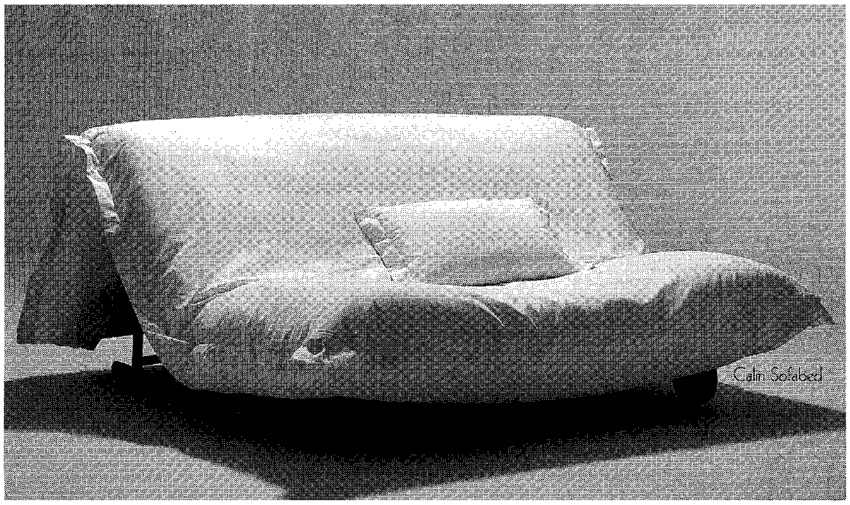

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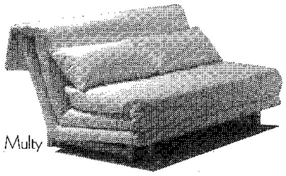

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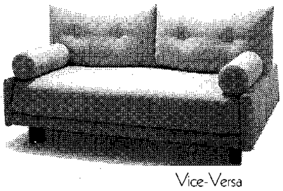

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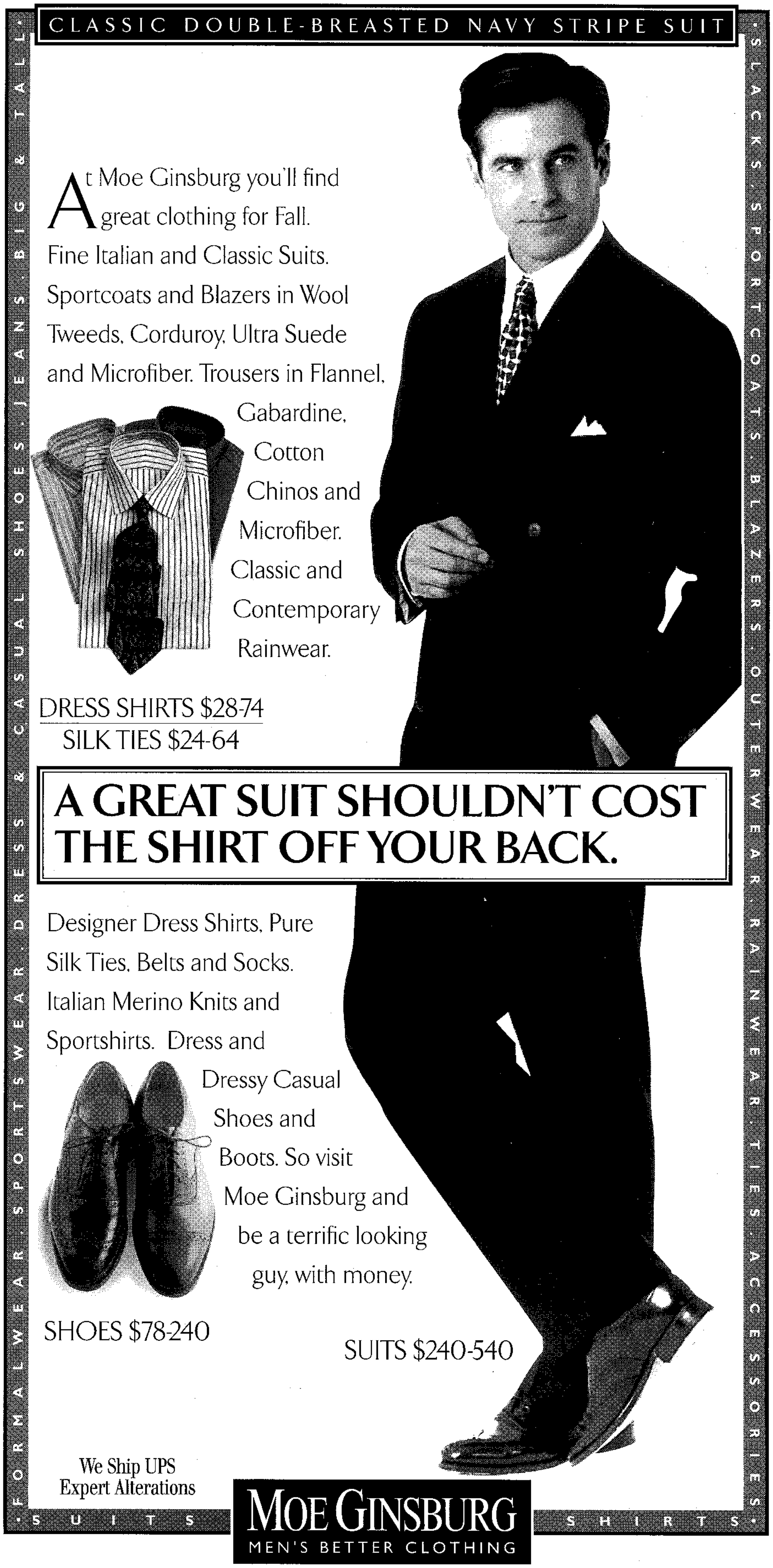

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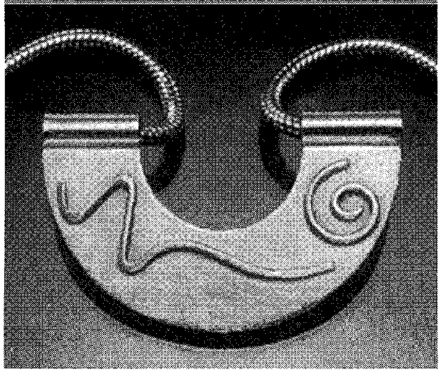

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LETTERS SEPTEMBER 29, 1997

Just Jane

Giving girls the advice they need; giving Kevin Kline the exposure he deserves; no rest for golfers, wicked or otherwise.

I AM 17½ YEARS OLD, AND I LOVED JANE Pratt's *Sassy* ["Has Jane Gotten Sassier?" by Rebecca Mead, September 15]. After Ms. Pratt left, her precocious *Sassy* was gone and my 15-year-old heart was crushed. Now *Sassy* doesn't exist at all, and the big, bad magazine people have switched my *Sassy* subscription to *Teen*! *Jane* comes as a welcome surprise, and I hope that when I open the pages, a whiff of realism, self-esteem, and Jane Pratt will get me going once again. If only *Jane* were sold in Sheepshead Bay so I wouldn't have to go to Manhattan to finally get my hands on it. But I think it is well worth the subway fare.

Eva Korngut
BROOKLYN

I THINK JANE PRATT AND HER NEW MAGAzine are both symbols of what young women today can accomplish, not by trying to be somebody else but simply by being themselves. Teenagers and young women devour magazines, looking for articles we can relate to; rarely are we successful. Pratt's adult ambitions, combined with her being attuned to the needs and thoughts of younger women, are a welcome change.

Rachel Kramer Bussel
MANHATTAN

MAYBE IT'S JUST ME, BUT IT SEEMED THAT there were a remarkable number of gratuitous, mean-spirited comments about Jane Pratt's appearance in Rebecca Mead's profile of her. I don't really think the fact that Jane looks "not a year younger than her age, 34" (and why should she?) or that Brad Johns colors her hair has any bearing on her skills as an editor. Nor does the fact that she once had brown hair, wore ankle socks, or dated the lead singer of R.E.M.

Regina Joskow Dunton
JERSEY CITY, N.J.

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Divine Kline

A BIG THANK YOU FOR THE COVER AND story about Kevin Kline ["Fall Preview," September 8]. I've been a fan of this wonderful (and underappreciated) actor since *Pirates of Penzance,* through *Silverado* and *Dave* (my personal Kline favorite). Each time I look at your "Fall Preview" cover and see that Kline face and the autumn leaf stuck in the fly of his elegant tux trousers, it makes me smile.

Ann Irving
MANHATTAN

I HAVE ALWAYS SEEN KEVIN KLINE IN HIS comic roles as this generation's Peter Sellers. I mean this as the highest form of high praise.

Scott Saunders
AVENTURA, FLA.

Color Line

"AN UNEXPECTED FACE IN THE CROWD" quotes Sonny Carson as saying, "It doesn't make sense to bring a white Court Street lawyer into one of the biggest civil-rights cases in recent history" ["Gotham," by John Connolly, September 1]. Mr. Carson had no objection when a group of *white* Court Street lawyers (of which I was one) got him acquitted in what the prosecution thought was an airtight case, thereby saving him from 25 years to life in jail.

Harvey L. Greenberg
MANHATTAN

Linked Up

I WAS RELIEVED TO DISCOVER I WAS NOT the only person bringing her cell phone to a fine restaurant on a Saturday evening so I could call 516-542-GOLF or 516-668-1234 (Montauk Downs) when the reservations opened up for the next Saturday, only to find that I could play eighteen holes starting at 4:45 P.M. ["The Urban Golf Crisis," by Faye Penn, September 15]. *Hello!* Does anyone know it gets dark on Long Island at 6:30? Two weeks ago, my husband and I took a ten-mile bike ride, and he said I was the first person ever to take a cell phone on a bike to make a golf-tee-time reservation. Living in Nassau and Suffolk, as we do, does not double your chances of getting a tee time at a state or county course. What would double our chances is if the environmentalists who live in our resort communities allowed the three to four proposed golf courses to be constructed instead of fighting them.

Bonnie Lyons Salkind
GREAT NECK, N.Y.

Re-Education

THERE IS NO REASON TO QUESTION THE Reverend Floyd Flake's integrity or sincerity, but clearly he is naïve to think that vouchers will enable poor inner-city black students to transfer to private and religious schools if they are accepted ["Flake's Big Break," by Samuel G. Freedman, September 1]. The hidden motive of those who are pushing this initiative is the transfer of enormous sums of public money to thousands of Bible schools, "academies," and home-study institutes. Once the public treasury can be looted for the benefit of private institutions, many of which have extremely divisive agendas, the logical next step for the proponents of this scheme is to argue that if vouchers are permissible for transfer, why should they be denied to those who chose private schools to begin with? At that point, the hue and cry about poor inner-city kids will come to an end and the real battle will begin.

Herbert Greenhut
THE BRONX

In Denial

ALEXANDRA LANGE CALLED *HARPER'S Magazine* for comment shortly before filing her piece ["Gotham: *Harper's* Caves In," September 8], but she then refused to print the magazine's on-the-record response, dismissing it as "the usual denials and sidestepping." The correct answers didn't lend themselves to innuendo, and the resulting story is largely a confused mess of self-serving gossip, most of it previously seen in the New York *Observer* and the Boston *Globe*, and much of it provided by unnamed sources or by Alexandra Ringe, who, several months ago, had been fired by *Harper's Magazine*.

Lewis H. Lapham
Editor, Harper's Magazine
MANHATTAN

Correction An item in the September 8 issue about the musical *The Capeman* incorrectly described Rubén Blades as Puerto Rican. He is Panamanian. ■

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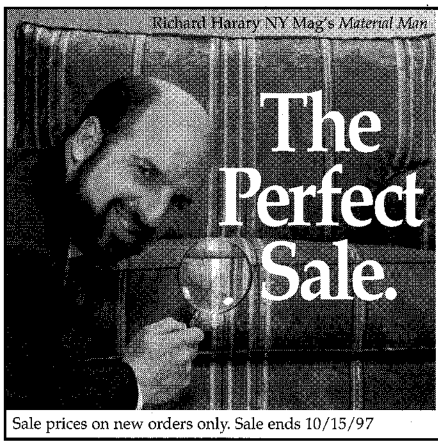
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September 25–November 11

Objects in plaster, newspaper, steel, and found materials.

Made possible by the Contemporary Exhibition Fund, The Contemporary Arts Council and The Junior Associates of The Museum of Modern Art, and Susan G. Jacoby. Additional support provided by the Austrian Ministry for Foreign Affairs/Austrian Cultural Institute, New York.

Opening in October

BABA: Award-Winning British Commercials

October 2–17

Agnès Varda

October 3–31

The work of the only woman filmmaker directly associated with the founding of the Nouvelle Vague.

Egon Schiele: The Leopold Collection, Vienna

October 12–January 4

Approximately 150 oils, gouaches, watercolors, and drawings by the idiosyncratic Austrian Expressionist, ranging in date from 1905 to 1918.

Sponsored by ROBERT LEHMAN FOUNDATION, INC. Additional generous support provided by Jo Carole and Ronald S. Lauder. The assistance of the Österreichische Nationalbank, the Austrian Mint, and the Austrian Culture Institute, New York, is gratefully acknowledged. Indemnity granted by the Federal Council on the Arts and the Humanities.

Schiele panel discussion

Tuesday, November 4, 7:00 p.m.

With Nan Goldin, artist; Jane Kallir, director, Galerie St. Etienne; and others.

The Roy and Niuta Titus Theater 2. Tickets: $8; members $7; students and seniors $5. For information: 212-708-9781.

Achille Castiglioni: Design!

October 16–January 6

A retrospective of works from all periods of the long and productive career of this noted Italian architect and industrial designer.

Organized by The Museum of Modern Art, New York, in collaboration with Cosmit, Organizing Committee of the Salone del Mobile Italiano in Milan. Made possible by Maureen and Marshall S. Cogan. Additional support provided by Agnes Bourne, Alessi, Cosmit, Editrice Abitare Segesta, Campeggi S.r.l., and M2L, Inc.

Lecture by Achille Castiglioni

Thursday, October 16, 7:30 p.m.

Achille Castiglioni presents objects he has conceived. With Paola Antonelli, Associate Curator, Department of Architecture and Design.

The Roy and Niuta Titus Theater 1
Tickets: $8; members, students, and seniors $5.
For information: 212-708-9781.

Made possible by the Furniture and Lighting Division of the Italian Trade Commission.

New Photography 13

October 24–January 13

Artists showcased are Rineke Dijkstra, An My Lê, Vik Muniz, and Kunié Sugiura.

Made possible by Banana Republic.

Opening in November

Recent Films from Germany

From November 1

This survey testifies to the continuing vitality of German cinema.

Presented in association with the Export-union des Deutschen Films in Munich and Goethe-Institut, New York.

New China

November 24–December 3

These videos, produced in Beijing, Shanghai, and Hong Kong, explore youth culture, displacement, and exile.

Supported by The Contemporary Arts Council of The Museum of Modern Art.

Luchino Visconti

From November 13

A retrospective of the work of the master Italian filmmaker.

Organized in association with Lanza Tomasi, Director, Instituto Italiano di Cultura/New York Italian Cultural Institute, and with the support of Ente Gestone del Cinema, Rome, and Centro Sperimentale di Cinematografia/Cineteca Nazionale, Rome.

Projects: Steve McQueen

November 28–January 13

The artist's most recent installation, *Deadpan* (1997), is the subject of this exhibition.

Made possible by the Contemporary Exhibition Fund, The Contemporary Arts Council and The Junior Associates of The Museum of Modern Art, and Susan G. Jacoby.

Fall Programs

Jazz at MoMA

Live jazz is performed Friday evening from 5:30 to 8:00 p.m. in the Garden Café. For information: 212-708-9491.

Made possible in part by a grant from The Fan Fox and Leslie R. Samuels Foundation, Inc. Additional support provided by United Airlines. Piano provided by Baldwin Piano, New York, N.Y.

Studies in Modern Art Lecture Series

The third annual series' theme is Modern Stories:

October 14: W. J. T. Mitchell
October 28: Richard Wollheim
November 11: Susan Stewart
November 18: Homi Bhabha

All programs begin at 6:30 p.m. in The Roy and Niuta Titus Theater 2. Individual Tickets: $8, members $7, students and seniors $5. Series of four: $28, members $24, students and seniors $16. For information: 212-708-9781.

Conversations with Contemporary Artists

Fridays, 6:30 p.m., The Edward John Noble Education Center.

October 24: Peter Halley
October 31: Vik Muniz
November 7: John Currin
November 14: Ayse Birsel
November 21: Beth B.
December 5: Sue Williams

Tickets $5, free for students with I.D. For information: 212-708-9781.

Made possible in part by The Leo and Julia Forchheimer Foundation and The Contemporary Arts Council and The Junior Associates of The Museum of Modern Art.

Brown Bag Lunch Lectures

Informal lectures on modern art. Topics change weekly. Tuesdays and Thursdays, September 16–November 20, 12:30–1:15 p.m.

The Edward John Noble Education Center (enter at 18 West 54th Street). Admission: $5 at the door. For information: 212-708-9781.

Family Programs

From October 4 through December 13, MoMA presents Saturday morning family programs for children and their adult friends. For information: 212-708-9805.

Made possible by The Herbert and Kitty Glantz Foundation, Metropolitan Life Foundation, Mr. and Mrs. Murray L. Nathan, and the J. E. and Z. B. Butler Foundation Inc. Additional funding provided by the Harriett Ames Charitable Trust, Bloomingdale's, the Leo and Julia Forchheimer Foundation, and individual members of the Trustee Committee on Education.

For film and video information: 212-708-9480.

Note: These are autumn highlights only. All programs are subject to change without notice.

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MoMA

The Museum of Modern Art

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

CITY ASKS FOR A BERGERLESS CLINIC

For the past ten years, lawyer **Joel Berger** has been teaching a class at NYU that allows law students to earn credit while working for the city's Corporation Counsel office. But shortly after classes began this fall, according to the director of the law school's clinics, **Martin Guggenheim,** "I was informed by a lawyer in the Corporation Counsel's office that it would not permit the apprenticeship to continue this year if Joel Berger were to be involved." Why spurn the esteemed professor, who spent eight years working in the Corporation Counsel's office before he went into private practice in 1996? Maybe because Berger, who now concentrates on bringing police-brutality cases against the city he once defended, called the Giuliani administration's task-force approach to the **Abner Louima** case "wholly inadequate" in an op-ed piece he wrote for the New York *Times.* Within days, the Corporation Counsel's office informed him that his students would not be welcome. Guggenheim says that when he complained about the late notice, the Corporation Counsel lawyer offered to find someone else to teach the seminar, an offer Guggenheim politely declined. "This is nothing but the typical, spiteful, get-back-at-them attitude that this administration has shown in so many ways," says one outraged source close to the situation. "We have nothing to say," reports a spokesman for the Corporation Counsel.

DUFF'S TOUGH TIME IN DIVORCE COURT

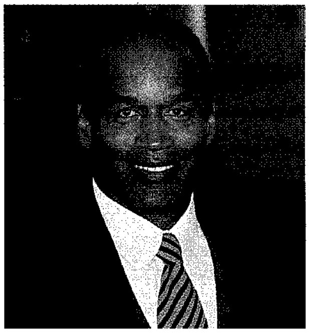
Patricia Duff seemed like a particularly independent billionaire's wife when she bought her own home in Connecticut six months into her marriage to **Ron Perelman.** Now it turns out that even though she spent $2.55 million of her own money on the fourteen-room mansion in Fairfield, she wasn't able to buy privacy from her powerful estranged husband. Some members of Perelman's notoriously tough security force are living in the house with Duff—a precaution Perelman insisted on to protect the couple's 2½-year-old daughter, **Caleigh,** sources say, and one that he was officially granted by the divorce court. Perelman is said to be doing very well in the messy, yearlong divorce: He's already won far more visitation time with Caleigh than Duff wanted him to have. (Caleigh was at the 80th-birthday party Perelman threw for his father in the Hamptons this summer; Duff was not.) Duff has responded to the setbacks by changing divorce lawyers yet again, going from **Robert Stephan Cohen** to **Stanford Lotwin.** Neither Duff's attorneys nor Perelman's returned calls.

Ron Perelman: Space invader

JANE'S LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE CAMERA

Jane Robelot, co-anchor of CBS's *This Morning,* is spending a lot of time flying to Miami these days. Romance, not work, is calling her: She's dating CBS cameraman **Mario De Carvalho.** They met covering a church youth group in South Carolina a few years ago, then went together to Cuba on assignment this spring. Now the newsroom is buzzing about the couple. Robelot is a dead ringer for **Paula Zahn,** whom she replaced last year ("If CBS was looking for a new look, this isn't it," sniped **Larry King**). But Robelot's non-hierarchical approach to relationships distinguishes her from her predecessors in the anchor's chair and is causing talk in corporate Black Rock. It's like "an enlisted man marrying an officer," says an insider, who might be jumping the gun a little. A CBS spokeswoman insists Robelot isn't engaged—yet.

FINAL CUT FOR O.J. AT ROCKINGHAM



O. J. Simpson: Another myth debarked

When the Hawthorne Savings Bank took possession of **O. J. Simpson's** Rockingham estate, two of the property's well-publicized features were missing: the heart and initials O.J. and Nicole had carved into a tree, professing their eternal love; and a concrete slab engraved O.J. LOVES NICOLE. One source says that a longtime O.J. friend came to his home before the sale specifically to shave off the bark with the initials, which was then carted away. A spokeswoman for the bank confirms that the initials aren't on the tree anymore "as far as we know, but it's a large property. . . . I know he's making sure there isn't too much left there." **Fred Sands,** the L.A. real-estate agent who's selling the property for the bank, says he's read about the tree carving but has never seen it. As for the romantic concrete slab, "Simpson's in the process of removing it now," says Sands. "He's probably going to sell it."

LAW & ORDER GETS THE NYPD BLUES

Winning the Emmy for Best Drama series may make *Law & Order* the darlings of Tin-

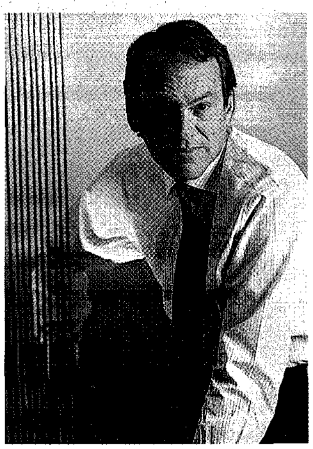
Photographs: clockwise from top right, Steve Sands/Outline; Richard Chambury/Globe Photos; Craig Blankenhorn/Outline.

Lili Taylor:
Fear of phoning

RAPAPORT'S LILI-WHITE RECORD

That little problem actor **Michael Rapaport** faced last May—he was arrested for harassing his ex-girlfriend **Lili Taylor**—may be going away, sources close to the case say. Taylor (who played the stalker Valerie Solanas in *I Shot Andy Warhol*) called the cops when Rapaport pursued her after she broke up with him in mid-May. He called 21 times in three days and pounded her apartment window with his fist, but there have been no incidents in the past four months. Provided that remains the case until the next court date rolls around on October 21, it seems that this episode will be chalked up to a bad breakup and quietly resolved, the sources say. The two actors may still run into each other at the premiere of a film they co-starred in, *Illtown*. Both Rapaport's lawyer and the D.A.'s office declined to comment because the matter is still pending.

Gail Elliot:
Revel on



Mickey Schulhof:
Hedge hog

seltown, but the award hasn't impressed New York's police force. In the past month, crew vehicles have been slapped with numerous parking tickets from the NYPD even though all of the cars prominently displayed permits allowing them to park during shooting. "If these violations are within their permit rights, then we can clear this up pretty quickly," says **Joyce Saffir,** already on the case at the Mayor's Office of Film, Theater and Broadcasting. "Otherwise, they'll have to pay." Riding high on Emmy glory, production coordinator **Gene Ritchings** seems unfazed by the red tape: "This is part of doing business in New York. Life goes on."

TABAC'S KNELL; A WEDDING BELLE

DON'T LOOK TABAC: Those fickle trendy-restaurant goers have done in another of their onetime favorites. Cafe Tabac, which opened in 1992 and quickly became one of the decade's hottest eateries—it was the East Village spot where **Bono** played D.J., **Naomi Campbell** danced on tables, and **Madonna** answered phones when she got bored—has finally shut its doors. "I have great memories from the first five years, but it was going in a direction which made me uncomfortable. I didn't like going in there anymore," says **Roy Liebenthal,** who hosted a party for the material gal at his other restaurant, the Lemon, after the MTV Music Awards. Word is Liebenthal is about to sign a lease on a new restaurant in the Union Square area.

BIGGEST ON THE BLOCK: Former Sony chief **Mickey Schulhof** may be keeping a low profile, but his East Hampton neighbors know that the mogul is still living large. Schulhof is currently expanding his home, which is one block from the ocean, to about 12,000 square feet. He has cobbled the estate together over the past decade by buying three adjoining lots, spending a total of about $3.5 million; the next-most-expensive home on the block went for a mere $995,000. "Mr. Schulhof wanted something that would fit in more with East Hampton design," explains a source working on the project. "At that size and price, I hardly think he'll blend in," quips a real-estate source.

PICTURE PERFECT: Talk about beautiful weddings. Supermodel **Gail Elliot,** dressed in a Tocca gown, married Australian filmmaker **Joe Coffey** on Thursday in Amagansett, with **Cindy Crawford, Yasmin LeBon,** and **Helena Christensen** acting as bridesmaids and the daughters of Yasmin and rocker **Simon LeBon** as flower girls. Says one guest, "When the girls walked out of the church, people in town thought they were shooting a Revlon commercial."

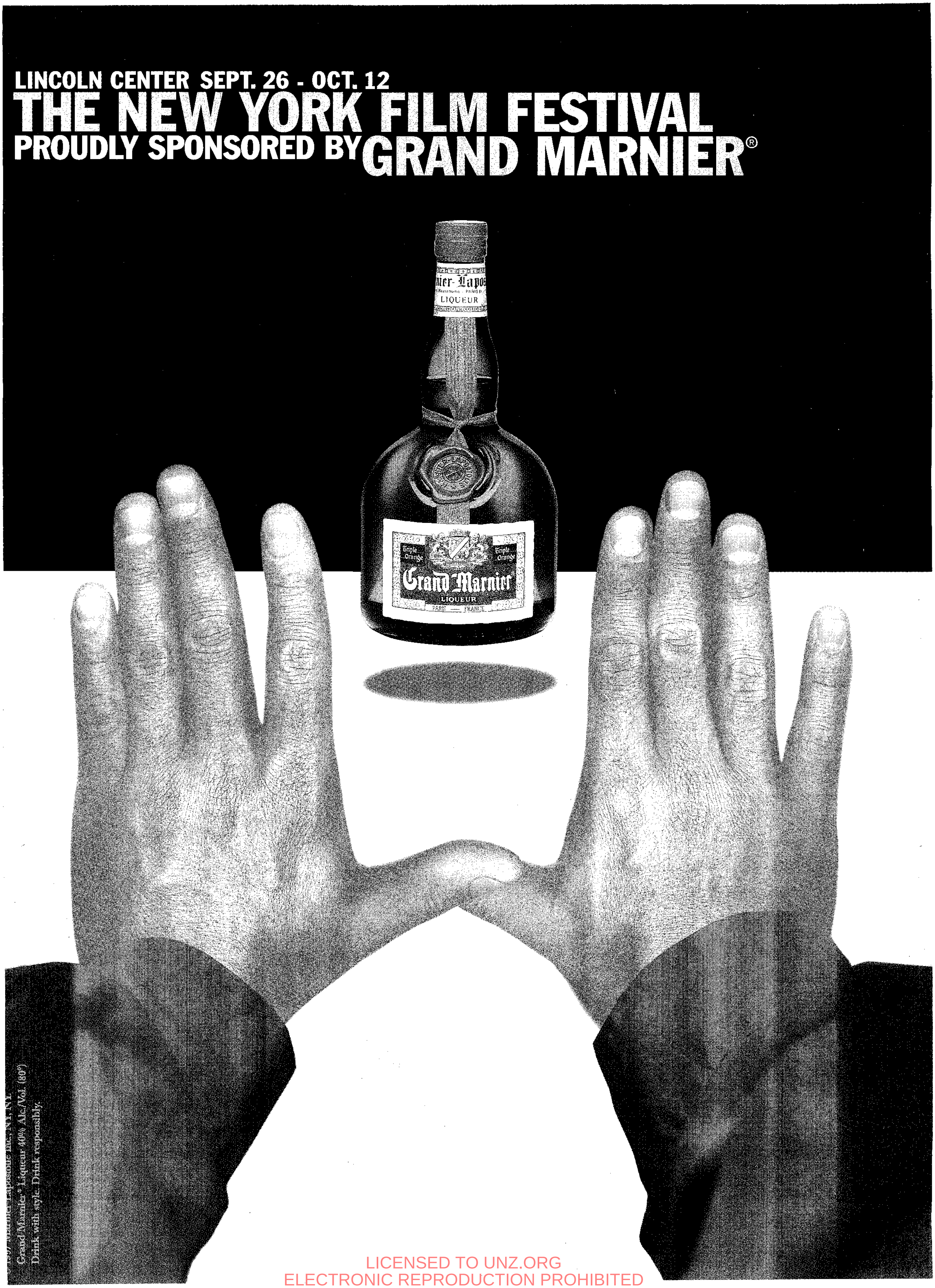
BLADE RUNNER: New York's gay residents will soon have a new bible: the Washington *Blade,* the country's oldest and largest gay paper, is coming to Manhattan. News Communications, Inc., the publishers of *Manhattan File* and several free community papers like the *Chelsea-Clinton News,* will launch the New York *Blade News* on October 24.

Additional reporting: Kate Coyne.

A PARTY'S SUCCESS IS IN THE *DETAILS*

When you throw a theme party, there's always the danger that someone will get carried away with the concept. So the folks at *Details* discovered when they threw a slumber-party-themed bash last week to celebrate October's cover, which features eight of THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN ON TELEVISION in black lingerie. As pajama-clad waiters, and waitresses in their Skivvies, served chocolate martinis in a Holmby Hills mansion to the likes of **Amanda de Cadanet, Yasmine Bleeth,** and **Alyssa Milano,** synchronized swimmers did strokes in the pool to the theme songs from the actresses' shows; **David Arquette** sang into a candlestick lamp with a lampshade on his head; and the eels, a band signed by DreamWorks, took the stage with the drummer wearing nothing but socks. Was new editor-in-chief **Michael Caruso** embarrassed by the display? "No, it's a *Details* party," he says with a laugh. "I would have been disappointed if somebody *didn't* get undressed. It made the party."

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; Henry McGee/Globe Photos; John Abbott/Outline.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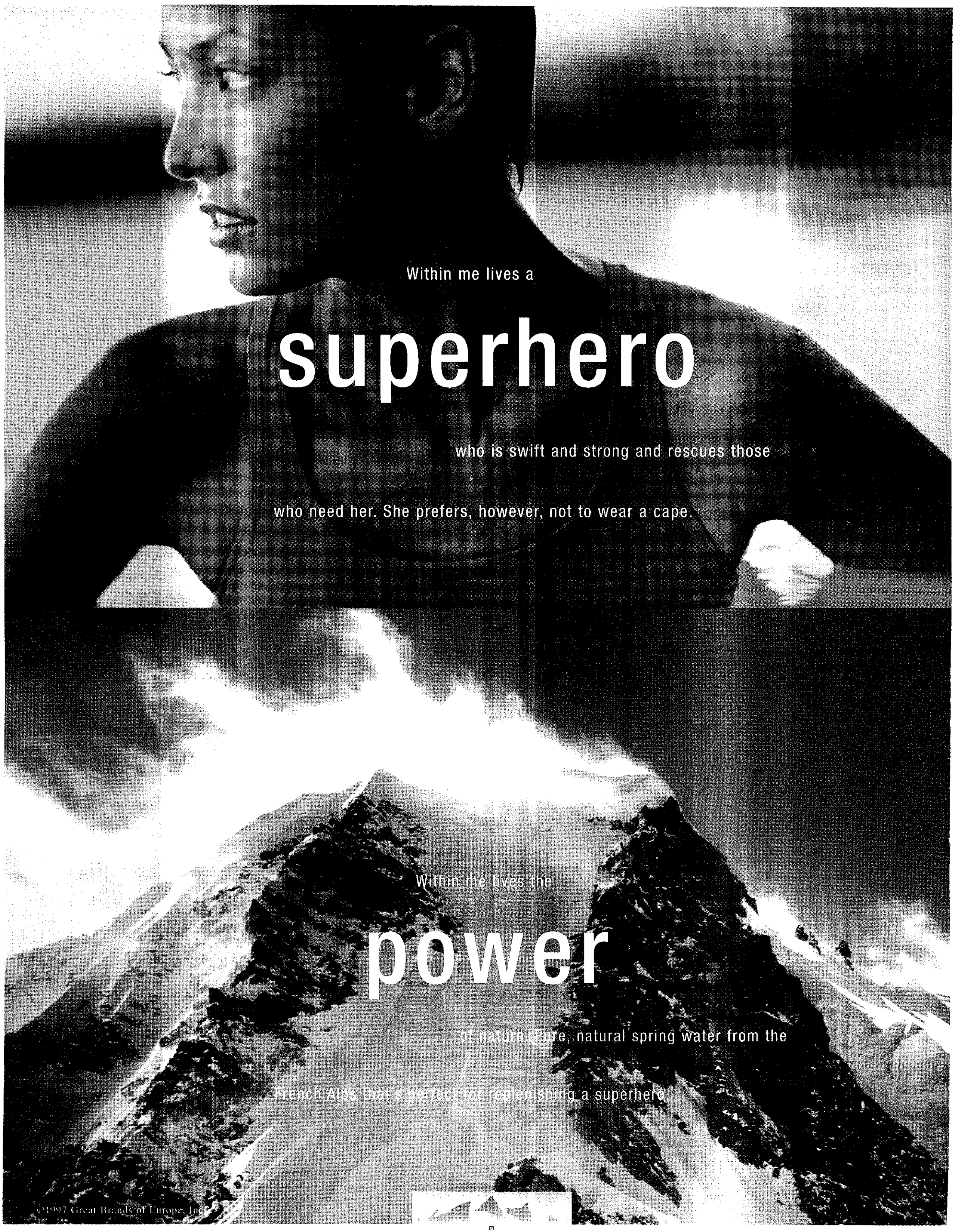
Within me lives a
superhero
who is swift and strong and rescues those
who need her. She prefers, however, not to wear a cape.
Within me lives the
power
of nature. Pure, natural spring water from the
French Alps that's perfect for replenishing a superhero.
evian
From the French Alps

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GOTHAM

New York is doing a lot of things, but it's not dying—*Peter Quinn*

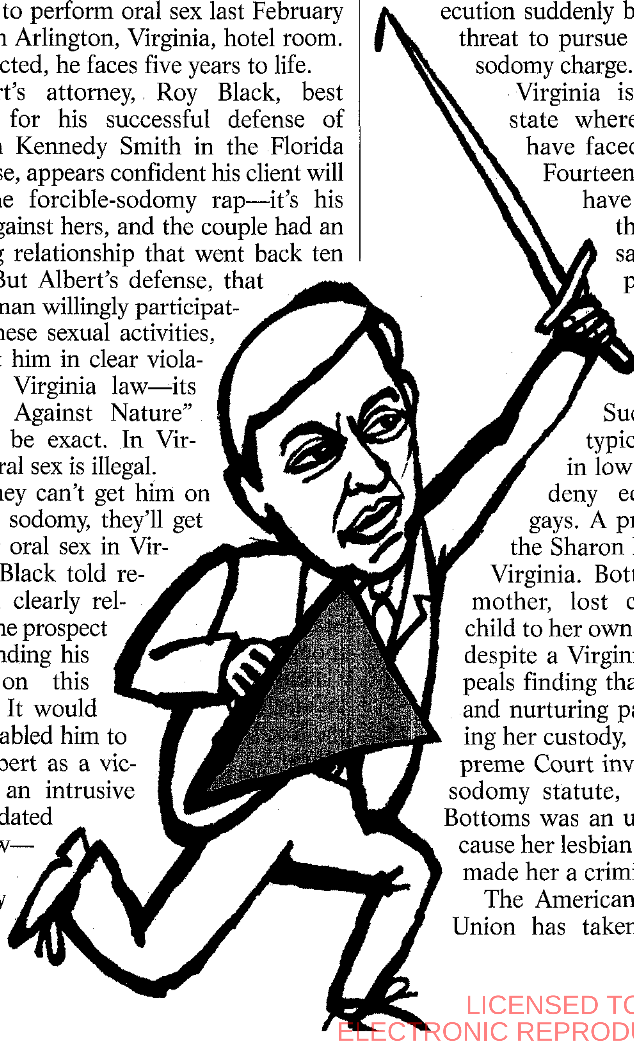
Legal Affairs

WHY MARV LOST HIS CHANCE TO BE A GAY-RIGHTS CRUSADER

MARV ALBERT A VICTIM? THAT was the role his defense team had in mind for him, causing some gay-rights groups to sit up and take notice of the embattled sportscaster's Virginia case. Albert, whose trial begins jury selection this week, has been indicted on charges of forcible sodomy and assault and battery. He is accused of biting a woman as many as fifteen times and forcing her to perform oral sex last February 12 in an Arlington, Virginia, hotel room. If convicted, he faces five years to life.

Albert's attorney, Roy Black, best known for his successful defense of William Kennedy Smith in the Florida rape case, appears confident his client will beat the forcible-sodomy rap—it's his word against hers, and the couple had an ongoing relationship that went back ten years. But Albert's defense, that the woman willingly participated in these sexual activities, still put him in clear violation of Virginia law—its "Crime Against Nature" law, to be exact. In Virginia, oral sex is illegal.

"If they can't get him on forcible sodomy, they'll get him for oral sex in Virginia," Black told reporters, clearly relishing the prospect of defending his client on this charge. It would have enabled him to cast Albert as a victim of an intrusive and outdated state law—and thereby deflect attention away from his alleged role as a sexual aggressor. Moreover, Black was planning to argue that Albert, who lives in New York—where sodomy laws were declared unconstitutional by the Court of Appeals in 1980—could not have known that he was breaking the law in Virginia.



But now Black doesn't get the chance to make any such arguments. Last week, after the judge refused to rule on a defense motion contending that Virginia's anti-sodomy law is unconstitutional, the prosecution suddenly backed off on its threat to pursue the consensual-sodomy charge.

Virginia is not the only state where Albert could have faced such charges. Fourteen states currently have sodomy laws that apply to both same-sex and opposite-sex partners. Six other states target only same-sex couples. Such laws have typically been used in low-profile cases to deny equal rights to gays. A prime example is the Sharon Bottoms case in Virginia. Bottoms, a lesbian mother, lost custody of her child to her own mother in 1995 despite a Virginia Court of Appeals finding that she was "a fit and nurturing parent." In denying her custody, the Virginia Supreme Court invoked the state's sodomy statute, suggesting that Bottoms was an unfit mother because her lesbian sexual activities made her a criminal.

The American Civil Liberties Union has taken up Bottoms's cause, though it has thus far been unable to overturn the Virginia statute. But Marv Albert, a million-dollar-a-year national celebrity with a powerful, high-priced attorney, would have been able to arouse the kind of public attention, and perhaps even outrage, that might have forced a change in the law. "The ACLU and other gay-rights groups have been challenging the Virginia sodomy law for years," says Denny Lee, a spokesperson for the ACLU. "What's ironic is that it might've taken a straight sportscaster to finally have it struck down."

Anti-sodomy laws are useful to prosecutors largely because they are so vague. Theo Stamos, one of the prosecutors on the Albert case, says that's why the laws should remain on the books. "Sodomy laws tend to come up far more often when you have a consenting situation with a minor and an adult," she says. "A 15-year-old can consent to sex with an older person. It's not forced in a conventional sense, but there is clearly some wrongdoing. The sodomy law is flexible enough because it doesn't have anything to do with the age of parties."

So, in the media circus that is certain to surround the case, Albert's defense team will not be able to put the state on trial. Instead, he's just another guy up on a sexual-assault rap. Gay-rights activists and the ACLU will have to look elsewhere for a hero. MICHAEL MAREN

Politics

TIMES MACHINE: HOW THE PAPER PICKS WINNERS

DEAD AND BURIED ARE THE LEGENDARY POlitical machines of the past. In Chicago, Brooklyn, the Bronx, Philadelphia, Jersey City, and Newark the buttons and banners of the bosses remain only in the glass cases of municipal museums—one floor up from the old fire trucks.

But in Manhattan, the last political machine still rules: the New York *Times* editorial board. It still delivers the votes of the most educated, wealthy, and intelligent people on the planet as effectively as Tammany controlled the political decisions of many of their grandparents.

Like the political machines of the past, the *Times* is not very effective in controlling votes for or against incumbents in offices like president, governor, senator, or mayor. In these instances, voters make up their own minds based on the wealth of information available. But for new and lesser known candidates, the *Times* endorsement is critical in determining the votes of its readers. And for local offices—the ones that really matter to bread-and-butter politicians—the New York *Times* editorial board's mastery is total.

The upper-middle-class constituency of the *Times* knows little about local politics. Voters in Tupelo, Mississippi, may lack the sophistication of Manhattanites, but they are twice as likely to know the names of their state legislators. Manhattan's busy Masters of the Universe rely almost entirely on the New York *Times* editorial board to issue their orders for Election Day.

This month's Democratic primary results attest to the effectiveness of this machine. City Councilwoman C. Virginia Fields prevailed in her race for Manhattan borough president against Assemblywoman Deborah Glick, despite the fact that Glick outspent Fields by almost two to one and ran three times as much media. A black woman, Fields had to split the minority vote with two other candidates, while Glick was the only serious white candidate. By all accounts, Glick was better known and better liked than Fields at the start of the campaign and didn't stumble in the race.

"The New York *Times* support was crucial," says Fields's media consultant, Hank Sheinkopf, who helped plot her come-from-behind finish. "When it comes to local offices, like borough president or surrogate, their endorsement is the be-all and end-all." The *Times,* Sheinkopf says, "reassured white voters that Fields would be inclusive in her politics and would bring people together, a key concern of whites when they ponder supporting a minority candidate."

In its article on Fields's victory, the *Times* attributed her win to a variety of endorsements, such as those of Ed Koch and David Dinkins, modestly omitting its own backing. But Fields's mail expert, Frank Baraff, puts things in the proper perspective. "We had terrible money problems. . . . Then the *Times* came out, and all of a sudden our money started coming in."

Who is behind the imposing façade of The New York *Times*'s editorial page? No one really knows who holds the real power. Dorothy Samuels is thought to have great impact. A former civil-liberties activist, she is said to guide endorsements with a firm feminist hand. Gail Collins, formerly *Newsday's* Maureen Dowd, tames her acerbic wit long enough to weigh in on endorsements. A range of New York politicians maintain enormous influence because of their supposed access to the *Times* editorial board. Victor Kovner is reputed to be able to deliver the *Times* endorsement for judgeships. State Senator Roy Goodman is also thought to have an inside track.

Before too long, there will be races far greater than the borough president's for the *Times* to decide. When incumbents like Moynihan, Giuliani, and Pataki leave office, the editorial board will really show its muscle. The fate of the new crop of candidates—Ferrer, Hevesi, Schumer, Fields, and others—will depend, in large measure, on who can get the nod from the *Times.*

DICK MORRIS

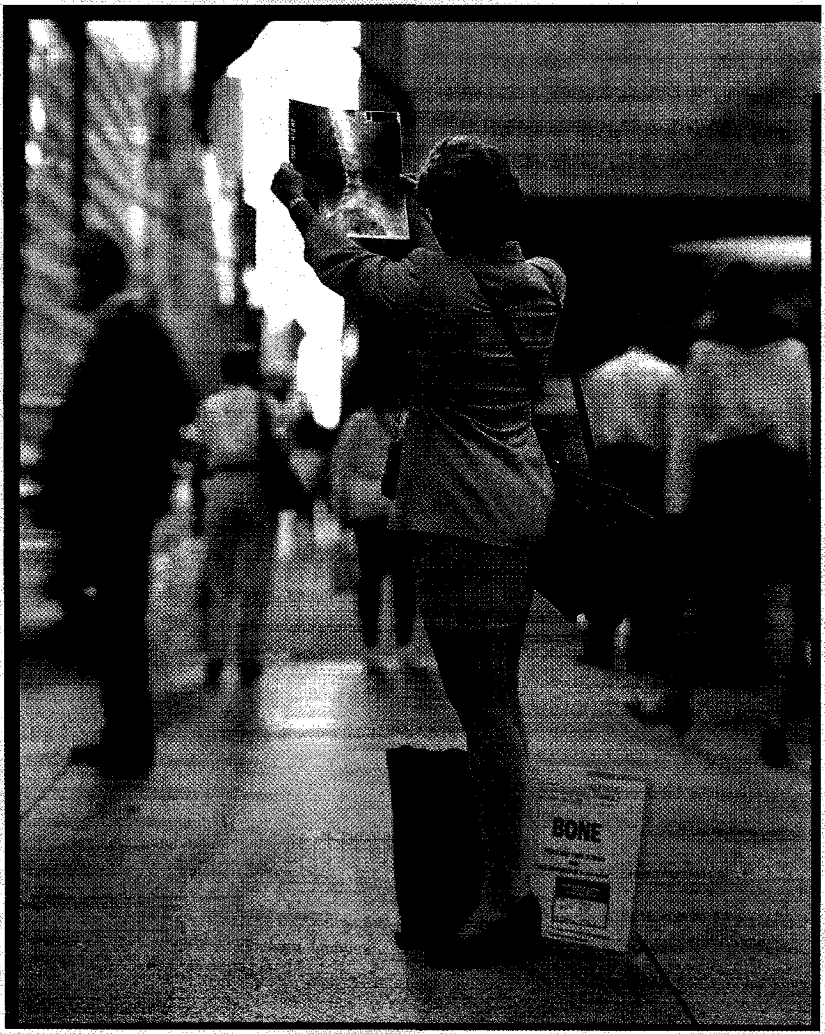
THE SKINNY

HALT, OR I'LL INCINERATE YOU In February, the Los Angeles Police Department found itself outgunned and nearly overwhelmed when two armor-clad bank robbers spent half an hour spraying its officers with automatic-gun fire. That will probably never happen again, however, since last week, the Pentagon donated 600 M-16 assault rifles to the LAPD. Couldn't the NYPD use a bit of this federal firepower?

"Oh, we got the capability," drawls NYPD spokesman Mark Patterson, adding that L.A. is "finally catching up to the twentieth century." It turns out that New York has a fleet of twenty specially equipped Emergency Service vehicles that patrol the city around the clock, in case of an occurrence like L.A.'s. "Heavy guns, tear gas, shields, you name it," Patterson says. How does that make the average cop feel? "The Emergency Service vehicles?" snorts Joe Mancini of the Patrolmen's Benevolence Association: "They've got bazookas in those things!"

Photograph by AP/Wide World.

SHOT



Madison Avenue, 4:20 P.M., Tuesday, September 16, *photographed by Greg Miller.*

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Culture

ROCK ART: MEKONS LEAVE THEIR MARK ON THE CITY

LAST WEEK, THE ETERNAL MEKONS, CONJURers of such bent punk-rock masterworks as *Fear and Whiskey* and *The Mekons Rock-'n'Roll,* emerged from semi-seclusion to unleash a joyful racket at the Mercury Lounge. Scant days earlier, at Brownies, a couple of members of the group performed as its honky-tonk alter ego, the Waco Brothers, certainly the most communistic of all country bands, and raised the restless ghost of Hank Williams, among other dead saints of the American Southland.

Then, alas, they were gone again, dispersed to the far corners of the galaxy (and Chicago, where most Mekons live these days, having moved from Leeds, U.K.). On this occasion, however, the ever lovable, endlessly subversive, usually drunk rockers have left behind tangible artwork: "Mekons United" is on display at the Thread Waxing Space (476 Broadway), through November 1.

Lots of rock stars claim to paint pictures (who can forget Ron Wood's reverent charcoals of Jerry Lee Lewis?), but only the Mekons produce theirs with that oletime art-collectivist spirit—all are signed simply "Mekons." "We met at art school in Leeds. But then there was the Sex Pistols, and painting couldn't hold up to that," says Jon Langford, chief Mekons mouthpiece. "A couple of decades later, music got so boring we started painting again."

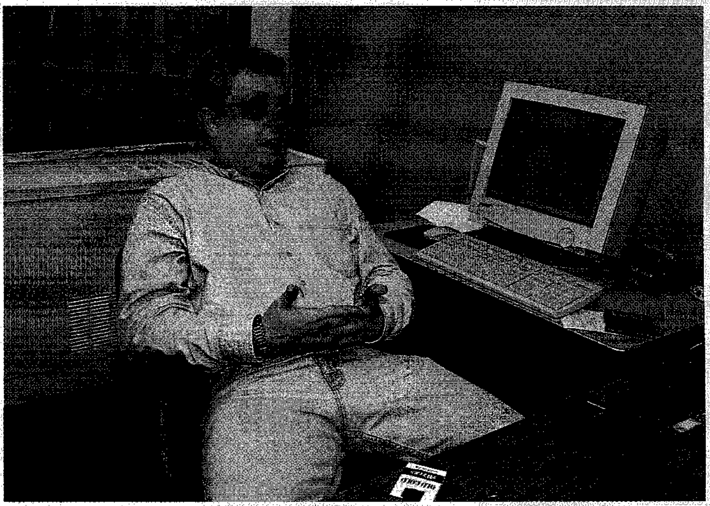
For the Mekon completist, the appeal is undeniable. The gamut runs from pixel-crazed video images to magical social-realism murals of soccer players. Cowboy themes abound. Elvis is present, of course, seen in a grid of slyly obfuscated head shots. But it is the doomed Hank Williams, ravaged icon of authenticity, who dominates. Williams's Faustian arc commences with the foreboding but cartoony music-biz narrative "Hank Williams Signs His Contract," only to end, inevitably, with the series "Hank Shot Through With Arrows, 2-5," in which the gaunt hillbilly savant is depicted as Saint Sebastian. More speculative is "Oh No Joe," in which Hank is shown genially chatting with Joseph Stalin under the rubric "We Live in 2 Different Worlds."

Accomplished as the works are, the punkish DIY ethic is never far away. "Quirky and amateurish, that's what

FIELD MEMO

An Embattled General Speaks

There's not a shred of paper on Jim Andrews's desk—not a note on his wall, a picture of a loved one, or even a coffee cup. His three month-at-a-glance calendars have been wiped clean, save for an entry about a September court date and one on November 4 that reads ELECTION DAY. Sitting alone in his sterile little space one Saturday night, Ruth Messinger's strategist is pondering how his campaign has turned into a running joke. A year after engineering Senator Paul Wellstone's come-from-behind victory in Minnesota, Andrews is watching his reputation fry in the glare of the media capital of the world. TV pundits call for his firing. Anonymous consultants blast Messinger for hiring a strategist from out of town. His candidate has been bland, passionless, afraid to utter strong opinions. Her days are so error-prone that last week she was tossed out of an event altogether. Messinger is looking like a wonkish Calamity Jane. "This campaign has . . . " he begins slowly, "I don't think there's any question in my mind, it's made mistakes."


Humbled: Ruth Messinger's chief political strategist, Jim Andrews, regroups.

Things came to their dreary nadir with Messinger's disastrous performance on Primary Day. The next morning, Andrews met with the candidate and submitted the resignation of his three-member campaign team (himself, media consultant Mandy Grunwald, and pollster Geoff Garin), an offer Messinger refused. Since then, the strategist has been reflecting on the failure to pull out the primary vote for Messinger as Al Sharpton surged ("We should have spent more money") and the bobbling of the Abner Louima torture case ("It could have been done a lot better").

Andrews has a preternatural ability to spin out of a bad situation, but the last few weeks have left him shaken. "Sometimes in this campaign you wonder," he sighs. "Instead of coming into the office, you ought to go to St. Patrick's Cathedral to mass in the morning. I mean, on Election Day she goes and votes and the voting machine *breaks.* You start to think you're the victim of just bad luck."

If only that were the problem.

Determined to rebound from the runoff debacle, he's made significant changes. After overseeing the campaign on the fly between New York and his Chicago home base, he's settled into Manhattan, increased his role, and now chairs the daily 8:15 staff meeting. Messinger's daily appearances outside overcrowded public schools (flanked by bored and restless children), with their ritualistic bashing of Mayor Giuliani, have been replaced by more spontaneous events designed to let her mix it up some more. "We're putting her out there with more people," Andrews says. "If there's give-and-take, even if there are nasty questions, she can take that on. The woman has a *soul.* It's our duty, win or lose, to put her soul out there."

Andrews also expresses optimism where others have none. For some reason—the Louima case, the mayor's reputed marital problems, or even Messinger's drumbeat of attacks—Giuliani's lead has eroded. Where he topped her by 23 points two months ago, the lead has slipped to nine. And the Messinger team has been able to focus the campaign on the state of the schools, and away from the mayor's great strength, crime.

Messinger soon returns to the office, giddy from her day on the trail. "Queens was wonderful!" she says. "The picture tomorrow should be either of me eating a pickle at a country fair or petting a cow." She leaves, beaming. Andrews is left behind, alone in his cold little room with this thin strand of hope. "You can see her now," he says. "She's *loving* it. We're going to make sure people know who she is over the next eight weeks. She is not incompetent."

ANDREW KIRTZMAN

Photograph by Andrew Goldberg.

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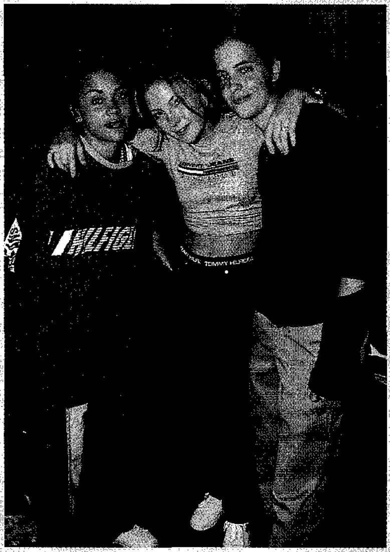
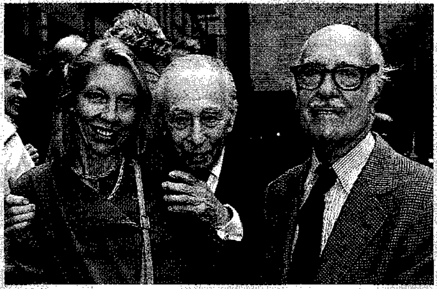
THE SCENE

Write Again

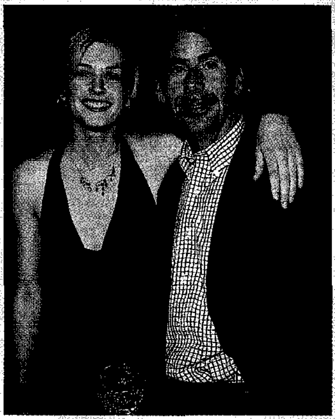
At the premiere of the Algonquin Hotel's Spoken Word series and at Leo Castelli's 90th birthday at MoMA.

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

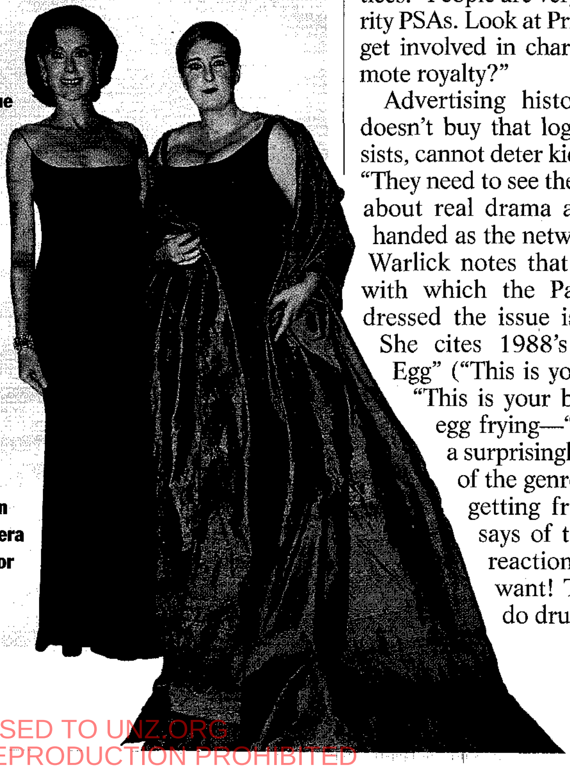




Clockwise from left: Kidada Jones, Kate Hudson, and Samantha Ronson at An American Place for Tommy Hilfiger's Jeans and Footwear Tour; at the Algonquin Hotel's Spoken Word series, Spalding Gray and Frank McCourt; at MoMA, Lisa de Kooning, Leo Castelli, and Esteban Vicente for Castelli's 90th birthday.



Clockwise from left: Jaime Rishar and Kelly Klein at Maxim's celebrating the new issue of *Visionaire;* Deborah Norville and Joan Rivers at the book party for Norville's *Back on Track* and lunch benefiting the Girl Scouts of America at the Time-Life Building; Kylie Bax and Patrick McCarthy at the Copacabana for the launch of Oscar de la Renta's new perfume; Caroline Roehm and soprano Lauren Flanigan at the New York City Opera gala at Lincoln Center for the opening night of Verdi's *Macbeth.*



everyone said we were supposed to be," says Langford, talking about how the band, once signed to a major label, strived mightily to produce what would sound like major-label product. "It did, too. Exactly. A perfectly commercial record. Everyone agreed that was so. Then they sat on it for two years. So we're happy to be quirky and amateurish. Forever."

MARK JACOBSON

Advertising

VIRTUAL DRUG WARS: THE NEW BATTLE FOR AIRTIME

IT'S THE ULTIMATE REVERSE PUBLIC-PRIVATE partnership: The Office of National Drug Control Policy announced earlier this month that it was seeking $175 million from Congress for a new anti-drug media campaign. If approved, the initiative will discourage drug use via the Internet, sports sponsorships, and print; but its primary focus will be TV advertising. Though numbers are hard to verify, ONDCP maintains that "public-service ad time has been decreasing for several years." Meanwhile, production has been booming: The Partnership for a Drug-Free America has produced hundreds of highly lauded spots—often featuring confessionals from teen users–in past years, only to see broadcasters generally relegate them to the graveyard shift. Hence the need for all that public money: to buy airtime and get those messages into prime time. The networks prefer to run their own public-service announcements, which just happen to feature their own stars—a practice that has raised suspicions that self-promotion is the real agenda. Nonsense, says Matthew Margo, CBS vice-president of program practices. "People are very responsive to celebrity PSAs. Look at Princess Diana. Did she get involved in charitable causes to promote royalty?"

Advertising historian Mary Warlick doesn't buy that logic. TV stars, she insists, cannot deter kids from taking drugs. "They need to see their own peers, talking about real drama and real life." Ham-handed as the networks' efforts may be, Warlick notes that the hip abstraction with which the Partnership once addressed the issue is equally unhelpful. She cites 1988's memorable "Fried Egg" ("This is your brain"—an egg—"This is your brain on drugs"—the egg frying—"Any questions?") as a surprisingly ineffective example of the genre. "This is your brain getting fried? So what?" she says of the typical teenager's reaction. "That's what I want! That's why I want to do drugs in the first place!"

ETHAN SMITH

“This is MY PHiLADELPHiA”

Bill Cosby

Thanks to - Ma Jolie Clothing, Manayunk, Gargoyles Antiques, Society Hill, Geno's Steaks, South Philly, Independence National Historical Park.

Photography Courtesy of Jim Graham, Jim McWilliams, Office of the City Representative - Philadelphia, and Valley Forge CVB.

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THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

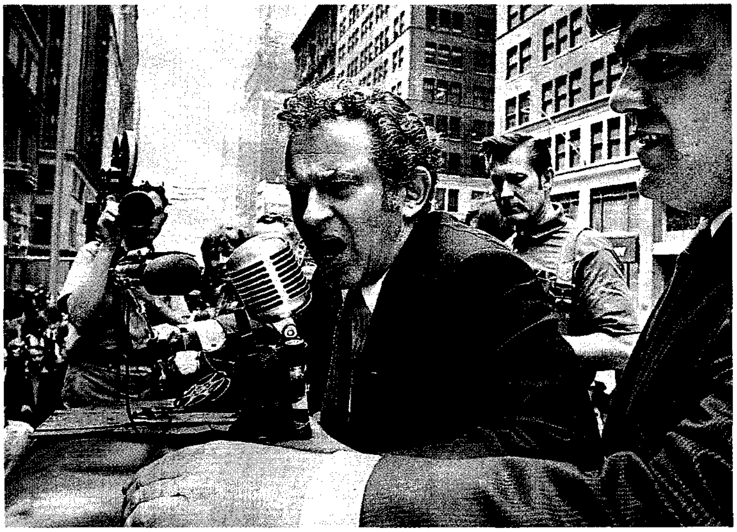
The Naked and the Dead

The mayoral-primary fiasco, a legacy of backroom politics-as-usual, leaves the Democratic candidate precious little time to campaign against Rudy Giuliani.

I DON'T WANT TO GET IN THE HABIT OF inviting readers into my bedroom, but just over there, on the aft side of the mattress, hangs a poster advertising the 1969 candidacies for citywide office of Norman Mailer and Jimmy Breslin, a gift from dear friends, and hard to come by these days. Vividly festooned with graphic filigrees, it's a cartoon portrait of the five boroughs that could be mistaken for a Fillmore East handbill announcing an upcoming double bill of Blue Cheer and the Jefferson Airplane.

But for all that, its most eye-catching characteristic, at least in the informational sense, is its smallest and simplest element. It says, in minuscule type just along the bottom: VOTE DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY, JUNE 17.

The day after the September 9 mayoral primary, in which Ruth Messinger's vote total was put at exactly 39.36 percent, I placed a call to the Board of Elections: How many paper ballots do you have? Where are they coming from? A few thousand, the answer came back. We're not sure of their provenance, but our rough calculation, a spokeswoman told me, is that Messinger will need about 65 percent of the paper ballots to hit the magic 40 and cancel the runoff. This, I was assured, would be odd.



Village voices: Norman Mailer and Jimmy Breslin on the campaign trail in 1969.

But "odd" and "Al Sharpton" have a way of going together in the same sentence, and so here we are. It appears that Sharpton's court challenge to Messinger's runoff-proof total is kaput. But imagine if the court had ordered—at press time, there was still a remote chance of this—a citywide re-canvass. The election would have become complete chaos, with the possibility of a runoff even later than September 23. Messinger would have had a month or less to engage the toughest and crotchetiest and probably best-financed incumbent mayor in America.

Why, a sane person might have asked even before this tawdry episode, are the primary and general elections so close to each other anyway? It's a good question, with a predictably depressing answer. But the people who decide these things are now confronted with screaming evidence in favor of a solution so obvious and simple that it probably stands little chance of coming to pass:

Move the primary back to June.

IN THE AFOREMENTIONED 1969 JUNE PRIMARY, candidates were busting out all over: Mailer was one of six Democratic contenders in a race won by Mario Procaccino, the local poster boy of the Silent Majority, with around 30 percent of the vote. In the general election, many Democrats, mostly from the reform side of the aisle, waved good-bye to their nominee and backed John Lindsay, a Republican but well to Procaccino's left.

Democrats surveyed the wreckage and decided, for the 1973 election, to institute the runoff procedure still in use today. Recollections vary as to why this was done and by whom. Herman Badillo, in those days the great liberal hope who had finished a close third behind Procaccino and Robert Wagner and was looking strong heading into 1973, believes the runoff was put in by the regulars to stop him: "They were upset about the fact that I lost by only 38,000 or 39,000 votes, so they put in a runoff provision to head Badillo off at the pass." Even if Badillo is misremembering here, history would support his claim in general: Runoffs, much more common in the South than in the North, sprang into being solely for the purpose of keeping minorities out of office. Indeed, in 1973, when Badillo was in the first-ever mayoral runoff, against Abe Beame, Beame's supporters sent blacks and Latinos—on flatbed trucks, and literally playing bongo drums—into outer-borough white neighborhoods bellowing about how "our day has come" and so forth. Beame won.

So that's the runoff. The next year, says Jerome Koenig, a West Side reform vanguardist, Republican governor Nelson Rockefeller was looking to make life comfortable for Malcolm Wilson, his putative successor. "Republicans decided that since there was going to be a hot Democratic primary for governor," Koenig says, "they'd move the primary to September so the Democrats would beat each other up and have no time to run a strong campaign in the general. Of course, by the fall, Nixon had resigned, and nothing was going to help Malcolm Wilson."

This change was useful to the Democratic bosses as well, since it meant those pain-in-the-ass reformers, along with minority insurgents, would face the burden of running their campaigns while everyone was on vacation. In other words, aware that primaries would get little attention until after Labor Day,

Photograph by Neal Boenzi/New York Times Pictures/Archive Photos.

they knowingly and deliberately compressed the campaign season into one week. The reformers didn't like it, but there wasn't much they could do. "That used to be a fundamental plank in the reform program," says Russell Hemenway, one of the founders of the reform movement. "Permanent June primaries. I mean *fundamental*!"

Thus came the 1977 mayoral election, the first September primary with a runoff, in which Ed Koch beat Mario Cuomo. It didn't seem to matter quite as much then—the reform movement had splintered and petered out, and anyway, the general election was of no concern to Democrats. By this post-Lindsay time, threatening Republicans didn't exist; whoever won the Democratic primary was going to be mayor.

Recently, of course, the timing *has* mattered. Rudy Giuliani's presence has meant the general election does count. More famously, there was the 1992 Senate campaign, distasteful in every aspect. An intensely acrimonious primary campaign, which lasted ten days or so, crippled Bob Abrams, the Democratic nominee against Al D'Amato. It took a pissed-off Geraldine Ferraro nearly two crucial weeks to make a commercial in which she sullenly spoke into the camera, finally throwing her support to Abrams.

LIKE OUR AIRPORTS, OUR METHOD OF RUNNING elections is virtually Stone Age compared with what goes on in the rest of the country. Doug Bailey, publisher and founder of *The Hotline*, the inside-politics newsletter, says there are still a few September primaries here and there, but most are held in the summer, some as early as March. Moreover, adds his colleague, Chuck Todd, in many cities, the primary is nonpartisan, meaning all candidates are in, without their party affiliation noted on the ballot. This is a reform that in many cities helps Republicans more than Democrats, since registration in most cities favors the latter.

What's needed for New York to join the modern world? Council Speaker Peter Vallone smartly took the lead last week (he's running for governor), but it's a tough fight. The two forces that have normally opposed a June primary, the Democratic bosses and the Albany Republicans, have to be compelled to make the change. Actually, the opinions of the bosses won't matter so much anymore, since they have no power (although three of the five Democratic county leaders are also state legislators, so they do have votes on the matter). As for the Republicans, they will naturally be against any such change, only more so now as they watch the other side's comic self-flagellation. And the passage of time has added another problem: Now that state legislative sessions are lasting until July or August, how many state legislators do you suppose exist who'll vote to let their opponents meet and greet the voters while they're stuck in Albany?

Meanwhile, the process devolves further into jokeland. Messinger and Sharpton partisans may be particularly upset, but other voters, who don't care enough anymore to be angry, laugh, if they pay attention at all. So the next time you hear a New York politician sniff about low voter turnout, bear in mind that he or she is very likely a participant, at least passively, in a grand con game to keep turnout as low as possible. Which is why more and more of us are acting accordingly. ■

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Senator Superfluous

Everyone agrees that Daniel Patrick Moynihan is a prince among politicians. These days, however, his principles are getting him—and New York—nowhere.

FOR THE PAST TWO DECADES, NEW Yorkers have watched Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan in awe. With his dry wit and his lofty ideals, he was, as one admirer put it, New York's gift to the nation. So what if he was more critic than legislator? So what if he fought only for the few bills he cared about and mocked the rest? The Senate would undoubtedly be a far less noble place without him. Anyway, Senator Pothole was always around to take care of business. Together, they made a fine team.

This logic made sense as long as Democrats were in the majority. When you're in the majority, other members have to kowtow to your principles. When you're chairman of one of the most crucial committees in the Senate, you are powerful, period, even if you choose to be inactive. But once you switch over to ranking minority member, your principles are, well, beside the point. And your quirks become less tolerable. Now New York Democrats are more likely to describe their beloved elder as "invisible," or "nowhere, really."

As chairman, then ranking minority member, of the finance committee, Senator Moynihan gave an extraordinary performance. Extraordinary, that is, for his royal indifference to the administration. When he was chairman, he simply declined to fight for the president's top priorities—health-care and welfare reform—through his committee. He refused to form coalitions or gather votes, standard practice for a committee chairman. No doubt Moynihan had legitimate, substantive disagreements with the president. There were principles at stake—the proposed health-care overhaul, for one, was intellectual hubris, he felt. But among the responsibilities that come with being the chairman of the most important committee in the Senate is an obligation to refrain from behaving like a freewheeling freshman senator.

It was Moynihan's performance on welfare, an issue on which he'd staked most of his career, that infuriated liberals. "When you're in the middle of a cauldron and this is the issue, for Christ's sake, that's defined most of your adult life, then you fight for it," says a former senior aide to the senator. "What else is he going to fight for if not this?" Moynihan decided early on that Clinton would accept welfare reform on Republican terms, no matter how harsh, and the senator gave up trying to influence the final outcome. Liberals were paralyzed without his guidance. "He should have jumped out earlier with a bill and pulled together a Democratic coalition," says a former senior staff member for Bill Bradley who still claims to be an admirer of Moynihan's. "We kept thinking, maybe Moynihan will come up with a way to solve this; but he didn't."

No FOBs: D'Amato and Moynihan have not been able to prevent Clinton from stiffing New York.

If Moynihan poisoned relations with Clinton in the first term, he went for broke in the second when he became the first Democrat to call for an independent investigation into Clinton's fund-raising practices. This rash move didn't exactly put him in prime position to make New York's case to the administration in the subsequent budget negotiations. Instead of dealing with the administration, he issued a long, lofty statement in which he criticized various Cabinet officials. Worse, he failed to offer a Democratic substitute that reflected the administration's priorities, choosing instead to sign on to the Republican bill, a move one House budget official calls "a public slap in the face of the administration."

It was left to Charles Rangel, the new ranking minority member of the House Ways and Means Committee, to save the day, and to everyone's surprise, he did. Rangel wrote into his Democratic substitute bill many of the priorities Moynihan spoke eloquently about. He put aside his usual divisive tactics to work closely with the White House, and he persuaded almost all the Democrats, even the conservative Southerners, to vote for his bill. In the final budget bill that passed the Congress, Rangel managed to get more for New York on many key issues than was originally proposed in the House Republican and Senate bills. Thanks to Rangel, the bill allows more people at lower incomes to take advantage of the family tax credit and includes a larger tax credit for colleges, called the HOPE scholarship, and even an extra Rangel

Photograph by AP/Wide World.

treat—interest-free bonds for public schools. "Charlie did something a lot of people weren't sure he was going to do," says William Signer, a lobbyist for New York issues and a former Rangel staff member. "He not only mastered the politics but he mastered the substance. He was a strong and forceful advocate, and showed himself in a new light." In the end, Rangel was the only member to get a standing ovation, from both parties, during the floor debate on the bill.

Moynihan also let New York down on the huge new transportation bill now wending its way through the Congress. Moynihan wrote the first omnibus transportation bill, in 1991, when he was chairman of the subcommittee on public works. New York did well in that bill, receiving, in 1995, $1.33 for every dollar the state paid into the fund. This time around, the dynamics are against Moynihan; he is not the ranking minority member on the committee, and few of the Republicans are sympathetic Northeasterners. Still, Moynihan chose to settle in his bemused and gentlemanly fashion rather than fight. The bill, he asserted this month, "treats New York fairly," an assessment that baffles even Republicans, one of whom admits New York gets "whacked" in the bill. The state loses $600 million in highway funds, and winds up getting back just over 90 cents for every dollar it puts in. Rhode Island, the chairman's state, by contrast winds up with about twice as much per dollar. Luckily, the House bill is more fair to New York. And luckily, there's still D'Amato. The scenario presents a perfect forum for his mock fury, and one of its sections has to pass his committee, where he plans to sabotage it. Moynihan, meanwhile, is content with a small bit of symbolism: The public works chairman, John Chaffee, has kindly offered to name the bill after Moynihan's original.

Moynihan also had his problems with the president's celebrated first use of the line-item veto. Among Clinton's three veto targets was a loophole providing New York with millions of dollars of Medicaid money. In response, Senator Moynihan wrote a long, discursive, and devastating critique of the constitutionality of the line-item veto. It was, for the senator, an intellectual exercise, a chance to shine before the Supreme Court. Other representatives chose to deal with the matter in a more practical way. For Senator D'Amato, that loophole represented a valuable slab of pork, so he wrote a bill attacking the specific veto. (Moynihan did sign on to the bill.) Rangel lobbied Clinton directly to change his mind. You can argue that together, the three made for a full-court press, each playing the role best suited to his talents. But they never would have been in this reactive position in the first place if not for Moynihan's stubbornness. The president's veto decisions had everything to do with politics—after all, there was no shortage of budget items that merited slashing; if Moynihan had had a better relationship with Clinton, his interests would not have been sacrificed. Instead, Moynihan just shrugged his shoulders. "You've got to have a lot of friends to have something like that pass," he said of D'Amato's bill, as if he were someone other than a Democratic senator of 21 years' standing.

There is one treat for which Moynihan is almost single-handedly responsible: the construction of a grand new Penn Station in the old General Post Office. Even critics will admit that Moynihan deserves all the credit for the project. And it is a fitting Moynihan legacy, brimming with high-minded history and heft. But the gift does not soothe his seething colleagues. "If the senior senator can't lift $20 million a year for his state, he doesn't deserve to be in the Senate," says a senior staff member in the New York delegation. "That would have been a day's work for Bobby Byrd."

Rumors abound that the 70-year-old Moynihan might not run for his seat in 2000. He has canceled at least one fund-raiser, and his colleagues say he seems tired lately. But this may be wishful thinking on their part. After all, Moynihan does not need to raise much money to win; he remains extremely popular with the voters, even while D'Amato's approval ratings languish. Whether he runs or not, the decision will not affect his legacy: He will undoubtedly be remembered as among the most impressive senators of the century.

Still, it may be time for him to go. His popularity with voters doesn't extend to his Democratic colleagues. "I will tell you flat out: When we need something done, we call D'Amato," says an aide to a Democratic New York member of Congress. "Dealing with Moynihan is like entering a black hole." And it's not just New York he disappoints. Moynihan leaves his liberal admirers in a quandary. The victims of triangulation, they are disillusioned with Clinton, disgusted with his pandering to Republicans, and depressed by his lack of ideals. What they want is someone with strong principles, someone like, well, Moynihan. But what they're realizing is that when you're out of power, principles get you close to nothing. ■

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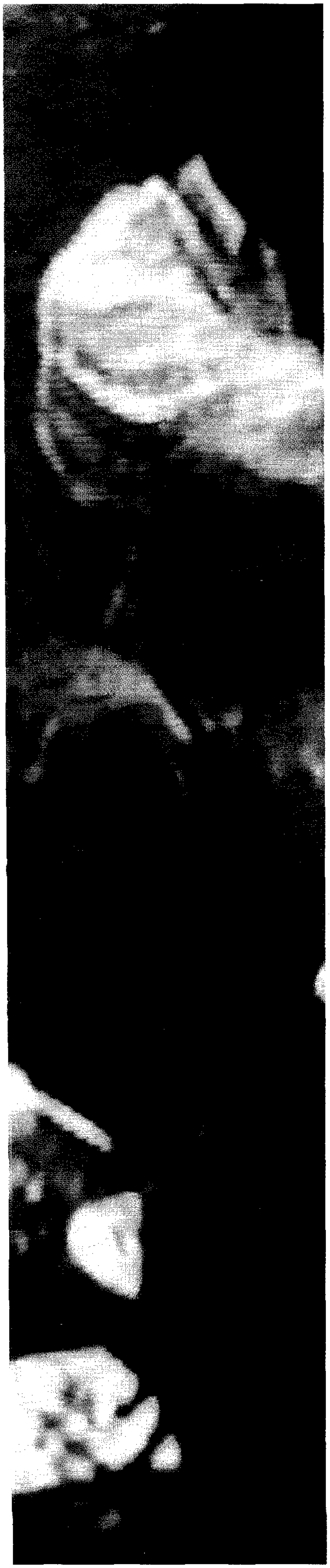

THE SEX TRAP

"CASUAL" DOESN'T BEGIN TO DESCRIBE IT. SEX—HOW MUCH, HOW LITTLE, WHAT KIND, WITH WHOM—HAS BECOME THE CURRENCY FOR PRIVATE-SCHOOL GIRLS VYING FOR ACCEPTANCE IN THE WORLD OF BOYS' "CREWS." AND THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GOOD KIDS AND BAD HAS NEVER BEEN MORE CONFUSING. **BY NANCY JO SALES**

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAN CHAVKIN

“H*ey, Roxy.”* ■ Roxy swings up Broadway, head held high, smoking a Newport Light. She’s blonde, voluptuous, 16, wearing a tight tank top that says NAIVE, bra straps showing. It’s a muggy night at the end of summer, and the kids are out on the street, looking for each other. Everybody seems to know Roxy. ■ “Today,” she’s telling me, walking fast, “there are so many girls out there who don’t know how to get respect.” ■ Outside the Gap on 86th Street, a pack of boys in shorts and baggy Ts are draped around a public phone. ■ “Hey, Roxy.” ■ “Certain girls think they’re gonna get fame by getting nice with certain boys. But they’re just playing”—undermining—“themselves,” Roxy is saying. Her real name is something less provocative; she asks me to call her “Roxy.” “Whassup?” Roxy extends her neck, accepting soft kisses on each cheek.

“Where you goin’?” asks one of the boys, mouth suppressing a smile. He gently takes her hand.

Roxy’s holding her keys; the boy snatches them and Roxy runs after him, wobbling on platform sandals.

“Give them back!” she screams.

“Don’t play yourself, Roxy.”

A couple of girls stop by to watch Roxy twirl around. The boy jingles her keys in front of her like bait. Adults pass by, steeped in after-dinner conversations, carrying groceries; the kids are invisible to them. “Her reputation hurt me,” one of the girls says. “So I deaded her. I can’t chill with her anymore. She’s a ho.” This girl calls Roxy the “queen of buffs,” or blow jobs. Another girl spray-painted something to that effect on Roxy’s apartment building.

Roxy comes back, face flushed; she flashes her keys. “Come on,” she says, tossing her head.

“Who you looking at?” she yells at the girls, full-throated.

At their Upper West Side private school, they got into some “beef,” which ended in a fight. “I smacked that bitch in the face.”

“She knows she’s cheating on her boyfriend,” Roxy says, loudly, “and he’s cheating on her!”

We walk west, toward Riverside Park. “*I* know somebody who sucked her boyfriend’s dick.” Roxy’s hands shake as she lights another cigarette.

“I hate men,” she says.

WOMEN HAVE ALWAYS HAD TO CONTEND with the idea of the “slut”—or, as New York kids would call her, “ho,” “trock,” “hoochie.” She’s supposedly the girl who has “too much” sex, or sometimes she’s the girl who has any sex at all. She’s the one who gets talked about, either way, branded almost as conspicuously as Hester Prynne, whom these kids will be reading about, at some point, in their schooling.

Among private-school kids in New York, there has never been so much sex, or so much talk about sex. Kids talk about girls who give “buffs” or boys who “run a train”—that is, have sex with a girl three or four or five in a row at some party or free crib, an apartment with no parents. They line up outside the door. “It gets ill,” one kid says, using that word that can convey either something great or something sick. They talk about orgies.

The stories get passed around, but not in some sixties-style celebration of free love; more in the gossipy, censorious tone of a tabloid—“guess what *she* did.” And then: “She’s a ho.” Meanwhile, sleeping around turns boys into “players,” meaning they have more power and will get more sex.

“There are six degrees of separation between kids in New York,” says one girl, a student at Columbia Prep. “Everybody knows who everybody’s had sex with, and everything is reputation.”

“IF YOU FOOL AROUND, IT GETS TWISTED AND 10,000 PEOPLE HE

“If you fool around, it gets twisted and 10,000 people hear about it,” says another girl, a Beekman student. She says this makes her scared to do anything sexual—“but I’m a virgin and that still gets me trashed.”

“I treat ’em how I meet ’em,” a boy tells me. “If you meet ’em and the girl’s sucking my man’s dick in the bathroom, then they’re gonna get treated like that. But let them do what they want to,” he adds. “Maybe I’ll cash in.”

He dares to talk this way, in part, because he is a boy who’s considered to have “fame.” Reporting on kids in New York for nearly a year, I’ve heard this word used often. I suppose it should come as no surprise that the culture of celebrity has overtaken high school; the only thing missing is the paparazzi. But, ever resourceful, kids provide for that themselves, frequently videotaping their exploits, including sexual ones. “Sometimes [boys] tape-record it and play it for their friends,” says a girl.

The proximity of private-school students to actual celebrities in New York raises the stakes still higher. A girl tells me about a friend who had sex with a member of the Mets; she met him in a club. “If a guy fucks a model, then other girls want to fuck him,” says Josh, 18, a student at Horace Mann. “They think it gives them props”—respect. “Girls sweat

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Certain names and identifying details have been changed.

older guys who are actors or athletes," says Robin, 16. Shoshana Lonstein, once "Jerry Seinfeld's 17-year-old girlfriend," is an object of envy. She went to Nightingale-Bamford and met him while Rollerblading in Central Park. Her parents approved of the match.

What few adults are aware of are the other stars in these kids' universe: the "certain boys" Roxy speaks of, who belong to crews, mini-gangs that have become a powerful subculture in New York private schools. Since crews take their "styles" from harder gangs in tougher neighborhoods, many kids consider them laughable. But if it sometimes seems like a game, then it has become a dangerous one: mugging, robbing, fighting, drug dealing. And thugging—having sex with as many girls, preferably "fly," or attractive, girls, as possible. And in turn, "being in a crew that has props seriously increases your chances of getting laid," says David, 16, a Riverdale student.

"Girl will be like, 'Oh, I hooked up with Lash' or 'I hooked up with Rish,'" says Jamie, 15, naming two "famous" members of an East Side crew.

"To have a social life, you have to be down with these people," says Laura, 15, a York Prep student, "because if you're not you're considered a Herb"—a nerd, a type of anathema—"and you're not going to bars or parties or chilling in the middle of the Meadow."

OUT IT. BUT I'M A VIRGIN, AND THAT STILL GETS ME TRASHED."

Not every girl wants to be down with crews; but crews act as a kind of social ruling class that sets an agenda with which every girl must reckon. It's a double bind: If you want to "get fame," as a girl, you "hook up with" a famous crew member. You may still be many things after that—an athlete, a student, a friend—but now, in this brutal landscape, you can be called a "whore."

"If a girl goes out and has sex with a guy then she's a whore," says Paul, 17, telling the truth about the way it is. And there will be talk, not just by boys but by other girls.

"Have you ever been called a ho?" one girl asks me, her voice trembling with emotion. " 'Ho' is so . . . *strong*."

IT'S A FRIDAY NIGHT. JENNIFER, ALEX, AND Carrie huddle in the back booth of a loud, smoky Irish bar, one of those places along Second Avenue where kids go. These girls are all 15, but they say they never have problems getting drinks here. A few customers in the crowd are still wearing braces. The girls are sipping fuzzy navels, their favorite drink of late. "Vodka, peach schnapps, and orange juice," Jennifer says. She says she's a "great bartender." It's a hot night, and they are all wearing tank tops with a lot of cleavage, tight pants, and a lot of makeup. "We're going bar-hopping later," Jennifer explains. "We're gonna get *trashed* tonight."

Alex is talking about the night in Central Park when a friend of hers, very drunk and high, met up with some boys in a crew and then "ruined her life."

"And suddenly before I know, she's, like, under a bridge with these three guys, and legend has it they went in the woods and they did all kinds of unbelievable stuff, and she came back with this reputation for being the biggest chickenhead slut. She can't even *go* in the park now.

"I got pissed off. I was like, what the hell do you think you're doing? I grabbed her arm. But the boys were like, 'No, let's take her for a walk. . . .' "

Jennifer and Carrie shake their heads. "When she does that, she should know what she's getting into," says Carrie matter-of-factly.

Jennifer tells me she wants to make sure I understand how important a part girls play in the world of crews. "We're not just there. We have a *role*," she says. "They'd be nothing without us."

The other girls nod in agreement. "Who do you think babies them and holds their head over the toilet?" says Alex.

"Or gets them into bars?" Jennifer says. "If you're with a good-looking girl, you have a much better chance of getting into a bar." Most often, however, they say, the boys have fake I.D.'s, and get them into the bars, and order the drinks.

"At the end of the night," Carrie says, "if they've trashed somebody's house, the girls are like, 'We're sorry,' 'Thank you very much,' and we help clean up."

"They diss us," says Jennifer resignedly. "They call us chickenheads and sluts and all that, but we're the ones they want to be chilling with at the end of the night." Which may be at someone's house, or at a hotel room someone has rented. There are myriad lies to tell parents about where they are. Tonight, they're supposed to be with each other watching videos.

"They do fun things," Alex adds, a bit defensively, of boys in crews. "It's, you know, fun to chill with them."

"Today they wanted me to come to rack a supermarket with them." Jennifer rolls her eyes, but something in her tone says she's a little proud of it. "You know, to be the girl 'just shopping'?" To distract the salespeople's attention. "They didn't ask me in a *disrespectful* way," she says. "They need us more than they let on."

"They get really territorial about us," says Alex.

Models: Natalie Arkus/A+; Adam Bussell/CED; Candice/Ford Teens; Casey/Ford Teens; Mary Ellen Cravens/Wee Willys; Jonathan Delgado/CED; Robert Fidalgo/Ford Teens; Nick Salvo/Ford Teens; Donah Sandford/A+.

"Like a dog pees on his ground?" adds Jennifer.

ROXY LEANS BACK AGAINST THE MARBLE ledge of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at 89th Street. She's drinking a forty, a 40-ounce bottle of beer. Little beads of sweat collect on her forehead. She watches all the other kids hanging out on the stairs, drinking, smoking, talking low so you can't quite hear what they're saying. They're rolling blunts. Their laughter wafts over the night air.

Roxy says, "People talk so much shit, it's like I can't stand to be around them." She has changed schools three times. The rumors follow her everywhere: that she has given "buffs" to more than 50 guys; etc. "I guess you heard about it," she tells me.

"It all started," she says, with an older boy named Greg. He was "famous," a pre-eminent member of a West Side crew. "He's a user," Roxy says, "a schemer." Girls are often wanted to assist in running credit-card scams—which has almost become a sport, like Frisbee—because as girls they're less likely to be suspected. "And me, I was so stupid, I was like, 'No, I don't want anything out of it.' " Roxy mocks her former self. "I'll just do it for kicks, whatever."

She got busted, and now she's working to pay back her father, a television producer, several hundred dollars. "He'll never trust me again," she says.

"He ruined my life," she says of Greg. When she sees him now, she "looks the other way." "I really liked him. But . . ." She shrugs, elbows on knees. "You can't trust anybody."

The horn of a tugboat sounds lonely across the river. "I can't wait to get out of New York."

"FOR A GIRL TO GET ACCEPTED, SHE HAS TO BE DOWN AND DIRTY.

"YOU'VE ONLY BEEN TALKING TO CHICKENheads. Those girls haven't learned," another girl tells me. Her name is Liz. She's sitting cross-legged on her bed. Behind her on the wall is a corkboard crammed with push pins and photographs of herself with other girls—she giggles, "Look, I'm so fucked up there"—as well as a certain type of boy often seen in baggy jeans and puffy parka. Their graffiti tags, scrawled in colored markers on scraps of paper, are posted here and there. There's a stack of SAT prep guides on her desk.

Liz lights a cigarette. It's okay to smoke; her mother and father are not home, and won't be until quite late. She is small and dark, wearing sweat pants and a Polo T. She's 17, but looks young for her age.

There are girls who fight back against the tyranny of crew mentality—by joining it. "You have to become schooled," Liz tells me, "in the art of sheistiness." Being sheisty means being able to get over on other people, whether by taking money from them or getting them to do you favors, or getting them to have sex.

"You learn to be sheisty by getting played," Liz says; she talks very rapidly. "Anyone who's sheisty has been sheisted in the past—

"I was. I'm not even gonna front—" But she doesn't want to go into it.

"A sheisty girl knows you don't have to be able to fight if you know how to use your mouth. We have a vagina and tits and ass, and I would never want to be a guy because with what we have we can do anything—men always want us, so it's easier to gas them," or lie.

Liz blows smoke from her nostrils. "Truly sheisty boys know that.

"You have to make them think you're one of the guys," she continues. "For a girl to get accepted, she has to be down and dirty. They have to see you not give a shit, not be a priss—be like a man, basically.

"To be a cool girl you kind of have to stab girlkind in the back."

She snuffs out her cigarette in the mouth of an ashtray shaped like a frog.

I notice that on the floor, among the fashion magazines, there's a magazine with a cover about girls who cut themselves because of depression or anger. "Yeah, I did that," says Liz, pulling down her sock to show two small red scars on her ankle. "I don't know why . . ." Her voice trails off. "One day I just got so upset and I wanted to cut myself."

"MOLDING MUD, SUN-IN, TAMPAX, DEXAtrim, Slim Fast, Listerine, Advil, batteries, Nice'N'Easy, Visine—"

Julie, 16, pulls the items out of the shopping bag, holding them up for view like a woman on a TV commercial, displaying them with an Ultra-Bright smile. There's $472.93 worth of goods from a pharmacy chain spilled over the bedroom floor—all purchased with a forged check. The check belonged to a morose-looking, balding fellow who lives in the East Village and no longer has his checkbook. The girls say they "found it in the back of a cab," along with his driver's license, which they needed to copy his signature.

"You got a Style Dryer?" says Julie. She's crunching a Kit-Kat.

"Yeah, but you got film," Abigail says quickly. Abigail is heavyset, "kind of a Herb," Julie tells me before our meeting. A virgin.

It was no accident that it was Abigail who performed the most dangerous role in the scheme, telling the salespeople at the pharmacy that her "father"—the morose-looking, balding man—had okayed the shopping trip. "He's at home sick, and I have to get all this stuff tonight because I'm going on a trip to Paris tomorrow," Abigail says they told the clerk.

"Where'd you get all that stuff?" says Julie's mother; she is standing at the door, holding a long metal spoon. She just got home from work—she's a real-estate agent—and has been in the kitchen, throwing together dinner.

"Abigail bought it," Julie says.

Abigail simpers.

Julie's mother frowns. "Uh-huh," she says, and returns to the kitchen.

A third girl, Elena, is sprawled on a chaise longue, smoking a cigarette, cat-eyed. She is "famous"—the long-term girlfriend of one of the most "famous" crew leaders in New York. With the looks of a model, Elena has actual famous people, young Hollywood actors, asking her out. She does the club scene. When Julie phoned her up to boast about their haul from the pharmacy, Elena had to come over and check it out. She is known for being one of the "queens of sheistiness," a girl who has seen tens of thousands of dollars' worth of goods pass through her hands, from "racking," shoplifting, "CC"—credit-card—scams, other cons. “I never pay for anything,” she says. “I'm the greediest person in the world.” Her parents have plenty of money.

She wants to go out tonight and run the checkbook game again.

However, there's a problem with this agenda. Abigail, in a moment of nervousness, threw the checkbook down a sidewalk grate as she and Julie were running away from the store, toting their stolen toiletries.

Julie is now furiously tying a bathtub stopper to the end of a very long piece of twine. “We're gonna fish it out,” she says, winding duct tape from a roll, sticky side up, around the bathtub stopper.

“This is dope,” she congratulates herself.

“It looks like a sex toy,” says Elena.

The girls laugh.

“I'll be back in a minute, Mom!” Julie yells, halfway out the front door. Elena and Abigail follow.

From the kitchen: “What about dinner?” *Slam.*

ON A SHADOWY SIDE STREET ON THE UPPER East Side, Julie shines a flashlight down the grate. It's next to some garbage cans, just outside a brownstone. “It's scary down there,” says Abigail.

EY HAVE TO SEE YOU NOT BE A PRISS—BE LIKE A MAN, BASICALLY.”

The girls peer into the hole. The checkbook is twelve feet down, tossed amid filth. Julie, crouching, passes her bathtub stopper through the metal slats, training it down by the string. She swings it toward the checkbook.

“Ooh!” says Abigail. “You almost got it!” It's like one of those games at a state fair. The checkbook fixes to the stopper momentarily, but then falls away.

“Damn!” says Julie.

Adults pass by, going home to their own brownstones; some glance over, curious. “I dropped a ring.” Elena smiles, hiding her cigarette behind her back. How cute, the adults' faces seem to say; it's like the Hardy Girls.

“Shit.” Julie sputters with exasperation. The tape isn't strong enough.

“Hey, wait! There's a ladder. . . .” An iron ladder runs down the wall into the darkness below. “Cool!”

A bundle of energy, an athlete, Julie tears the metal cover off the grate, knocking trash cans to one side. But there's a pause as the girls consider who's going to go down.

“Abigail?” says Elena.

“Not me!” Abigail frets.

“I, uh—” Julie looks worriedly into the abyss.

“Oh, all right, I'll go,” says Elena. “Because I have *dick.*”

“I have dick!” says Julie.

“Oh, Julie, you're so much better at this stuff than me,” Elena coaxes. “I'm *such* a spaz.”

Julie, in Nikes, steps hesitantly down the ladder.

“I got your back,” Elena says with a smile.

Julie's back is toward a dark doorway leading underneath the building; it's full of garbage in there, who knows what else.

“What if there's some homeless man hiding in there, and he comes out and grabs you?” says Abigail.

Julie looks up. “Shut up!” she says.

Apprehensive, she jumps down, scoops up the checkbook, and scrambles back up the ladder.

“Wait!” She pauses at the top of the rungs. “Take a picture!” she orders Abigail.

Abigail snaps a Polaroid, with Julie's stolen film.

LATER, AT AN UPPER EAST SIDE SUSHI RESTaurant, Elena grabs my tape recorder and says, “I'll interview Abigail.”

Abigail tries to protest, her mouth full of California roll.

“Are you a virgin?” Elena demands.

“Yeah,” Abigail says.

“For what reasons are you still a virgin?” says Elena.

“I don't want to do it with some random person.”

“Are you going to wait till you get *married?*” Elena pushes.

“Well, not till I get married.”

“Have you ever had the *opportunity* to have sex?”

“Yeah.”

“How do you handle it when you don't want to?” Now, Elena sounds less aggressive.

Abigail is firm. “I just say I don't want to.”

Elena thinks a moment, stops. She turns off the tape recorder. “I feel like a fucking schmuck doing this.”

I tell her, I know the feeling.

Outside, after dinner, Elena leans against a car, waiting for the other girls to come out of the restaurant.

“You start being sheisty,” she tells me, “to let the guys know, like, the whole time, you might have been playing *them.*

“When I was young,” she says, “I would have sex with this one and that one and that one. Sixteen-year-old guys when I was 13 years old, 22-year-olds when I was 15! I looked at myself and called *myself* a whore.” She stares off, pursing her lips. “You don't meet a guy, hang out with him for a few hours in a club and then fuck him. . . .

“You don't do that.”

I TELL MY FRIENDS OR COLLEAGUES SOME of what I hear about what's going on. "You must be exaggerating. It can't be like this," they say.

It can. The model Bijou Phillips, who is 17 and grew up in New York, recently appeared in "Page Six" of the New York *Post.* "The wild child got herself kicked out of Spy [Bar] for good on Wednesday night after exposing herself, assaulting a friend with a sex toy and getting into a brawl," the gossip column said. "When she was asked to leave, the argument moved to the sidewalk, where she was overheard telling her enraged galpal, 'So I raped with you—deal with it.' "

The video for "Criminal," a song by Fiona Apple, 19—another New York–private-school alumna (she went to Rhodes)—is getting a lot of play on MTV. In the video, Fiona, ghoulishly pale and thin, can be seen flung half-naked across a floor, a bed, a guy's lap, as faceless boys and girls, with whom she seems to have just had sex, pay her no attention. She caresses them. Her eyes are glazed and haunting.

Fiona sings:

"Heaven help me for the way I am / Save me from the evil deeds. . . ."

"THEY LEFT THEIR UNDERWEAR ON. THEY WERE LYING IN A CIRC

"SOME GIRLS CAME THROUGH. ONE OF THEM was that singer"—Todd, 18, names a name—"and another was that girl on the sitcom . . ." He can't think of hers.

It was a party at a free crib where everyone was taking "huge amounts of" ecstasy—or MDMA, an amphetamine said to make the user want to have sex.

"The girls all took their clothes off. They left their underwear on. They were kind of lying in a circle on the floor. They asked us guys to rub lotion on them, so we were rubbing lotion on them through their bras and panties. We didn't want to force anything. Then they took everything off, and everybody started" giving each other oral sex. "Then everybody started fucking." Todd blinks. "When we all came down, we were just, like, looking at each other, like, damn. What we did."

THE SOUND SYSTEM IN THE BOOMER, A chauffeured rental car from a service in Harlem, blasts the Notorious B.I.G.: *"You nasty boy, you nasty—"* The boys drive around; it's like they're in some floating bar.

We're stuck in midtown traffic; it's late. Juan, 19, works his shoulders, fists pounding the air to the beats. He nods and speaks along with the lyric: *"Screaming, she fiending, for the semen—"*

In the back seat there are two private-school boys. Juan calls them his "sons"—he considers them younger and less experienced. They're all arguing over the definition of a "shook one." Juan turns around. That's a girl "who likes sex. She *likes* it."

"They want, like, three guys on them at one time," says Cheddar.

"They'll call you up and be like, 'I need dick, I need to get fucked,' " Matthew says.

They are not girlfriend material, according to the boys. "You're not going to go *out* with a girl who's a shookie," Cheddar explains.

Juan passes back the blunt. A scar curves down the side of his left cheek. Known as a "buck-fifty," it's the result of a razor fight. Girls like it, Juan tells me, because "with that on your grill, they think you're hard."

"I have a way with girls," he says, simply. He tells them he models, and apparently they believe it, despite his flaw. After he's been away for hours, days, sometimes, he'll tell his girlfriend he's been "at a modeling shoot."

Matthew, 17, scrunches forward to tell him, "You have no idea how many girls have asked us if they can chill with you guys"—Juan's crew. "Like, 'Put me on. I want to fuck Juan.' *Literally.*"

Juan smiles.

At 76th and Broadway, Matthew and Cheddar jump out and run into a deli; Snapples and cigarettes. Juan watches them with some amusement. "These niggas don't even know how ill it gets. . . ."

He lights up a cigarette with the look of a man with stories to tell. He tells me then about "Shook Ones Part Four." (Juan and his crew brothers have a shook-ones "hall of fame" and have inaugurated "shookies of the year." The girls involved are unaware of being awarded these distinctions.)

"Shook Ones Part Four was so open, B. I hit this girl for two years straight. Any place you can think of, on a bus, in a cab.

"One time we roped her with like eight people in my man Steve's house. Four girls, four guys. We're chilling, mad high. And I was like 'Yo, give me buffs'—right in front of everybody. And she was like, 'Word.' And everybody's like, 'Ah!' And she does it, I'm telling you. It gets raw like that. . . .

"The mom came home and we all had to jet into the bedroom. The mom was just in her room—in the mist."

Juan says, "I love my girlfriend."

He thinks. "But I don't know. For a shookie, you feel . . . something.

"There was this one, she was really on point—like I still think about her, and it's like, damn, this bitch rocked my whole world."

She was Shook Ones Part Seven.

"She got so nice, B., she was so open, she got me so open. Steve and me, we had her once for three hours, at Ricky's free crib. Steve just couldn't handle it anymore, but me and her just stayed skied up"—coked up—"fucking for like four more hours, until it got light out. I kind of fell asleep. And then I looked over and she was just there looking at me, and we just . . ."

He grows quiet. "Ah. It was ill."

Matthew and Cheddar climb back in the car.

"These girls are just bottling it up," Cheddar says breezily, opening his Snapple. "One day they'll be like 30 years old and they'll realize like 'Yo, that shit fucked me up, like I was like the derelict ho of life.' "

Juan smiles a little. "Like, later in life, when I see her with her kids . . ."

"You'll be, like, laughing," Cheddar says.

"Like when I see her husband," Juan says, eyes growing bright, "I'll be like, 'Son, I know your wife inside and out. On the *real.*' "

THE "ILLEST FREE CRIB OF ALL TIME," THE one of "legend," kids tell me, was Ricky's. Ricky's free crib is mentioned as if it were

THE FLOOR. THEY ASKED US GUYS TO RUB LOTION ON THEM.”

some international incident, some battle, in a history book. This was last summer. Ricky's mother was gone for two weeks on a trip to Asia. “It was such a craze,” Ricky says, over a hamburger at an Upper East Side joint.

Ricky was 16 back then. He was a private-school student—he has since dropped out. He's a drug dealer now.

He had made the acquaintance of some older boys who were dealing; they were “famous,” they belonged to “hard” crews. “Fuzzy would come over at like four in the morning after he was out all night doing runs”—deliveries, Ricky says. “He'd have a bag of ecstasy. Steve would come over and chop up a rock”—of coke—“on my mother's coffee table. . . . And they'd both have, like, ten girls.”

“My mother found condoms everywhere, stuffed under beds. It was disgusting. I got kicked out.”

And it was there, at Ricky's free crib, everyone knows, that Shook Ones Part Seven “ruined her life.”

“SHE GOT TURNED OUT,” SAYS STEVE.

Steve, slick-haired, lanky, and languid and always wearing sunglasses, went to public school; he started dealing coke, he says, “because in this city if you want to have a good time, you have to have money, you know.” He says he has dealt to some private-school kids' parents.

Steve says, “Greg brought her over.” That is, Shook Ones Part Seven. Lily was her name. She was being “roped by Greg exclusive” until last summer; but then Greg told the other, older boys chilling at Ricky's free crib—guys he wanted to be down with—“Yo, she's shook, she can get down like that.” He brought her by.

“Everybody had sex with her,” says Steve. “All my crew.” He names six boys. “They would be giving her ecstasy and shit.” Steve gave her coke. She was already having problems with her parents. Her father was strict, a wealthy, self-made man. When Lily didn't return home for a few days, missing the end of the school year, she was kicked out.

“After that, she just didn't give a fuck about anything. Where was she supposed to go, yo?”

So Steve got her a job, “dancing, all nude”—at a place not far from her dad's office. Customers would take her in the champagne room; she'd give Steve some of her take. “Why spend my dough?” he asks. “I was blessing her with mad coke, too. I listened to her problems.”

Steve takes a long, lazy drag from his cigarette, and smiles. “She needed someone to keep her sanity.”

LILY HERSELF IS DOING FINE. SHE HAS worked through a lot with her family, changed schools. She doesn't talk to the boys from Ricky's free crib much anymore. “I think I've outgrown them,” she says.

“They think I'm weak, but they're not the powerful ones. I don't worship them.

“They think they're famous, but who are they, really? They just sit around and talk about who they know and about money. They're always trying to fuck each other over. I really wonder where some of them will be in five years.”

She doesn't mind talking about Ricky's free crib. “In the sixties, people had free love and sex. I wanted to try it out. I used protection. It was fun.

“They're intimidated by the fact that a girl can actually enjoy sex, because that makes a girl powerful.

“What fucked me up was everybody talking shit about me. I'd hear shit from kids I didn't even know—shit that wasn't even true. It was ruined by the embellishing, all the stories. I thought what we were doing was just between us. I didn't think they'd tell everyone.

“It ruined it,” Lily says again.

“But,” she says, “I am not ‘ruined.’ I don't think I'm a bad person. I'm a genuine person.

“I'm not going to get paranoid.

“I don't think every guy in the world is out to hurt me.”

JULIE, THE CHECKBOOK THIEF, CALLS ME UP, excited. She thinks she has fallen in love.

“He's 18. He's famous and shit, but he doesn't give a shit about all that. He's in a bunch of crews, but he doesn't push it. He's so on the low. He's *so* dope.”

Last night, they took ecstasy for the first time together. They walked along the river. “My body was all tingly. He said, Imagine you're the water. We just sat on the benches, watching the waves.

“We started talking about how first times are the best. I told him what it's like to be in love. I said, When you love someone, you're willing to do anything for them. . . . But I told him my heart had been broken before.

“ ‘Can I take the pain away?’ he said. ‘Are you ready?’ I said, ‘Yeah.’ He put his hand on my heart. I felt love come into me from his hand. He said he felt it, too. He felt like he was falling.

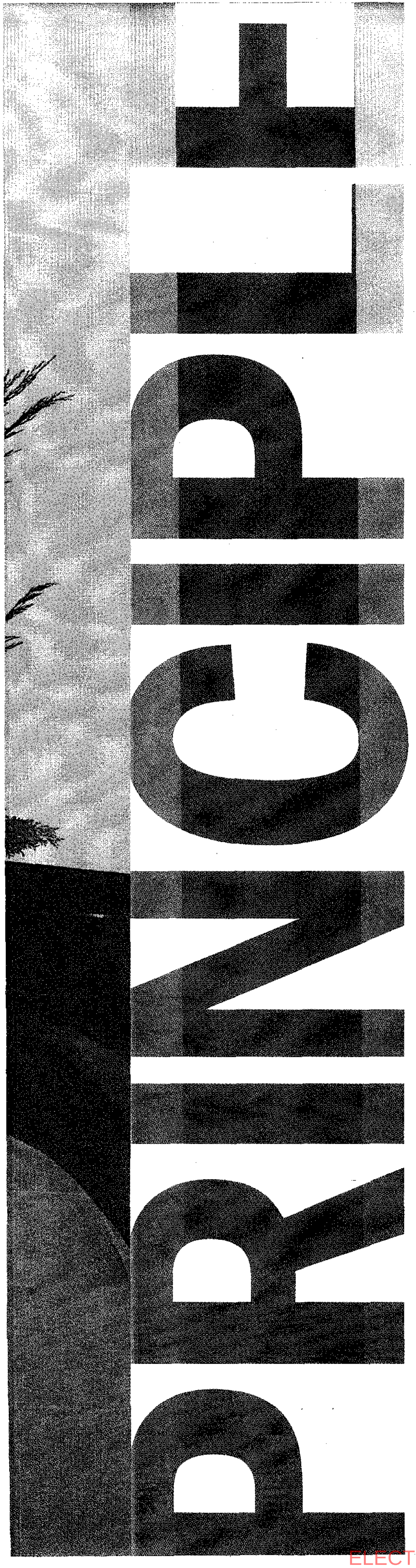
“I was so happy when I went to sleep. I woke up and it was still there. But then . . .” They saw each other the next day, and something had already changed.

“Do you think he was just playing me?” asks Julie. There's a catch in her voice.

“Do you think it was real?” ■

THE PINO

The emperor in his domain: Pino Luongo stands guard at Tuscan Square.



PRINCIPLE

He reigns over a culinary empire that spans fourteen restaurants and a sprawling Tuscan mini-mall in Rockefeller Center. So why is everyone dishing Pino Luongo?

By Manny Howard

IT WAS 8 P.M. ON A BALMY INDIAN-SUMMER EVENING, AND outside Rockefeller Center, a long stretch of 51st Street had been cordoned off by police. Blood-curdling shrieks filled the air, scratchy strains of the climactic aria from *I Pagliacci* that were audible from blocks away. A crowd of wide-eyed tourists and slightly bewildered office workers watched from behind police lines as the first guests made their way down a gravel path to the site of Manhattan's most audacious new culinary project: Pino Luongo's Tuscan Square. ■ Teams of laborers had worked all week rolling out the bright sod carpet (trucked in from the North Fork) and erecting the vast canvas enclosure for the store's launch party. Last Monday night, 700 of Pino's people—wide-tied moguls and tightly coiffed matrons, a smattering of celebrities and assorted restaurant heavyweights—crammed into the 51st Street storefront that until recently housed a modest lunchroom and a boutique selling cut-rate officewear. ■ That evening, the 12,000-square-foot space had been transformed into a Tuscan tableau. Outside the building, harried olive-skinned waiters in aprons and Tuscan vests darted about with dainty trays of pâté, fried herbs, and breadsticks. Inside, a giant screen flashed dreamy, pastoral images of the Tuscan countryside while a gleaming cutout of the full moon obscured the view of the real thing beyond. Flanked by his wife, Jessie, shaking hands with well-wishers, Luongo stood, like Leoncavallo's Canio, at the center of this Tuscan circus, a huge, swaggering figure with puffy eyes and neatly slicked hair, wearing a tight three-button suit and an odd, beatific smile. ■ A week earlier, Tuscan Square had been little more than a hole in the ground, and Luongo stood scowling as union carpenters and welders, electricians, stucco artists, and painters worked at a frantic clip, bumping into one another as they raced to complete Rockefeller Center's Next Big Thing. With the help of authentic Tuscan brick, an ersatz-limestone floor, and an enormous preserved cypress tree, Luongo set out to re-create the

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID BARRY

Tuscany of his youth. Except that unlike in the sleepy, sun-soaked piazzas where he whiled away his summer-holiday afternoons, in Luongo's Tuscan fantasy everything is for sale.

Part restaurant; part apothecary; part fashion boutique, library, wine bar, and food court, Tuscan Square is designed with the impulse-purchasing Everyman in mind. Have lunch; buy the cutlery you eat it with. Have lunch; buy a cookbook or a hunting jacket or blueberry toothpaste or a rustic wicker basket or an Italian-linen dish towel or votive candles or fig-scented cologne.

Luongo turns up his nose at tourist attractions like the struggling Fashion Cafe just next door, the Harley-Davidson Cafe, the Hard Rock, and Brooklyn Diner just six blocks north. "This is *not* a theme restaurant," he boomed over the scream of a chop saw cutting metal two weeks ago. "I don't even know what a theme restaurant *is.*"

Cornerstone Equities Investors provided the $16 million he needed for his project; Luongo supplied the concept, a "Tuscan fantasy of rustic simplicity and the values that make family and children the most important thing in life." In the near future, Luongo also hopes to provide travel services to his diners, making it possible for them to duck into Tuscan Square for a quick working lunch, purchase a plane ticket, the necessary toiletries, and a chic change of clothes, catch a cab, and be on their way to Tuscany well before dinner.

Whose fantasy is *this*?

PINO LUONGO IS NEW YORK'S MOST PROLIFIC RESTAURATEUR, a brash culinary kingpin who has amassed a huge fortune serving two-star Italian food to a three-star clientele. His empire spans seven high-profile restaurants in New York (Sapore di Mare, Le Madri, Coco Pazzo, Coco Pazzo Teatro, Coco Pazzo Opera, Coco Pazzo Marina, Il Toscanaccio), two in Chicago (Coco Pazzo, Il Toscanaccio), and Coco Pazzo outposts in Washington, Dallas, and Atlanta. New restaurants are planned for Denver and Philadelphia.

Partnered with—and estranged from—some of the biggest names in the business, Luongo recently teamed up with hotelier Ian Schrager to run restaurants in Schrager hotels in New York and Los Angeles. He now owns fourteen restaurants and oversees more than 2,000 employees. By some estimates, he grosses well over $50 million a year.

But in the process, he has also earned a reputation as a bully who cannibalizes employees and antagonizes colleagues. A history buff, he waxes rhapsodic about the Medicis, whom he admires for both their generous patronage and their pragmatic barbarism.

Though many of his employees went on to their own successes, few recall their time with him as peaceful. They recount tales of gruesome firings and public humiliations that reduced employees to tears. "Every day was an opera; every day was an aria with Pino," remembers Campagna owner Mark Straussman, who worked under Luongo at both Sapore de Mare and Coco Pazzo. "The environment is so brutal that after a while you look at yourself in the mirror and say I can't do this anymore." Former employees say that Luongo regularly charged busboys for broken glasses and fired waiters on a whim. His activities eventually got him investigated by the New York Labor Department, which in 1991 ordered him to pay back wages to six employees who charged that Luongo had stiffed them for months.

But his defenders dismiss the carping as Pino envy, pointing out that Luongo richly rewards key staffers and has generously supported some employees who go out on their own. The same man whom critics denounce as a tyrannical tightwad is portrayed by his supporters as a perfectionist who treats his employees well if they deliver the excellence he demands. "Pino looks for managers," says Kevin Garcia, a former sous-chef at Coco Pazzo who now runs the kitchen at the upscale catering company Creative Edge Parties. "He wants people to come to him with answers and not questions. He gave me an excellent salary and expects only professional performance."

Even among his peers—the first tier of the city's restaurant owners—Luongo has few friends, which he attributes to the fact that he doesn't socialize within the industry. "Why would I want to go out all night with the people I work with all day?" he asks. "I'd much rather go out with my clients, with Julian Schnabel, with *interesting* people." He says he prefers to spend time with his family—his wife, who is as gracious as Pino is gruff, and three children, with whom he lives in a tony section of Westchester.

IF THE RELENTLESS ATTACKS BOTHER LUONGO, IT DOESN'T SHOW. IN the city's cutthroat restaurant business, he says, turbulence comes with the territory. On a sunny September afternoon, cruising Manhattan in his black Mercedes 300SE (which was vandalized last year by a furious ex-employee), Luongo recounts the first time somebody tried to tell him what to do in his own place: "I had just opened Il Cantinori on 10th Street. It was the first day, early in the morning. I was alone, and these two big guys came in with a cigarette machine. I told them, '*I* didn't order this.'

"They told me, 'We're just delivering it for our boss. You better take it.' " Luongo told the toughs they had two hours to remove it or he was putting it right in the middle of 10th Street. The vending machine spent fifteen minutes as a roadblock before a truck backed down the street and the goons retrieved it. "Later in the day, a neighbor, a nice man, came running up to me. He said I was crazy to do what I did. It's about domination," muses Luongo as we pull into the private parking lot behind his restaurant Le Madri, on West 18th Street. "Once you start taking your trousers down for people, you never stop."

It's an ethos that has served him well since he arrived in Manhattan in 1980, at the age of 27, successfully dodging Italy's universal-conscription laws. He spent a day and a half working at an Upper East Side haberdashery before quitting in disgust to be-

Photographs by Robert Wright (2).

come a busboy at Da Silvano in the Village. Three years later, the ambitious Tuscan had opened his own restaurant, Il Cantinori, a project that began with a typical burst of bad karma.

Steve Tzolis lured Luongo from Da Silvano and made him a partner in Il Cantinori in 1983. "I'm always looking for new guys," says Tzolis, the force behind such New York institutions as La Gauloise, Periyali, Aureole, and the white-hot Chez Es Saada. "I used to go to Da Silvano, and I'd see this young guy talking 200 miles an hour. A smart, intelligent guy. I told him I was going to open Il Cantinori and asked him if he was interested."

Luongo was. He left, taking many of his colleagues with him and nearly forcing his mentor, Silvano Marchetto, to shutter his restaurant. "I was furious," Marchetto says now. "I don't want to say anything bad, but my advice to people who get involved with Pino is to keep your eyes wide open."

Luongo managed Il Cantinori for five years. As always, he had big plans. "He wanted to open an Il Cantinori in Chicago, in Los Angeles, on the moon," remembers Tzolis, who says he eventually brokered the sale of the East Hampton space that would become Sapore Di Mare to Luongo just to get rid of his hyperactive partner. "We do things differently," admits Tzolis. "I care for the customer. I care for the food. I visit all my restaurants. You can't do that if you have 50 of them." Tzolis decided to dissolve the partnership in 1988, but he insists that "everything was very friendly. I said, 'Pino, I have to carry my watermelons one at a time.' "

By then, Pino was juggling them. Back at Da Silvano, he had learned the value of cultivating celebrities, a skill he went on to perfect at Il Cantinori. "He's a fabulous frontman," says Ariel Lacayo, a well-known maître d' who bills himself as Luongo's apprentice. "Pino always told me, read magazines, learn who your customers are, talk to them about what they do."

Of course, a little free food doesn't hurt, either. In 1992, Luongo began a noisy feud with *GQ*'s Alan Richman after the restaurant critic complained bitterly in print that he'd watched Luongo comp entire meals for David Geffen and Madonna, while lesser diners had to ante up $32 an entrée.

In 1988, Luongo became partners with Barneys New York chairman Gene Pressman. Together, they launched the super-successful Le Madri, the first two Coco Pazzos, and finally mad.61, a chic café tucked in the basement of the Barneys uptown outpost. The corporate coupling was rarely without drama; by 1996, the partners were at each other's throats. In an attempt to monitor the restaurant's cash flow, Barneys dispatched a team of accountants to comb through its books. But Luongo exacted his revenge. Later that year, when Pressman and his clan were holed up in the executive suite trying to save the department store from bankruptcy, they discovered that Luongo had secretly trademarked the mad.61 name three years earlier. The Pressmans would have to buy Luongo out if they wanted to continue to use the same name. Enraged, they changed the restaurant's name to Fred's, after the struggling store's patriarch. To run Fred's, Pressman's turned to Luongo's longtime enemy Mark Straussman.

Pino's playhouse: Above, the dining room at Tuscan Square; below, towels and bric-a-brac on the main floor.

Luongo moved on. As early as March 1996, Ian Schrager, feuding with his then-partner Brian McNally, approached Luongo about launching a branch of Coco Pazzo in his Paramount Hotel. A second Coco Pazzo opened nine months later in Schrager's Mondrian in Los Angeles. The response to the restaurants has been mixed; sources close to both men say the relationship between the two partners is starting to become strained. But Schrager insists, "Nothing could be further from the truth. Pino's restaurant in the Mondrian is right in the middle of my lobby. We are inextricably linked. If someone has a bad meal at Pino's, they are going to blame me. It's like two close friends sharing a car. You have to be very respectful of each other. There's been no problem with Pino at all."

TUSCAN SQUARE ISN'T LUONGO'S FIRST FORAY INTO MERchandising. Not long ago, he tried selling $9 jars of pasta sauce at Chicago's upscale markets with limited success. In 1992, with great fanfare, he opened a takeout annex to Sapore di Mare, but he quietly closed it two seasons later. Other ventures were more successful. In an inspired move last year, he and his partners bought out the pasta chain Sfuzzi for $6 million; they plan to convert the stores into a Coco Pazzo restaurant chain. "That was very smart," Patroon owner Ken Aretsky says admiringly. "He acquired fourteen restaurants that will soon have the Coco Pazzo name on them. The worst of them he'll strip and close down; the best is worth $6 million by itself."

Tuscan Square is a riskier gamble. Luongo is hoping to shore up his restaurant business with a profitable retail sideline, a strategy he first implemented at mad.61, which was accompanied by a market selling packaged gourmet fare, cheeses, and pastries. "Everything Pino knows about retail he learned from the Pressmans," one source points out.

RESTAURANT-INDUSTRY OBSERVERS ARE SKEPTICAL ABOUT LUONGO'S gamble, but if it works, they'll be quick to follow. "Either it's the beginning of the end, or he's smarter than every other fucking person in the business," says one. As he widens his base, Luongo risks becoming the culinary version of Halston—selling out his cachet. Indeed, Luongo proclaims the Rockefeller Center project is only the beginning. His business plan calls for further expansion into communities like Greenwich, St. Paul, and Chicago. And while critics accuse him of going downmarket, he insists that Tuscan Square will be strictly targeted to a local deep-pocketed crowd. "I *never* cater to tourists," he sniffs. "That business is all about one quick hit. That's not the business I'm in."

So who *will* be shopping at Tuscan Square? "There is a million feet of office space hovering above me at Rockefeller Center," notes Luongo, who considers the arrival of marquee-name tenants like Christie's Auction House a sign that the complex is being reclaimed by native New Yorkers. "My landlord, Tischman-Speyer, is trying to take Rockefeller Center away from the tourists."

Well, not quite. "No, Rockefeller Center is the most frequently visited tourist attraction in New York City," corrects Geoffrey Wharton, Tischman-Speyer's managing director. "And Luongo's going to have a really hard time not doing a tourist business."

Still, no one will be surprised if Luongo has the last laugh, again. "I will say this about Pino: There aren't many people imaginative enough to invent a retail concept," says Michael Whiteman, a partner at Windows on the World and the Rainbow Room. "And he's not my favorite guy in the world." ■

JAM SESSIONS

Forget M2. Documentary-makers D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus have paired up with alterna-jock Chris Douridas to bring the brainy music crowd to PBS. BY MARK JOLLY

ON THE CONTROL-ROOM MONITOR IN Sony's honeycombed music studios, Queen Elizabeth II is making the first live televised speech by a British monarch since 1959. In the 45-foot-high soundstage down the hall, eight of her subjects—all members of the Scottish folk-pop sensation Belle and Sebastian—are offering a tribute of their own.

"This is dedicated to Mr. D. A. Pennebaker," mumbles the guitarist before launching into the second song, "who we met this afternoon and who is a very nice man." It's a rare nod of approval from the endearingly awkward ensemble. Despite their obsessive underground following in England, the fame-phobic band members consistently dodge interviews, refuse to issue publicity shots, and have so far spurned British television.

But here they are before a live audience of some 200 fans and industry types, making an appearance on *Sessions at West 54th,* the weekly public-television series that started airing in July (it runs through November 29) and is fast becoming the hottest showcase for contemporary music anywhere on TV. Some 46 other artists have taped appearances for the series, a genre-straddling crowd that includes both unearthed gems like folk talent Gillian Welch and long-established entities like Joe Jackson, Sinead O'Connor, and Wynton Marsalis. "It's not about top 20; it's about top 200," says Jeb Brien, the show's executive producer. "It's about the very smart things that never get exposed to the masses."

The show's pulling power has everything to do with the two rock institutions conducting the low-key, no-frills interview segments: Santa Monica D.J. Chris Douridas, 35, whose seven-year-old radio show, *Morning Becomes Eclectic,* provided the guiding model for *Sessions;* and the 72-year-old Pennebaker, whose 1966 portrait of Bob Dylan, *Don't Look Back,* remains the most celebrated music documentary to date. Rounding out the creative team is Pennebaker's wife of fifteen years, Chris Hegedus. Probably best known for co-directing the Clinton-Carville love-in *The War Room* with Pennebaker, Hegedus has also worked on a small video library's worth of music documentaries.

To pop cognoscenti, Douridas is known as the man who first played PJ Harvey and Fiona Apple on American radio and helped turn the then-unsigned Beck and his song "Loser" into a winner. The majority of the artists on *Sessions* have already appeared on Douridas's radio show at least once. Because of his previous experience with Douridas, says guest David Byrne, he understood that "it wouldn't be just coming on and doing the one single that you—or rather, your record label—thinks will be a hit." Douridas has also served as a behind-the-scenes taste-maker in his capacity as an A&R player at DreamWorks and music consultant to half a dozen movies, including last year's *Grace of My Heart.*

To complement the freewheeling fluidity of the performances—David Byrne ran through six Talking Heads classics in as many costume changes, while Billy Bragg introduced brand-new material—Douridas brought in Pennebaker to film the interviews. "Pennebaker's a guy who's put a lot of musicians at ease in front of his cameras," says Douridas. "I come from radio, which is an intimate medium, and I wanted to bring that intimacy to this show. We wanted to get to the heart of the creative fire that drives these artists, so that a 13-year-old might say 'Wow' and pick up a guitar."

With a broadcast slot of 11 on Saturday nights, though, the show isn't likely to snag the club-hopping teenager—which, in any case, is not quite the demographic that executive producer Brien had in mind when he created the show. Drawing from a 1959 CBS taping of Miles Davis, filmed in black-and-white and silhouetted against the raw guts of the studio, Brien wanted a space where the artists could play without the pressure of having to "perform." "You look at these other shows, and it's like content follows form," he says, alluding to *Unplugged* and its burgeoning stable of imitators, like VH1's *Hard Rock Live,* shows whose budgets dwarf *54th Street*'s $3 million. "They're more interested in having their lighting or set design seen, while the artists become disposable. We're the Miramax of music shows—we give you quality for the price."

D. A. Pennebaker decided one handheld camera could best capture the interviews. "It's the only way to film people in real situations. The camera's got to move anywhere," says Pennebaker, whose disarmingly boyish gusto for all things musical leads him into protracted comparisons between Dylan and Byron, between Hendrix and Gershwin—all this while he and his wife are packing their bags for the airport to catch the Toronto Film Festival, where they'll premiere their new film *Moon Over Broadway,* a behind-the-scenes look at Carol Burnett's appearance in *Moon Over Buffalo.*

"We don't really direct; we just do it. I've directed some films, and I'm not very good at it," Pennebaker says. What he does do, occasionally, is throw in a question or two himself, much to the delight of Douridas. "It's a conversation," Pennebaker continues. "We don't want that big glass wall between us. Sometimes I don't even look through the camera; I just put it on my shoulders and we're all just heads talking. The guests don't even notice it."

The all-too-apparent hazard of performing in a setting that is neither recording studio nor concert hall—as demonstrated by *Unplugged*—is that it can often feel a touch sterile. "At the best of times, there's always going to be something artificial about bringing music into a room where there's a crew," says Daniel Lanois, producer to Dylan, U2, and Emmylou Harris (he teamed up with Harris to play on the show). "The fact that they brought in any kind of an audience is a sign that they're looking for a bit of fun out of it as well."

By the time I'm done watching Beck deliver a hell-raiser of a session packed with theatrical tricks, D.J. scratching, body popping, James Brown shenanigans, and a four-minute harmonica solo that has him jumping up on the front-row chairs, my quibbling about artist-audience displacement is a distant memory. "Some people take this *Unplugged* shit a little too far," Beck announces at one point while fiddling with the guitar. "We're here to plug it back in, baby." ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS BUCK

TV IS GOOD FOR YOU
A custom bay window looks like a television screen—the ideal place to try out wacky character sketches. "This is my end-of-the-millennium look," says Leguizamo, "an anti-cancer suit that protects me from cell-phone microwaves." *Rubber shirt and pants by Body Worship.* Opposite, slip Esquivel into the eight-track player and have a seat on the Kagan-style couch by Modernica. "I've never paid $5,000 for a couch," says Leguizamo. "I'm thinking of getting plastic slipcovers." Early-fifties palette tables, a vintage biomorphic rug, and a fish caught by the architect's mother are all part of the cocktail-culture landscape.

A WOOLLY WHITE RUG, ZEBRA-PRINT UPHOLSTERY, FIFTIES FURNITURE, a Varga girl in the bedroom. Well, what did you expect from the Sybil-like comedian John Leguizamo? Sister Parish? "I inherited a lot of my style from my father," says Leguizamo, currently starring in the one-man show *Freak,* at the Atlantic Theater. "Dad wasn't a bachelor, but he was into the whole bachelor-pad look—lots of leather, glass, and chrome. My favorite thing in the house was this funky, nuclear-orange shag carpet." ■ Leguizamo moved to this four-story townhouse on a recently gentrified street in the East Village two years ago. He'd never make it on the Upper East Side because, he says, "I'd get too comfortable. I'd start writing right-wing-Republican sitcoms. I like having people sitting on the curb outside my apartment ragging on me about my latest movie role." Four separate apartments were reunited to create his townhouse by architects at Steven Harris & Associates. "John's place isn't about minimalist bourgeois good taste," says Harris. "It's a celebration that requires a certain amount of vulgarity; the design is pitched at a certain level to accommodate a fairly chaotic and creative lifestyle." Leguizamo had a couch custom-dyed the same shade of toxic-waste orange he remembers from his childhood in Jackson Heights—an homage to his father's impeccable taste.

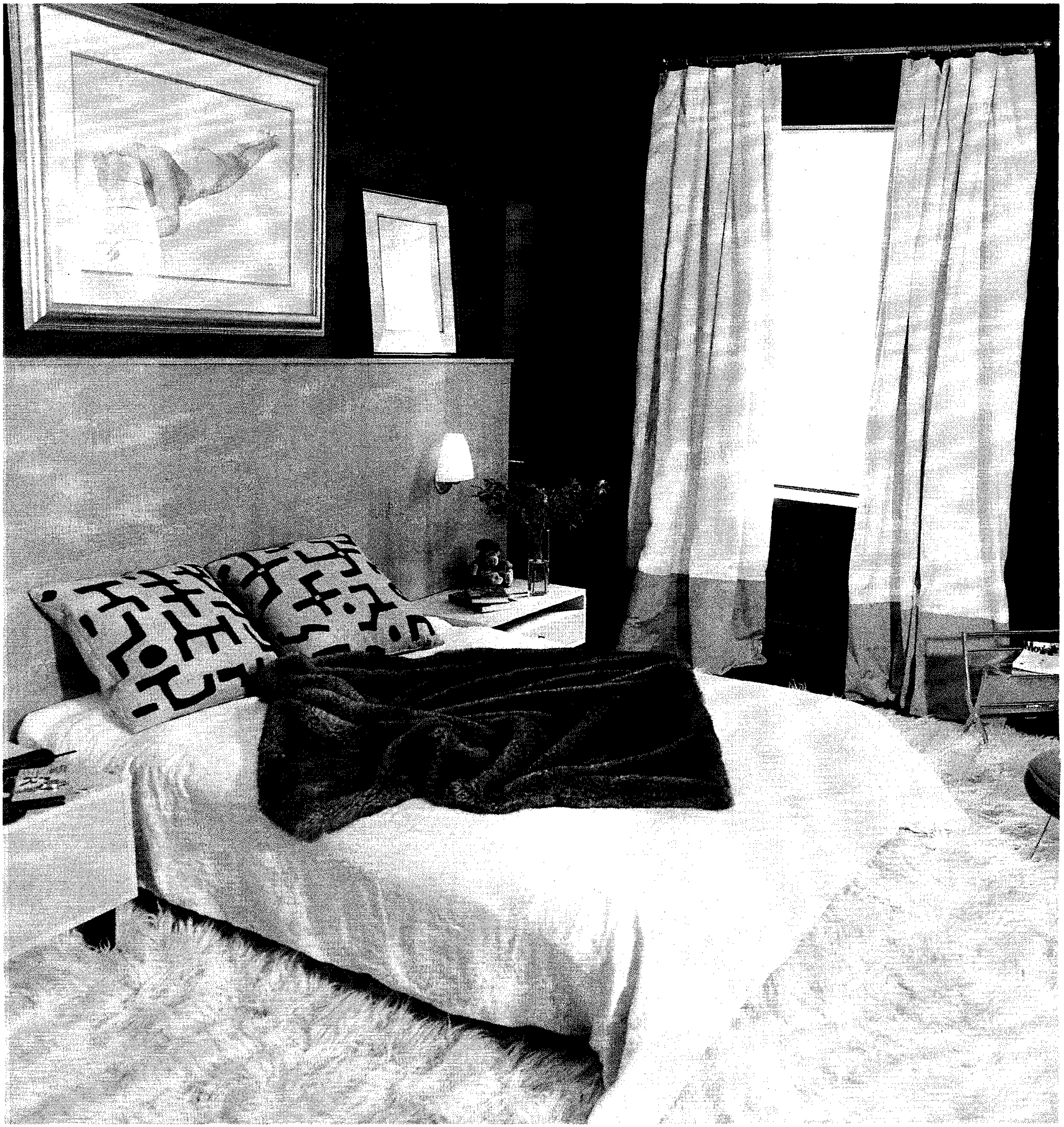
He's in a new show at the Atlantic Theater, but that doesn't mean he doesn't take his work home. John Leguizamo's East Village townhouse is a cartoonish stage set for the comedian with a mambo mouth and a closet full of zany alter egos. By Rene Chun

PRODUCED BY JORDAN SCHAPS PHOTOGRAPHED BY THIBAULT JEANSON

CLASH

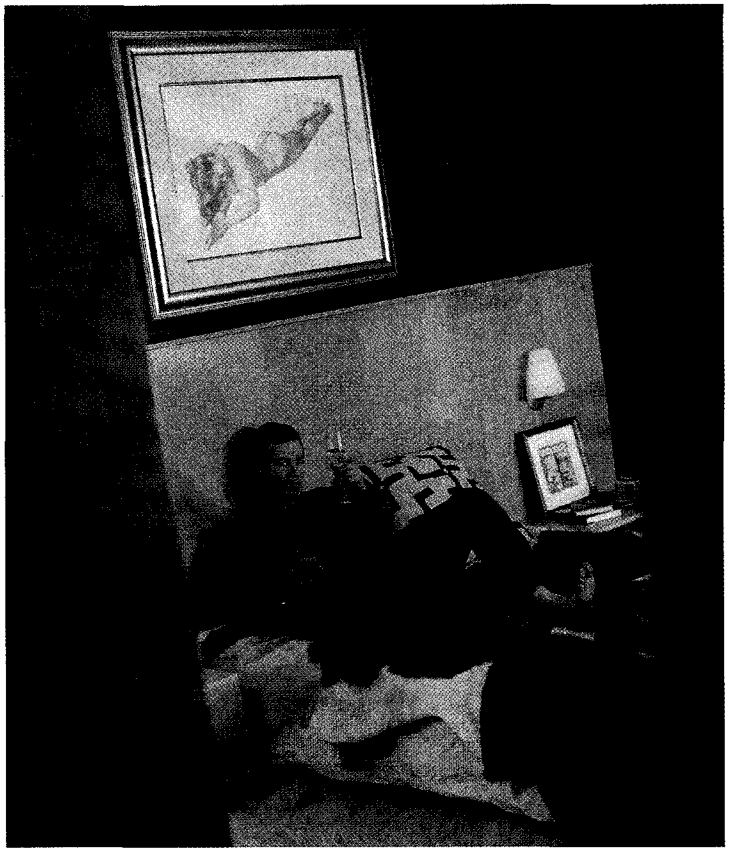
EXTENDED!
LIMITED RUN
BRIAR STREET

PAD

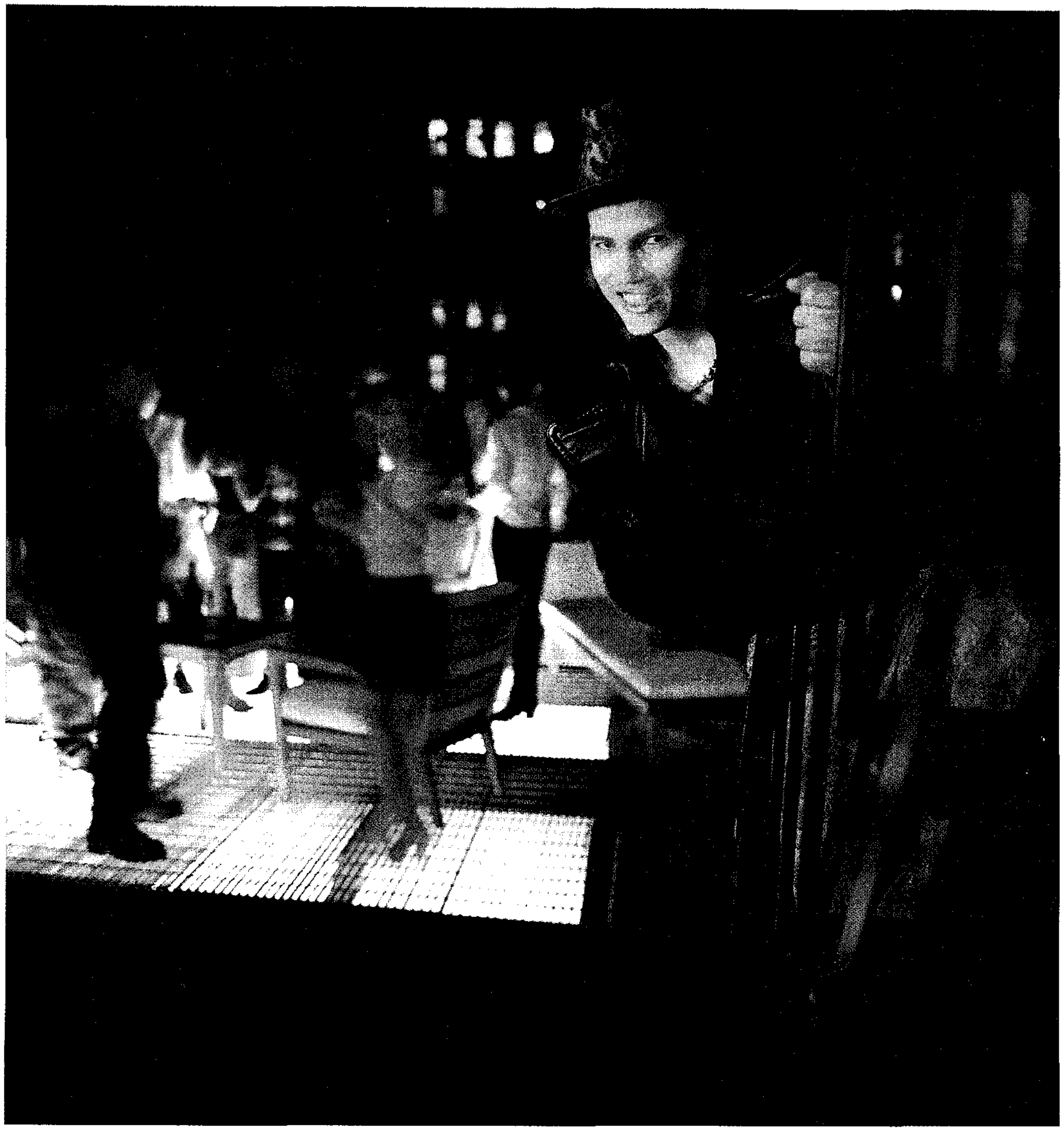


SHAG-A-DELIC The Greek flokati rug in the master bedroom is high-maintenance and needs to be raked daily. "You need an Afro pick. It's like a creature, it's alive. My greatest fear is that it will get fleas," says Leguizamo. "I've lost contact lenses in it." A limed-oak headboard is flanked by George Nelson–esque end tables, and George Jetson could read the paper in the Eero Saarinen "Womb" chair. Those pillowcases aren't by Keith Haring Home Furnishings; Steven Harris got the fabric in Cape Town. Linen draperies trimmed with French silk play well with the purple walls—Leguizamo wanted them to be the color of the Manhattan sky at night. Next to the Varga girl lollygagging over the headboard is an original Bugs Bunny animation cel. Leguizamo is big on comic books; *X-Men* is a new favorite.

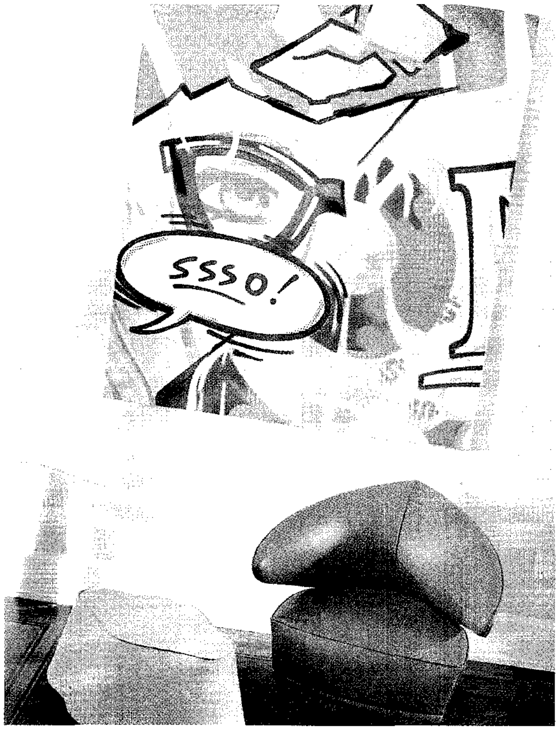
Grooming by Laurie Jones. Fashion styling by Santiago.



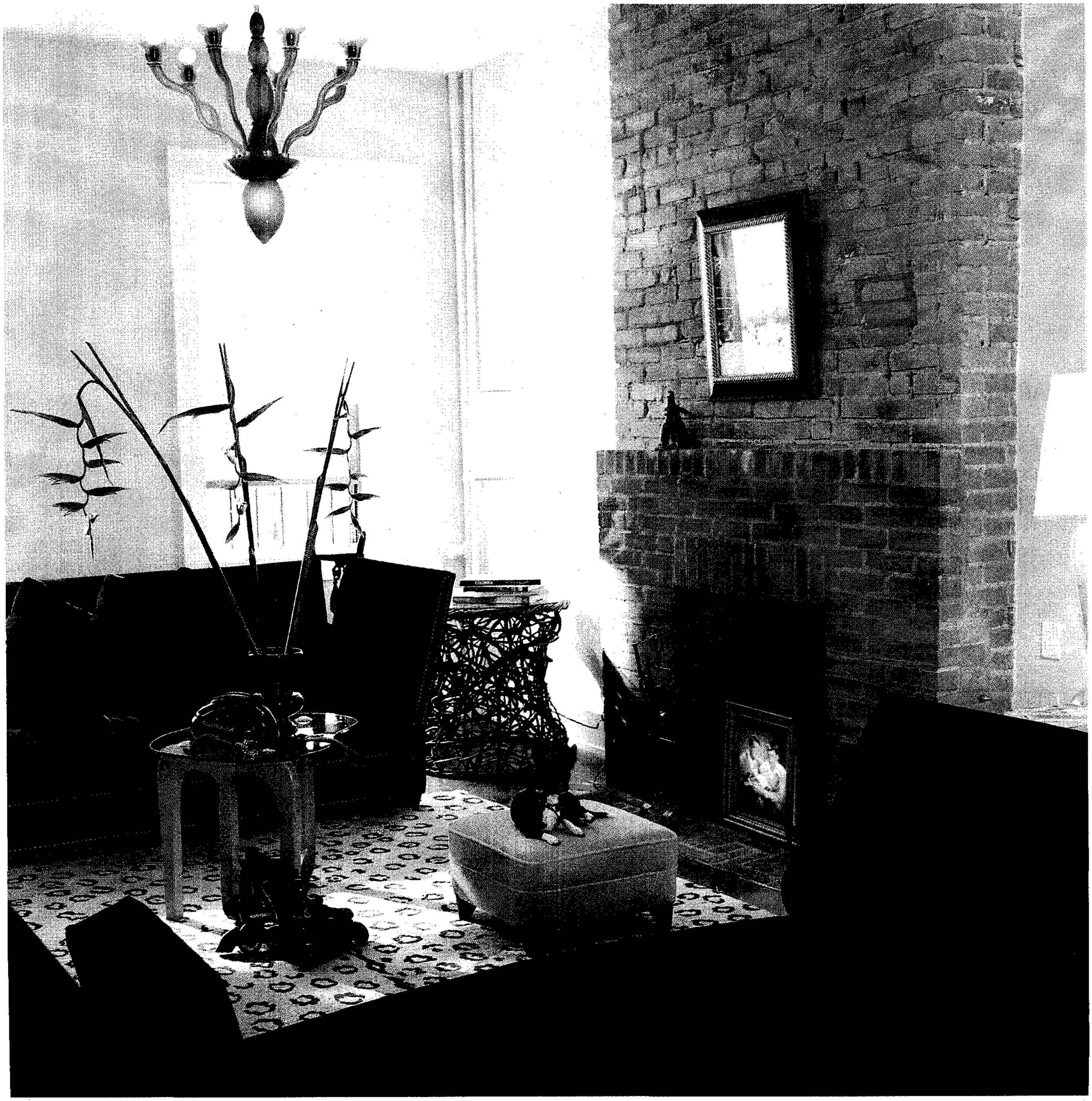
OH, BEHAAAAAAVE! Leguizamo, above, makes a fairly convincing Hef. "This is me, waiting in my lair," says Leguizamo, "and waiting and waiting and waiting . . . I'm on my third bottle of champagne." *Pajamas and smoking jacket by Sulka.* Right, all the tiles and the bathroom mirror were purchased by Leguizamo in Mexico City, where he was filming *William Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.* Leguizamo wanted the tiles to go on the floor, but there weren't enough of them, so they ended up on the walls. The "butterfly" stool is an original Sari Yanagi from 1954. "I always wanted a big-ass tub," said Leguizamo, who chose this neoclassic Kohler over a Jacuzzi ("too cheesy").

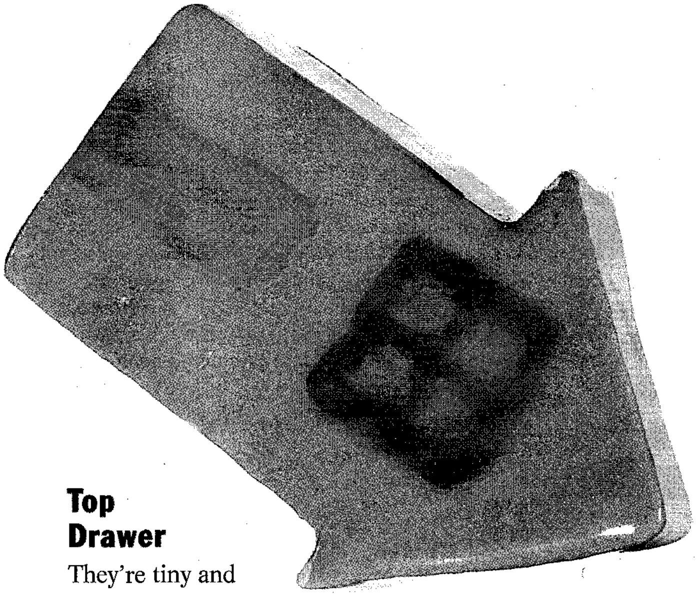


BOOGIE NIGHTS "The seventies was my favorite decade, and my favorite TV show was *Starsky and Hutch,*" says Leguizamo, seen above on his second-floor roof deck. "This is my Mack-Daddy, super-pimp look— a Huggy Bear thing." *Hat by Rod Keenan; shirt by Patrick Cox; pants by Smylonylon; coat by Anna Sui.* Leguizamo wanted a footlight effect, so Harris installed six floodlights under steel grates covering the skylights. Right, Leguizamo's friend Crash spray-painted *The Destroyer,* which hangs above a Roger Crowley ottoman and chair. "Graffiti is the art medium for inner-city Latin kids," says Leguizamo, whose own career as Kid Burn on the graffiti circuit was short-lived because he insisted on using Magic Markers.



THE KITSCH IS BACK A publicity still from the first motion-picture comedy shot in 3-D is displayed inside the fireplace. Repro couches are upholstered in the same specially treated industrial-strength mohair used on theater seats. They had to be claw-proofed to protect them from Leguizamo's three dogs: Small, a.k.a Apollo (reclining on the ottoman, below); Medium, a.k.a Tricky; and Large, a.k.a. Luigi. The living room also occasionally finds *itself in the flight path of Leguizamo's African gray parrot,* who likes to squawk "What's up, Homey?" at visitors. Artemide made the handblown Venetian chandelier, and the English twig table is nineteenth-century.

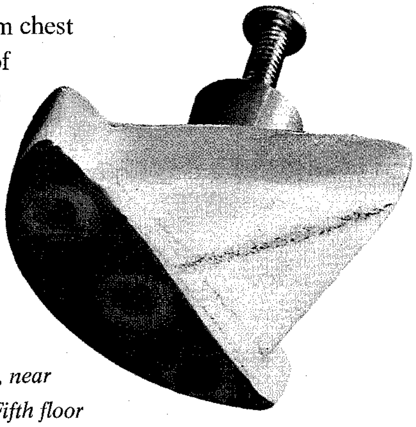


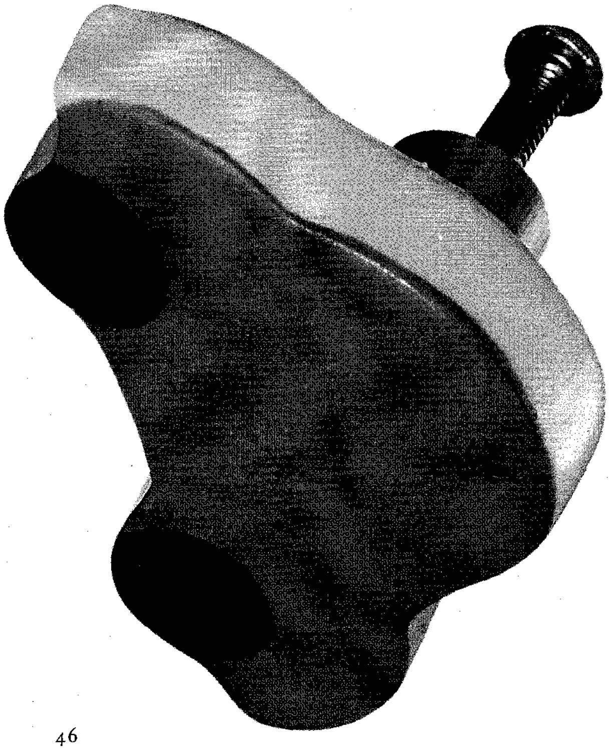


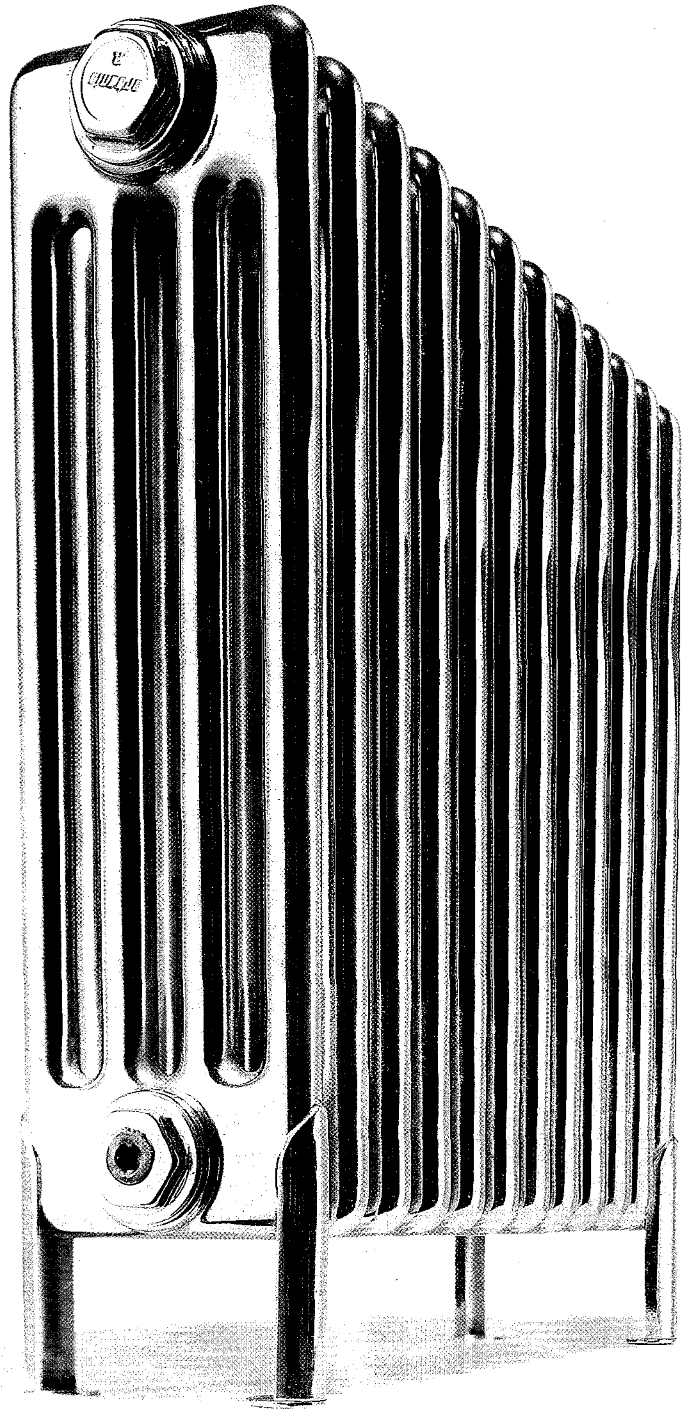
Top Drawer

They're tiny and inconsequential in the interior-design scheme of things, yet these drawer knobs can transform an old humdrum chest into one that's kind of special. The pulls are handmade and hand-painted in Vermont, and come in ten kiddie-friendly designs ($12 each).

TAKASHIMAYA NEW YORK/*693 Fifth Avenue, near 54th Street/350-0100/Fifth floor*



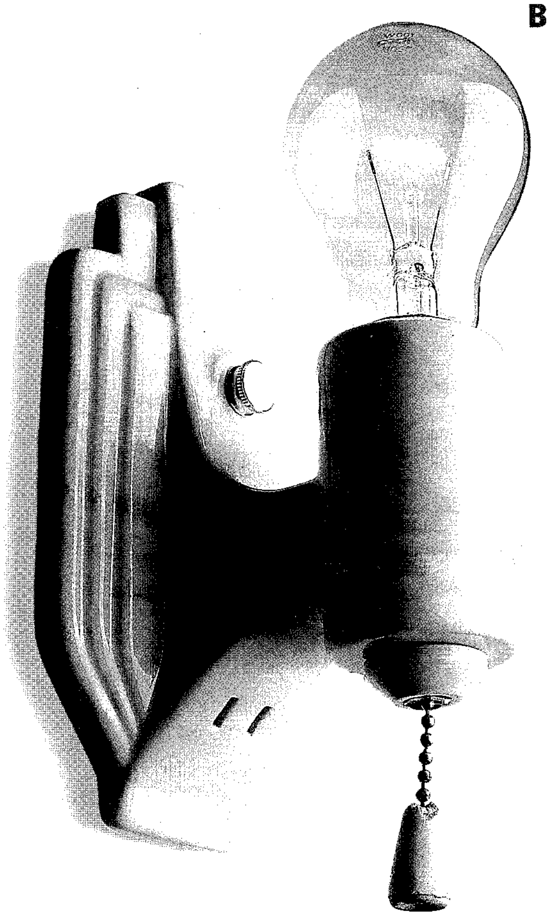




The Heat Is On

Radiators, those city apartment essentials, are usually banished from view—camouflaged in a cabinet or painted into oblivion. But when a radiator is this sharp, you'll actually want to show it off. The all-steel Bisque Classic is imported from England but manufactured by Arbonia AG, a 50-year-old Swiss company. It's available in white and tons of colors, but the hand-polished and nickel-plated model is a standout (from $770 to $1,570; allow four to six weeks).

3-D LABORATORY/*173 West Broadway/219-2120*



Becoming a Fixture

Porcelain wall lamps adorning medicine cabinets were once standard equipment in New York bathrooms, but when the mania for modernization hit the city in the seventies and eighties, they almost became extinct. To remedy the loss, Sue Byrom, of Carpe Diem Antiques, has put together an admirable collection of vintage sconces: They've all been rewired and are ready to be reinstalled in their old spots (from $85 for a single sconce to $195 for a pair).

CARPE DIEM ANTIQUES/*187 Sixth Avenue/337-0018*

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BY CORKY POLLAN

A Room of One's Own

The lush throws and pillows by award-winning weaver Elizabeth Tapper are sold at ABC, Barneys, and Henri Bendel, but Tapper wanted a place where she could display *all* her wares. IZ Design, a textile studio and showroom new to the TriBeCa explosion, is now also Tapper's retail outlet, where you can find her handwoven and hand-knit home furnishings: chenilles and velvets in innovative patterns, unexpected colors, and luxe textures (from $80 for a chenille scarf to $312 for a silk-velvet throw to $860 for a queen-size chenille duvet cover; pillows, $25 to $240).

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FOR TRESSES NEEDING TENder care after summer's tolls, Borja and her sister, Danka, offer a $50 haircut (usually $100) with every coloring process—for example, single-process coloring or highlights. With the salon's cozy atmosphere and free vino, you might even consider dyeing your eyebrows to complete the new you. *Borja Color Studio, 712 Madison Ave., at 63rd St., second floor (308-3232); M.C., V., checks; Tues.–Sat. 10–8; 9/22–11/11.*

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This week's highlights: Sisters Borja and Danka offer a half-price haircut when you drop by for some autumn color.

Fit for Two

A SECOND CHANCE IS OFFERING STYLish mothers-to-be outfits for every day and for black-tie affairs at 20 percent off its already low prices. For example, a survival kit (dress, leggings, skirt, and top), retail $150, usually $99 here, now $70; yellow-gold Donna Karan black-tie dress, retail $350, usually $175 here, now $140. *1133 Lexington Ave., near 79th St., second floor (744-6041); M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 11–7, Sat. till 6; 9/22–9/30.*

Bright Baubles

FASHION INSIDERS AND GLOSSY-MAGAZINE readers have become increasingly devoted to the creations of M+J Savitt. Although the owners have been in the business for 25 years, their necklaces, bracelets, and earrings are appearing ever more frequently in *Vogue, Harper's Bazaar,* and *W.* The showroom sale includes: eighteen-karat gold necklace with inset cubic zirconia, was $400, now $180; ametrine-tone necklace with smoky-topaz pendant, was $800, now $360. *M+J Savitt, 10 W. 46th St., suite 1301 (869-5228); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Wed. 9:30–6; 9/22–9/24.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Balancing Act

TO CELEBRATE THE FALL EQUINOX, STUYvesant Chiropractic Center is offering a discounted mix-and-match package on its alternative services. For $180, you get three treatments to counteract our town's perpetual stressors. The package includes: network chiropractic initial exam (usually $150), Swedish massage (usually $90), homeopathy and nutritional counseling (usually $100); Qi-Gong Meridian therapy (usually $90). *530 E. 20th St. (995-5379); M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–8; 9/22–10/31.*

Stretch Your Dollar

AN OASIS FOR BARGAIN BOUNTY AT ANY time, Orva drops its prices on its Marika merchandise even further at the end of this month. Leggings, cotton-blend tops, leotards, and unitards all serve well for the gym or as winter layers. Ankle-length leggings, were $22, now $13.20; tank tops, were $16, now $9.40; leotards, were $20, now $12. *Orva, 155 E. 86th St. (369-3448); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Sat. 10–9, Sun. till 8; 9/22–9/28.*

Glasses Menagerie

CHELSEE EYES, A SHOWROOM FULL of A-list designer frames (we can't say whose, but they're among the best), is having an end-of-summer sale. Lightweight frames, retail $185–$400, now $95–$250; no-line bifocal lenses, retail $170–$500, now $120–$260. *Chelsee Eyes, 20 W. 20th St., suite 804 (242-4823); checks accepted; Mon.–Fri. 10–5 or by appointment; 9/24–10/24.*

Well-Suited

WITH SUMMER'S CLOSE, WEARING A suit is no longer the torture it can be during the warm months. To mark the change, Renee DuMarr is holding a sample sale on her fall and winter ensembles: An English brown wool-tweed skirt suit with detachable *faux*-beaver collar, was $385, now $175; blue wool pinstripe suit, was $420, now $200. *Renee DuMarr, 530 Seventh Ave., at 39th St., seventh floor (768-3734); A.E.; Thurs.–Fri. 5–7, Sat. 10–3; 9/25–9/27.*

Watch This Space

GLOBEMARK, A PURVEYOR OF TOP-OF-THE-line brand-name clocks and watches, is having its yearly sale. Anniversary clock, was $200, now $50; carriage clock, was $80, now $20; gold-tone bracelet watch, was $275, now $55; black leather-strap his-or-her watches, were $94.95, now $20. *Globemark Enterprises, 230 Fifth Ave., near 26th St., suite 1803 (725-3488); checks accepted.; Mon.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–4; 9/22–9/27.* ▬

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

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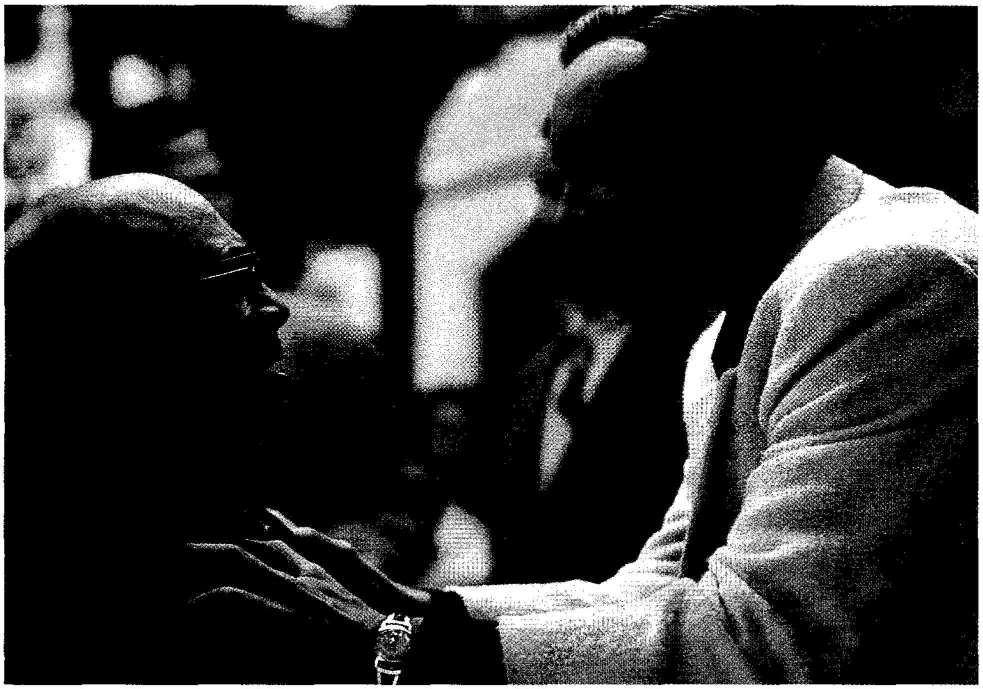
20 YEARS

NEW YORK

Palpable Fiction

The mesmerizing 'L.A. Confidential' unfolds in a seductive demimonde where violence and desire, nobility and vice, all intersect.



Vice squad: Sleaze purveyor DeVito and celebrity cop Spacey are cohorts in *L.A. Confidential.*

Photograph by Merrick Morton/Warner Bros.

L.A. Confidential IS NOT ONLY THE BEST AMERICAN movie of the year (thus far) but, in some ways, the only American movie of the year. Much of the picture is so powerfully entertaining that it seems a strange artifact from another age—a time when story, characters, and milieu worked together on the screen as devastating fiction and in the moviegoer's mind as memory and desire. *L.A. Confidential,* based on James Ellroy's 1990 novel, is about corruption and honor in the L.A.P.D., and it's set in 1953, in the period immediately after the imprisonment of the local Mafia boss Mickey Cohen. All of a sudden, power in the crime world is up for grabs; some of the greedier cops are trying to lay hands on it. When a group of people is massacred at the Nite Owl Café, the crime is initially blamed on three young black men. But the apparent solution to the murders unravels, and a larger pattern of evil behind the massacre, like a spreading stain, reaches out to cover widely separated elements of Los Angeles society. This is the classically fallen L.A. of Raymond Chandler and Ross MacDonald and of such film masterpieces as *The Big Sleep* and *Chinatown*—the beautiful bad place, violent, ravenously erotic, deeply cynical but also possessed of a touching faith in the future, a belief in innocence and pleasure. The end of the movie wears a crooked grin: Things are set right again, but not in the standard Hollywood way. Corruption, we realize, may be endemic to power, even to benevolent power.

The material arrives with a corrosive edge supplied by Ellroy and preserved by director Curtis Hanson and screenwriter Brian Helgeland. A merry little crumbbum named Sid Hudgens (Danny DeVito) provides a sarcastic welcome-to-L.A. narration at the beginning: The city is growing rapidly, Sid tells us, and though the police may be preserving the image of a sunshine paradise, he knows "the truth." The publisher of a tabloid scandal sheet, Sid is a true creator of sleaze journalism; he alerts the police to trivial forms of vice (i.e., sex and pot in a motel room) and then photographs for his magazine a celebrity cop, Jack Vincennes (Kevin Spacey), making the bust. Sid and Jack work their dirty game for mutual profit and fame; one of the movie's bitter jokes is that life is far dirtier than either of them will ever understand. Apart from its central narrative, *L.A. Confidential* is obsessed with such things as the porno and prostitution rings at the edge of the movie business, the violent racism of the Los Angeles cops, the habitual use of intimidation as a method of police inquiry. The hints and allusions become echoes, producing a pervasive anxiety, a sense of something horribly wrong that can't be fixed.

In the past, in such movies as *The Bedroom Window* and *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle,* Curtis Hanson has shown some skill at building tension but nothing like the sensuality and power he demonstrates here. A bullheaded cop, Bud White (Russell Crowe), who's on a real Galahad trip—he can't stand seeing women hurt—approaches a black Cadillac with a beautiful woman and a wealthy Beverly Hills dandy in the back, and the fifties glamour of the moment arrives with so evocative an aura of danger (the woman's face is bandaged) that we simply slide back 45 years without any sense of entering the past. The period details are there, but what matters are the emotions, the story, the pull of death and despair. Violence and desire bring the period close to us. By the end, the *noir* attitudes—the general fatalism—seem not merely a set of stylistic conventions but a more serious attitude toward evil than anything we have now.

The bandaged woman, it turns out, is a call girl whose appearance has been altered to make her look like a movie star. Wealthy clients pay to sleep with Lana Turner and Rita Hayworth look-alikes. That could be a metaphor for what we all want out of the movies—the erotic power of falsehood. *L. A. Confidential* is even sardonic about its own tropes: One of the cops runs into the real Lana Turner and takes her for a whore. That's a good, raw joke, and the movie has many almost as good.

The violent Bud is one of two heroes, neither of them unblemished. In a masterstroke, Curtis Hanson and producer Arnon Milchan have cast Australian unknowns as these men. As played by Russell Crowe, Bud is a man of abnormal rage who pounds people with his fists on command; he's a follower, a tool of the seemingly benevolent but actually vicious chief of detectives, Dudley Smith (James Cromwell). Bud barely knows himself, and Russell Crowe's features, which seem soft and unformed—puffy, like the face of a pre-moral child—slowly come into focus for us as the movie goes along. Guy Pearce, who plays Ed Exley, a straight-arrow cop, all ambition and calculation, is exactly the opposite: His face is overdefined, his jawline too clean, his mouth too tense (he has Katharine Hepburn's mouth, somehow). The slender Pearce doesn't look like a cop, which is probably why he was cast. His Exley is a young man on the make who uses rectitude as a way of getting ahead, and the other cops despise him. Arrogant and repressed, Exley is the natural enemy of Bud White, but they both slowly change, and it's thrilling for us to discover the gradual alteration in the faces of these new actors. Russell Crowe comes up from brutalism, and Guy Pearce down from moralism, and they meet in the middle and join forces (to our relief).

The movie suggests a deep fallibility in even the best men, a bottomless deceit in the worst, and a wide range of honor and venality in everyone in between. Kevin Spacey makes a major creation out of the suave, nattily dressed son-of-a-bitch Jack Vincennes, a preening cop who serves as adviser to a hit TV series about the L.A.P.D. It takes us a while to realize quite how intelligent Vincennes is (his brain is working even after he's taken a bullet). Jack recovers his soul; so does the Veronica Lake look-alike played by Kim Basinger, an actress who, in the past, has never quite known who she is and discovers herself here as an imitation. Basinger, soft and saddened, is very touching as a guilty hooker, a good-bad girl worthy of the high forties. The movie is filled with wonderful actors—David Strathairn, in a pencil-line moustache, displaying surprising wit as a sleek smoothie living high off the prostitutes; Simon Baker Denny as an eager-to-please young actor-stud too beautifully dumb to stay out of trouble.

There's one cheap scene in which Pearce and Crowe terrorize someone by hanging him out of a window, and, at the end of the movie, the corpses perhaps pile up a little too rapidly. The vicious concentrics that radiate out from Mickey Cohen's death become numerous beyond counting, yet the filmmakers pull everything together in the end. The world, it turns out, is not beyond redemption. Loyalty is possible, even love. This violent story truly earns its quiet, ambiguous final note of exhausted calm.

PERHAPS THE MOST INTERESTING THING about **The Peacemaker**—the ballyhooed first film released by the ballyhooed new studio DreamWorks—is that the director is a woman. Mimi Leder's experience is limited to series TV, but she plunges into large-scale action here with all the hard expertise and relentless momentum of Wolfgang Petersen or Andrew Davis. People jump from one moving train to another, cars play smash palace in Vienna's narrow streets, and George Clooney dangles from a helicopter. Leder appears to have an instinctive feeling for how a big thriller should go. She lays on the weight, noise, and power right at the beginning with a mysterious sequence of trains moving out of a station (crunch, crunch, CRUNCH!) somewhere in Russia late at night. The dark-toned, heavy-metal opening is portentous but appropriate: Some disaffected Russian military types are in the process of stealing an SS-18 nuclear missile with multiple warheads. *The Peacemaker* is taut, powerful, consistently exciting. It's also, I'm afraid, a great deal too much like many other thrillers made recently.

Playing a brilliant lady scientist (you can't make these movies anymore without one), Nicole Kidman, her body covered in pants and long-sleeved white shirts, may not be very convincing when she speaks techno jargon, but she's extremely charming. Taking a deep breath before speaking, she really acts the part of someone unused to exercising authority; she allows herself to seem a woman repelled by brutality. George Clooney, whose clipped, self-sufficient manner is the latest style in smart-ass one-upmanship, is the special-ops colonel who thinks he can teach the scientist the nasty facts of life.

Here's the deal: A rogue Russian general has stolen the nukes from a train; the general then wrecks the train and detonates one of the warheads in order to cover his tracks. Clooney thinks that nothing but money is at stake—a quick sale to Iran, perhaps. Kidman says no; she fears a fanatic with a single warhead more than a greedy cynic with eight warheads. They are both right: The Russian wants money, and a Bosnian Serb, who gets one of the warheads, wants revenge for the death of his family in the civil war.

The movie turns into an elaborate chase, with Kidman and Clooney tracking the thieves by means of electronic surveillance, then helicopter, and at last, rather breathlessly, on foot through the crowded streets of Manhattan. For all its professed horror of a nuclear catastrophe, *The Peacemaker* is rather casual about the bomb that does go off in the Urals. But Ms. Leder can certainly move the metal with the best of them. ■

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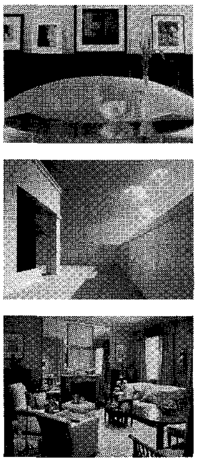

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BOOKS MIM UDOVITCH

Femme Fatalism

'Valley of the Dolls' shocked the world when it was first published in 1966. These days, it feels a lot like home.

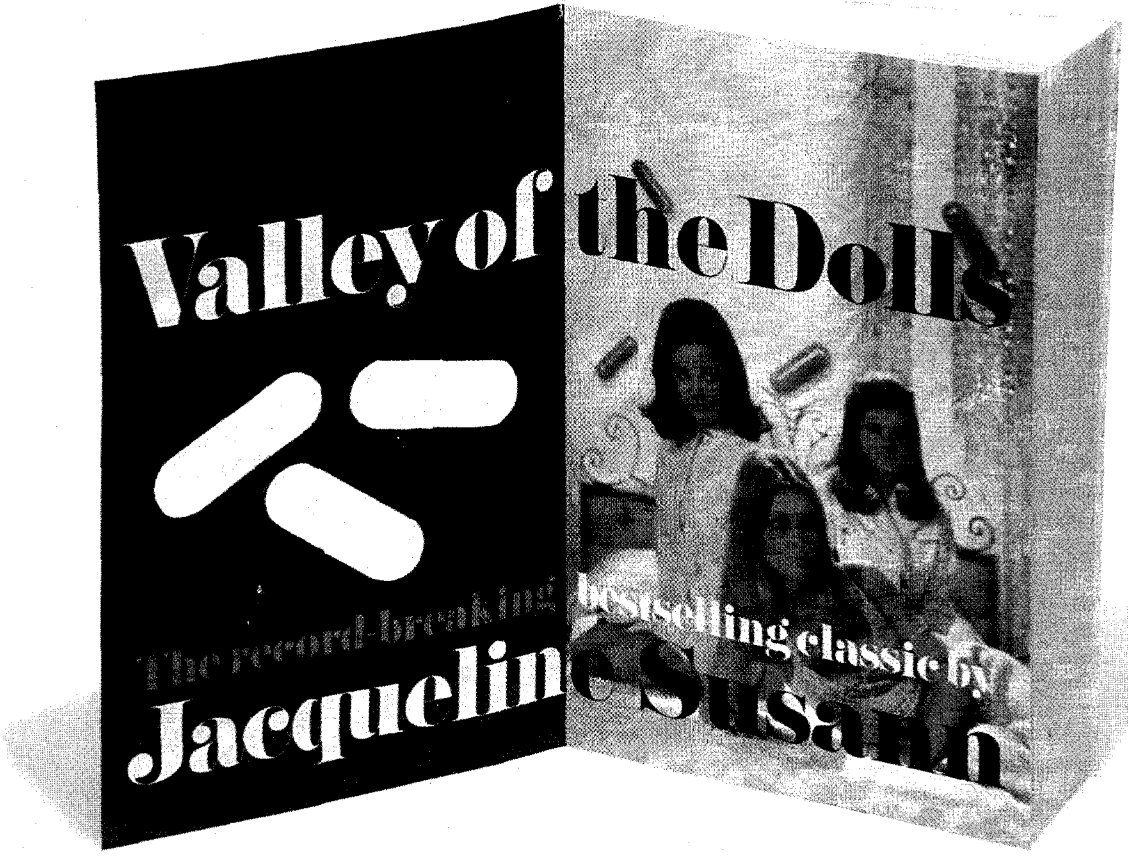
Valley of the Dolls
BY JACQUELINE SUSANN
Grove/Atlantic; 448 pages; $12

LIKE MADONNA INTRODUCING PRODIGY AT THE MTV Video Music Awards, I'd like to say something before we get down to business: Never mind that the coverage of the death of Diana has chosen to focus on the paparazzi, a rarely lethal (or even material) scourge to a society of approximately 250 people, rather than on drunk driving, a frequently lethal scourge to society as a whole. Inasmuch as those damned taxi recordings are discussed entirely in terms of whether we want to hear Eartha et al. over and over and over (and over—*rrrreooww*) rather than in terms of whether seat-belt-wearing in taxis has increased since their institution (it hasn't, evidently), we already have plenty of local proof that caring more about celebrity than about auto safety is just human nature.

What creeps me out is the distinct change of emotional tenor regarding Diana and the ease with which it was made. Like Marilyn Monroe, the Princess of Wales was by no means the object of unadulterated adulation in life that she is in death; in fact, press and public attitudes toward her often bordered on contempt, and even occasionally crossed the border. I personally have no strong opinions about the woman or her sad, early death one way or the other. I guess I would prefer to see the enormously privileged do a little something for others as they, like the less privileged, pursue the human business of doing for themselves. But to venerate the struggle of someone who was fundamentally a single mother on welfare on a very grand scale (admittedly, the money she lived on had been accrued from several centuries of sometimes involuntary taxpayers, the monasteries under Henry VIII, for example) while simultaneously despising single mothers on welfare who actually do struggle makes about as much sense as getting all teary-eyed about how Katharine Graham overcame her bashfulness and insecurity to rise to the top of a major news organization, which, p.s., *she owned.* Oh, right; we did already do that this year, didn't we?

My point—and believe it or not, it is related to the book under review, which is, incidentally, Jacqueline Susann's **Valley of the Dolls**—is that while men idolized in death tend to have been idolized in life (JFK, Elvis, Kurt Cobain), women idolized in death tend to prove the proposition that this is a culture that has a much easier time with a silent, untouchable woman than it does with the living, walking, talking, fucking kind. Evidence that women whose attributes include both unfrustrated sexuality and unfrustrated ambition must be battled, to the death if necessary, was present within the Di coverage itself, where Madonna was consistently singled out as one of the celebrities who don't deserve to be free of the tabloid plague because they "exploit the media to propel their careers," unlike . . . whom, I am wondering? MSNBC commentator Jonathan Alter, who wrote those words? The, may I point out, famous Mother Teresa? When the female in question is attractive and independent, the narrative everybody is rooting for, the most compelling, almost the necessary narra-

***Valley of the Dolls* endures because it is really telling about the incompatibility for women of independence and love.**



Photograph by Geri Bauer.

tive, is the one that ends with the disposal of the heroine *qua* heroine, which, if it cannot be achieved by dumping her into the arms of the hero, is the one that ends in death or defeat.

The everybody rooting for this conclusion emphatically includes females. And while the vast majority of escapist literature for women chooses the first of the above options, the most *memorable* escapist literature for women, and also the most interesting, tends to be more equivocal. *Valley of the Dolls,* along with the only equal in stature the genre offers, *Gone With the Wind,* is one of these. Its three protagonists—Anne Welles, the uptight-but-full-of-a-strange-yearning New England beauty; Neely O'Hara, the Judy Garland à clef; and Jennifer North, who is sort of the Marilyn Monroe à clef and also sort of the Brigitte Bardot à clef but mainly sort of the least realized character in the book—all spend most of the novel with what they want excruciatingly just out of reach, and all are ultimately not only defeated but self-defeating—Jennifer ends up a suicide, Anne a prescription-pill junkie with a polite façade, and Neely a raving drug addict and head case with no façade whatsoever.

I should say, first of all, that I have absolutely no criticisms to make of this book. It is perfect, and I'm not just saying that because I practically memorized it at the age of 13 and it was one of my primary illicit sources of sexual information in the gap between information and experience, and I therefore view it with fond nostalgia. (Though I *would* like to note, with approval, that the painful but rewarding sacrificial defloration of the heroine as a mandatory plot point and scare tactic has almost completely fallen away from this segment of the market and now exists only in bodice-rippers and their affiliates. Curiously, Judith Krantz, who does usually do first times, is fond of throwing her girl into the ring with an unfeeling schmuck who so traumatizes her that she is celibate and thus effectively re-virginized for large chunks of the book. *Then* she has the standard happy ending. She's a strange one, that Judith Krantz.)

Nor do I mean that *Valley of the Dolls* is perfect as a camp classic. Its pleasures are not in fact campy. (Although those of the movie are; the pleasures of the theme song, a Bacharach-David tune sung by Dionne Warwick, are simply classic.) However melodramatic its plot may be, *Valley of the Dolls* is simply old-fashioned riveting from its first page, on which Anne arrives in New York, to its last, on which she realizes that just as the poem on the frontispiece threatens, after the brutal climb to the top of the mountain lies the Valley of the Dolls.

Why the topographical metaphor seemed apt, I couldn't really say, but dolls are prescription pills, mainly barbiturates like Nembutal and Seconal, but in Neely's case also amphetamines, narcotics, and God knows what-all. Bourbon. Also, Jennifer gets to go to Switzerland and swallow something that puts her to sleep for a week so she can lose weight, but it is not identified. And everybody is always drinking Scotch and champagne, and going to El Morocco and '21' and the Copa, or to see Tony Polar ("the greatest singer since Sinatra") open at La Ronde.

The postwar-to-early-sixties New York showbiz milieu Susann depicts is lovingly textured in a way that none of her other books come close to. Helen Lawson alone (the Ethel Merman à clef) is worth the price of admission, but you also get press agents, live television, the end of the studio system, minks, milk trains home from the Philly opening, and showgirls. This world, like the one Margaret Mitchell chose, was close to gone, gone with the wind, by the time of the book's original publication, let alone by the time it fell into my adolescent generation's hands.

But like *Gone With the Wind* (which Susann directly references—Neely stagenames herself after Scarlett), *Valley of the Dolls* endures because it is really telling a likely-to-remain-contemporary story about the incompatibility, for women, of independence and love. I'm serious; this is literally the burden that Anne, the book's central character, spends the book carrying. That and her feelings of sexual revulsion for any man besides the unattainable (but dashing!) Lyon Burke. Basically this book posits a set of conditions in which the only response to the female condition is heavy sedation. Given that in its original editions it sold 19 million copies, following a gal to her predestined place in the V. of the D. was, in 1966, an activity we just couldn't get enough of. Even if it's not going to be proved through equal sales this time out, I'd say the point still holds true. (Much like the point made by *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls,* which demonstrates that this is a culture that's fascinated by women with really big breasts!) Anyway. The dolls, in both the Susann and the *Guys and* sense of the word, have changed. But the song remains the same. ▬

Photograph courtesy of Grove/Atlantic.

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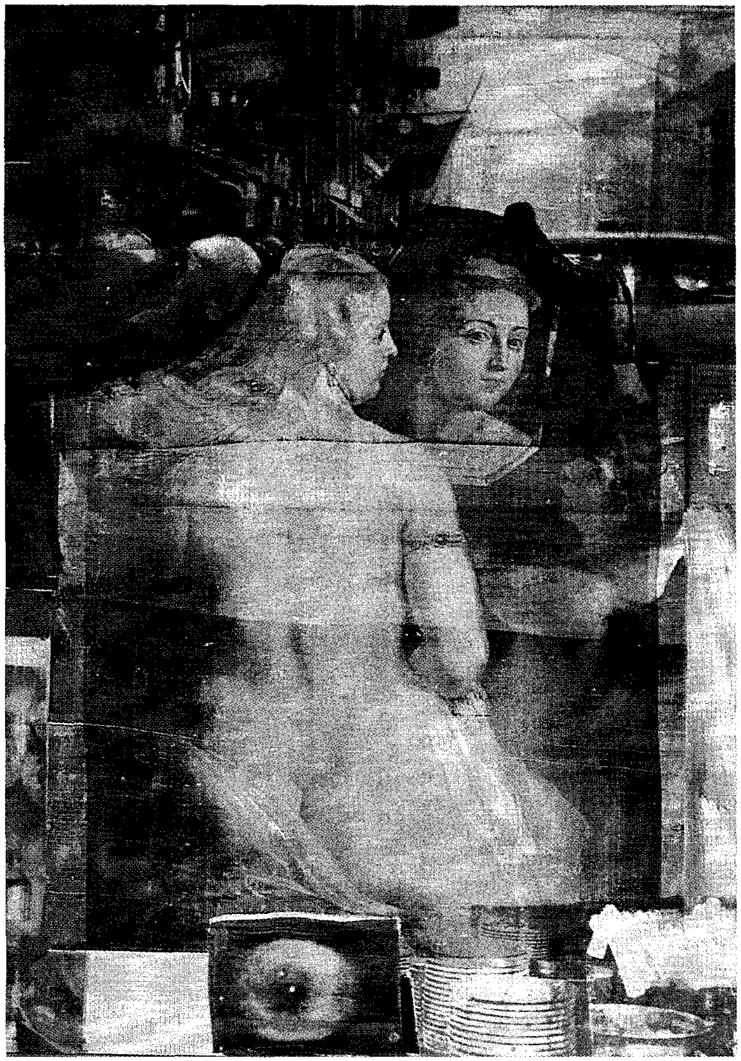
ART **MARK STEVENS**

More Is More

For Robert Rauschenberg, whose work subverts every tradition and transcends every boundary, a retrospective that seems to go on forever.

IN 1953, ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG ERASED A DE KOONING drawing, placed the remains in a golden frame, and entitled it *Erased de Kooning Drawing.* Like most serious comedy, this impishly Oedipal act—to which de Kooning graciously acceded by giving the artist a drawing, but one difficult to erase—had implications beyond the obvious. Rauschenberg was not just a young artist challenging a revered but overshadowing father: He faced a serious cultural predicament. Painting after de Kooning and Pollock seemed to have nowhere important to go. It was beginning to appear precious, grandiloquent, and haughtily pure, especially when viewed through the eyes of the critic Clement Greenberg, who argued that the narrowing evolution of modernist painting demanded that a major artist investigate the principles of painting itself rather than depict the world outside. In short, art threatened to become a holy empty frame.



***Persimmon* (1964), part of the Guggenheim's Rauschenberg retrospective.**

How, then, did Rauschenberg propose to confront the modern erasures? He would look for inspiration to another tradition in modernism, one that did not take the limitations of frames and conventional painting seriously—that is, to the tradition of Marcel Duchamp, Dada, and the "readymade." In particular, he would look to the gritty urban street, another hallowed source of modern energy. If painting would turn its back on the world, then Rauschenberg would bring the world to painting. Encouraging him in this direction was, among others, the composer John Cage, a kind of Dada Buddhist who abhorred any censorious tradition and celebrated play, chance, collaboration, and whatever roll of the dice provoked thought. Anything and everything was the proper subject for art: The contemporary world was too cacophonous for purity.

In one of the largest monographic shows ever mounted—comparable with the surveys of Picasso and Matisse at the Museum of Modern Art—the Guggenheim is now chronicling the results of Rauschenberg's half-century alliance between art and the insistent, boundary-smashing impurities of modern life. **Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective** includes about 400 works. It fills both the uptown and the downtown Guggenheim, along with a very large space at the Ace Gallery, at 275 Hudson Street. Organized by Walter Hopps and Susan Davidson of the Menil Collection in Houston—in collaboration with the Guggenheim curators Julia Blaut, Nancy Spector, Joan Young, and Elizabeth Carpenter—the show will travel to Houston, to Cologne, to Bilbao, Spain, and then to what the museum calls "other locations in Europe and the Far East," as if any conclusion or geographical limit would insult an art that does not acknowledge the usual sort of beginning and end.

A show of this scale should result in a kind of startled standing-back, a questioning of what we take for granted and expect of art in the latter part of the twentieth century. But most people will just love it or hate it. Many serious followers of painting cannot forgive Rauschenberg for undermining the traditional conventions of the medium. To others, he represents not only a way to make art but a way to live a life: They will tolerate no criticism of a hero who stands for an intoxicating ideal of creative freedom that can make naysayers seem by contrast dreary, puritanical, and old-fashioned. I expect to enter a taxi one of these days and hear a generous voice cry out, "Hi, this is Bob Rauschenberg. Don't buckle up!" Still, he is an artist who deserves a subtle response.

In his *Erased de Kooning Drawing,* Rauschenberg left behind a phantom smudge—and, in fact, de Kooning lives on in many ghostly forms in the younger man's work. The de Kooning of the forties and fifties

Photograph by Dorothy Zeidman/Guggenheim Museum.

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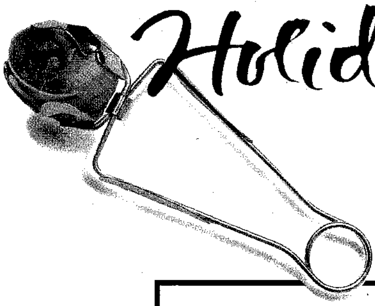

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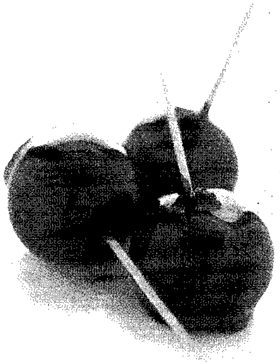
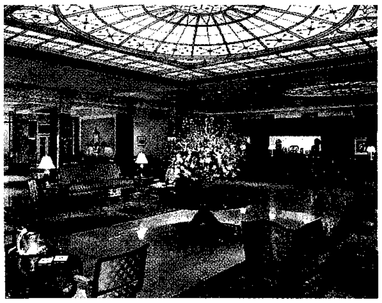
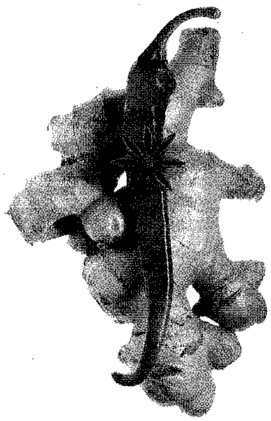






had a visceral relish for the newspaper-strewn streets of New York, enjoyed the movies and comics, appreciated a good absurdist joke, and had little patience for high-flown purity in art. Similarly, Rauschenberg's work of the fifties and sixties—mainly on the ramps of the uptown Guggenheim—is an art of exuberant appetites. He has a promiscuous eye. He is a scavenger. He is rude and priapic. Everything connects. Why not use an automobile tire as a brush to make a long horizontal modern mark—and also to invoke the scrolls of Asian calligraphy?

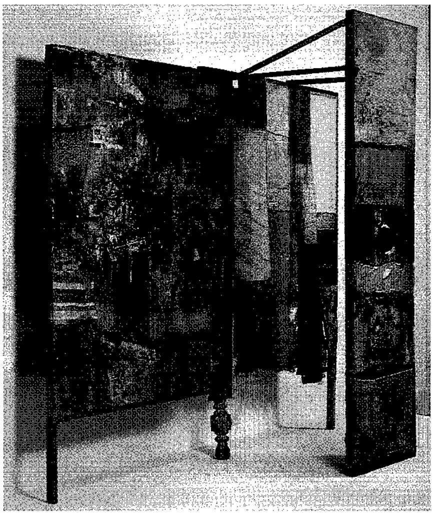
In Rauschenberg, the idea of collage is stretched into the presiding symbol of modern culture, a means of representing our dissonant mixups. As early as 1954, he lets a pale image of the comic strip "Pogo" appear in a moody red Abstract Expressionist surface. He loves the idea of reflections that transform the burdensome heaviness of reality into a flicker. The "combines" of the fifties and sixties mix handmade and readymade, photographic and painted images, art and life. They are full of absurdist joy. *Monogram,* in which the artist pushed a stuffed goat through a tire, has attracted much ponderous analysis—but it is, before anything else, funny. A rude sexual joke. A guffaw at the stuffed-shirt notion of a "monogram."

Rauschenberg's art of the fifties and sixties makes use of sloppiness but is not itself formally sloppy. He has a city palette, as if he mixed his paint with soot. He knows how to bring old, decaying walls to life. He loves to jab a bright shot of red, orange, or white onto a dirty background, creating a candy-in-the-gutter look typical of the scruffy streets of New York. His compositional spaces rely upon the modernist grid, but loosely, with unexpected edges, much as the buildings shimmer upon the city's grid. His famous paint-smeared *Bed* not only satirizes the juicy macho of Abstract Expressionism but is itself a dream of art. The quaint and fading quilt on the bottom—a beautiful grid—could almost be the ghost of art history.

In the sixties, the process of silk-screening, upon which Warhol depended, gave Rauschenberg a fresh way to make his large-scale collages. Over the decades, he has screened photographs—which are our main way of depicting the world—on everything from brass to plaster. He has also moved beyond the figure of the solitary artist to collaborate with other people and other cultures. Much of his collaborative and performance work is on display at the Guggenheim downtown, including some of his remarkable technological works that, not surprisingly, cross various boundaries. In *Soundings,* the sound of a voice can light up (in flickering fashion) panels through which the viewer sees a vision of tumbling chairs—an audience upended.

At a certain point—about 1970, when, at the age of 45, he left the city and moved to Captiva, Florida—the grit seems to leave Rauschenberg's art. The pictures lose some tension, too, becoming smoother and more elegant. Now nothing seems to stay the fluency of his hand. He may sometimes still use old cardboard or fabric, of course, but the difficulties of his art now seem those of technique and process—of finding new ways to say the same old thing—rather than of vision. Instead of deepening with time, his art spreads horizontally, absorbing fresh materials and engaging new cultures. Often, the jumble of screened imagery looks routine, just mix and match, without the clarifying shock of the great surrealist juxtapositions or the goat in a tire. This may be Rauschenberg's intention. The imagery is half noticed, like the blurred background of a city street. But the result is an art of less force.

Something similar happened to many of the other significant artists of Rauschenberg's generation. The strongest work of Frank Stella, Andy Warhol, Claes Oldenburg, Ed Kienholz, Jasper Johns, and Roy Lichtenstein emerged during their struggle with Abstract Expressionism; the assertion of new values gave their work of this time an air of necessity, risk, and the sort of adventuring that has consequences. Each of these artists became much smoother with time, often creating mannered variations on the earlier work. Money obviously had something to do with this. Successful artists got rich in the sixties and seventies. Their work grew shinier; it cost a lot to make; it began to look comfortable in a corporate boardroom.



***Minutiae* (1954), now at the Guggenheim.**

During this period, Rauschenberg, like some of his contemporaries, established a big studio. Today, he has about a dozen full-time employees. This is reminiscent of the industrious studios before modernism, when the master would conceive of the idea and composition and paint in some important parts, leaving many of the details to specialists. (Rubens had a man who was very good at animals.) There is nothing intrinsically wrong with such a setup. Nor with elegance itself. Some late Rauschenbergs are gorgeous—particularly in the two series called "Borealis" and "Night Shade"—and his eye remains better than that of most of his peers.

That he could successfully establish such a studio, however, shows that Rauschenberg—like Rubens—brilliantly reflects the power and taste of his time. The once-radical virtues of open-ended play, boundlessness, absurdist joy, dirtily gorgeous surfaces, and change for change's sake have blurred into what now amounts to the power view. Nothing better suggests this extraordinary transition than the scale of the exhibition. It is imperial. It is anal. It is designed to awe, even intimidate. The same is true of the handsome, heavy catalogue, which is filled with heavy exegesis. "It's not a coffee-table book," said one person at the museum. "It's a coffee table."

This seems very far from the actual experience of art, especially the art of a man with a light, fluent touch who loves the play of the street and feels free *not* to dot every *i.* I cannot imagine the younger Rauschenberg treating an exhibition of such scale in anything but a witty, subversive spirit. (Perhaps someone is even now approaching him with an eraser.) The most significant explanation for the pumped-up size of such exhibitions is not the ambition of a museum or an artist, however, but the cultural longing for art heroes who will prove that our age is not second-rate. It is not only in economic life that inflation can create the illusion of riches.

The exhibit even breaks the museum frame, spilling over into the Ace Gallery (normally a commercial space). Here, the curators are showing *The ¼ Mile or 2 Furlong Piece,* an ongoing work of about that length (really) that Rauschenberg began in 1981. A visual diary that chronologically links examples from the various series that have absorbed him over the past fifteen years, this enormous piece invites ridicule. Does Rauschenberg intend to sell art by the yard? Has his studio become a manufacturer of tasty art sausage? *The ¼ Mile* seems to live entirely on the surface, a kaleidoscope of churning imagery and upturned meanings, a tape loop that will not stop. It dissipates focus. It numbs the senses. Yet I found it poignant. There is an air of naked isolation behind the busyness. Imagine working in an open space without relying on a frame. Imagine making an unending piece of this scale without the help of a grand religious or mythic cosmos. Imagine letting energy perform most of the work of meaning. There is a telling madness in the visual garrulity and the layering of style upon style that mirrors the frantic image-chatter of contemporary life. Here is the form of our formlessness. ■

Photograph courtesy of the Guggenheim Museum.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

The Oddish Play

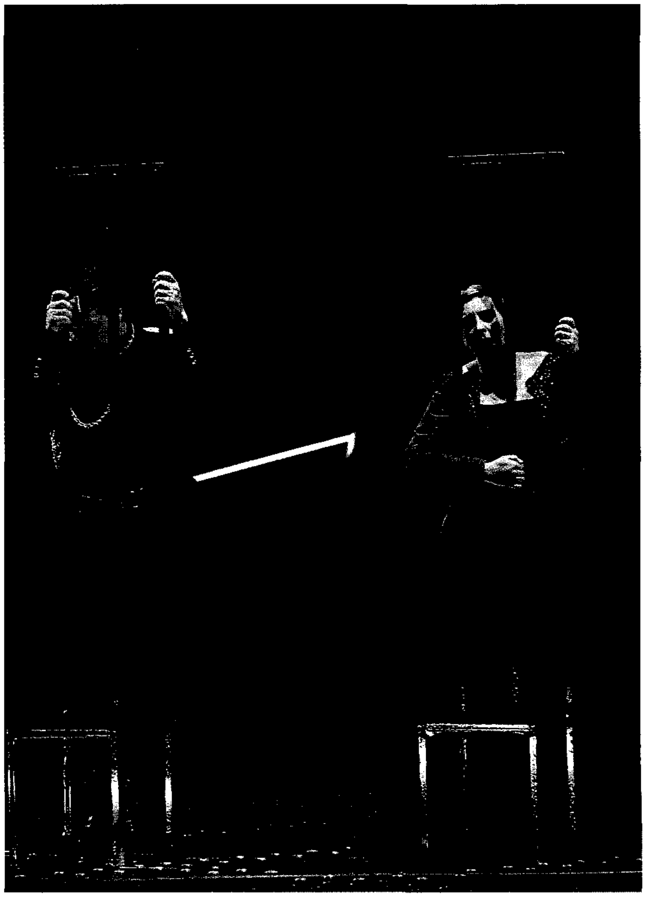
Lauren Flanigan gives a suitably demonic performance in Verdi's 'Macbeth,' but John Conklin's messy sets could use some more toil and trouble.

WHEN AN OPERA PERFORMANCE THREATENS to turn into a contest between the singers and the production, audiences generally choose sides. They certainly did once the curtain fell on the City Opera's new staging of Verdi's **Macbeth,** and, judging from the hostile reception given the production team when they took a bow, most were rooting for the cast. After all, it can't be easy maneuvering a path through John Conklin's murky industrial-age sets: tilted metallic platforms and catwalks, fire-escape stairways leading to nowhere, rectangular iron-and-steel frames dropping mysteriously from the flies, scattered chunks of slag and detritus. We are obviously not in eleventh-century Scotland, but whatever fantasy time and place is intended is never made clear. Soldiers, nobles, assassins, and refugees dressed in enigmatic greatcoats and naval caps wander over this mechanized landscape, and even they seem to wonder who they are. There's a faint whiff of fascism about it all, but that, along with most everything else in sight, remains vague, undefined, and theatrically ineffective. Besides, Conklin has done it all before. Like so much of this prolific designer's work, his *Macbeth* gives the impression of hastily assembled odds and ends, another sorry example of the let's-throw-it-onstage-and-see-if-it-works approach to opera production.

Locked into a cluttered visual concept without any real dramatic focus, the singers are at a loss to generate much theatrical energy, and who can blame them? Beyond that, the phantasmal moments that Verdi set such store by—the three prophesying apparitions and the vision of kings, Banquo's ghost at the banquet, the witches' choruses—are clumsily managed and fall flat. Director Leon Major has better luck when he can concentrate on individuals and relationships. The Macbeths themselves are presented as an unusually intriguing modern couple, two tortured souls who share a thirst for ruthless domination in their own marriage as much as in their murderous political plotting. Each inevitably ends up destroying the other, and the turning point comes in the banquet scene as an unhinged Macbeth lashes out and strikes his wife to the ground. It's a stunning moment, and Major prepares it artfully, giving a hint of what he might have accomplished with the opera if not hobbled by such an inappropriate set design.

Lauren Flanigan also rises above it all to deliver a superbly sung Lady Macbeth, an interpretation that's likely to grow even more effective over time. Her wide-ranging soprano responds easily to the music's demonic intensity as well as to its more conventional bel canto requirements—she even gets off a respectable trill in the Act Two brindisi. More remarkable, Flanigan frighteningly suggests an empty shell of a woman who finds a perverse meaning to her life as she periodically summons hellish spirits to fill her "from the crown to the toe, top-full of direst cruelty." Mark Delavan's Macbeth is sturdily vocalized, although a stronger stage presence is needed if the strange dynamic that drives this fearsome marriage is to function effectively. Alfredo Portilla's sunny Latin tenor is a welcome sound in Macduff's plangent aria (*Macbeth,* after all, is still Italian opera to the core), and Kenneth Cox's ample if rather sandpapery bass serves Banquo adequately. In the pit, George Manahan is more successful in projecting the score's expressive melodic surface than its tightly coiled rhythmic drive.

The City Opera's second new offering, Rossini's **L'italiana in Algeri,** originated at this summer's Glimmerglass festival. I reviewed the production last month (August 18) and won't hammer away at my reservations. But is anything really gained by dragging the opera into the



Mark Delavan as Macbeth; Lauren Flanigan as his partner in crime.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

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present to show Mustafà as a bumbling Saddam Hussein, Isabella as an irritating Italian dominatrix, and the chorus as a bunch of gun-toting Arab thugs? Apparently many in the audience find the cheap shots devised by director Christopher Alden hilarious, although the laughs become weaker and less frequent as the second act wears on.

Whatever one thinks of the production, it is brilliantly carried off, and the ensemble work at the State Theater is even more impressive than in the performance I saw last month up in Cooperstown with mostly the same cast. Only intensive rehearsals under festival conditions can produce results this polished, and in that respect the City Opera stands to gain important dividends from its close ties with Glimmerglass. I'm also glad to see Phyllis Pancella adding a bit of impish charm to soften up her hard-as-nails Isabella. The mezzo's vocal work, warm, stylish, and accurate, is also right on target, along with one precipitous descent into a booming baritonal chest register that sounded strangely familiar—no doubt a sly homage to her great predecessor in the role, Marilyn Horne.

The new management team at the City Opera obviously intends to make a major policy statement by introducing eight new productions this season. That's an impressive gesture, but so was the inspired idea of showing off its roster of young singers by assembling a double cast to stage one of the company's most admired older productions twice in one day: Mozart's *Magic Flute,* in Thierry Bosquet's colorful fairy-tale sets and Lofti Mansouri's traditional but lively staging (expertly reproduced and inventively embellished by Albert Sherman). I saw both performances with pleasure, an experience made even more enjoyable by hearing the cast eagerly respond to Andrew Porter's elegant English translation rather than struggling with the original German. Any opera stands a better chance of coming to life when young American singers can connect music to words in their own language—and what a relief for once to focus fully on the stage and not be distracted by those wretched supertitles.

Of course some voices were better than others. Both Queens of the Night—Jami Rogers and Lorraine Ernest—brought down the house with their spectacular arias, indicating that high coloraturas to warble this stratospheric music are apparently more plentiful these days than rock-solid low basses to sing Sarastro's noble phrases. I also relished Stephen Powell's Papageno, a lovably humorous interpretation of a potentially irritating character, but there were no serious flaws in either cast. Future audiences for the City Opera's magical *Magic Flute* are practically guaranteed a wonderful show. ▬

Keeping It Real

In both new works and an all-Balanchine bill, Dance Theatre of Harlem impresses with its humanity; a stifling night of Poe.

Dance Theatre of Harlem, THE PREDOMINANTLY black classical company led by Arthur Mitchell, delivers a two-part message. Part one is aesthetic and the same as most dance companies': The human body is a potently expressive instrument. Part two is sociopolitical: Ballet, though it evolved in European courts, need not, *should* not, be restricted to privileged white folks of European descent. In its recent two-week run at Aaron Davis Hall, DTH embodied the first idea at an exalted level. A look at the major classical-dance companies of America and Europe reveals that the second idea is still being preached to the adamantly unconverted. Mitchell's upbeat tenacity despite the failure of, say, American Ballet Theatre and the New York City Ballet (his alma mater) to employ African-Americans in meaningful numbers is as remarkable as his dancers' beauty, skill, and communicative power.

In the opening program of three works new to New York, the DTH dancers' physical eloquence was most potent in the South African Vincent Sekwati Mantsoe's *Sasanka* ("Pride"), a blend of African movement and classical ballet. The piece displays a community whose members achieve the unusual combination of pride—in its sense of unaggressive self-confidence—and controlled athletic strength with sensuousness and sensitivity, the women on an equal footing with the men. The choreography is organized along the lines of a parade or a religious procession; the participants have no agenda beyond that of reinforcing the vision of who they are and what they represent, individually and as a group. *Sasanka* could be dismissed as a mere showcase if what it showcased weren't currently so rare and welcome: dancers for whom technique, no matter how well developed, remains secondary, sentience and human connection being their primary concern.

The Canadian John Alleyne's *Adrian (Angel on Earth),* the most balletic of the three new pieces, tells one tale while its program note offers another. The audience gets to read about the aspirations of the soul, but it gets to look at a vaguely structured, endless saga, the point of which appears to be that some guys have it for other guys, though the gals in their midst remain ever-hopeful. The best that can be said for this choreography is that it allows its dancers to display their exquisitely aligned bodies, their ravishing fluency, and their commitment to comporting themselves like feeling people instead of souped-up machines.

Robert Garland's *Crossing Over,* dominated by an early-Broadway vision of paradise, is notable only for the performance of DTH's senior ballerina, Virginia Johnson, as a street person at the end of the line. The delicate, lyrical Johnson makes much out of nothing in an extended solo meant to convey her dire situation and her unquenchable spiritual faith. She and her savior (Cedric Rouse) deserve a Heaven worthy of their quiet dignity.

The company was at its most impressive, and most appealing, in an all-Balanchine program—a daring move in New York, where Balanchine is measured by standards that prevailed at the NYCB in the good old days, when Mitchell himself was dancing there. And this program was not just any Balanchine—minor works or the sort that can be put across largely through personal charm. It comprised acid-test ballets in three distinctly different genres: *Serenade* (neo-Romantic), *The Prodigal Son* (dramatic), and *The Four Temperaments* (abstract). While DTH does not yet command the degree of swiftness, clarity, and pliancy that today's NYCB delivers as a matter of course, all three productions were characterized, and much enhanced, by the Harlem group's signature openness and warmth.

The rendition of *Serenade* was tender and glowing, with an emphasis on the sisterly empathy between the

Dance Theatre of Harlem dancers performing Balanchine's *Serenade*.

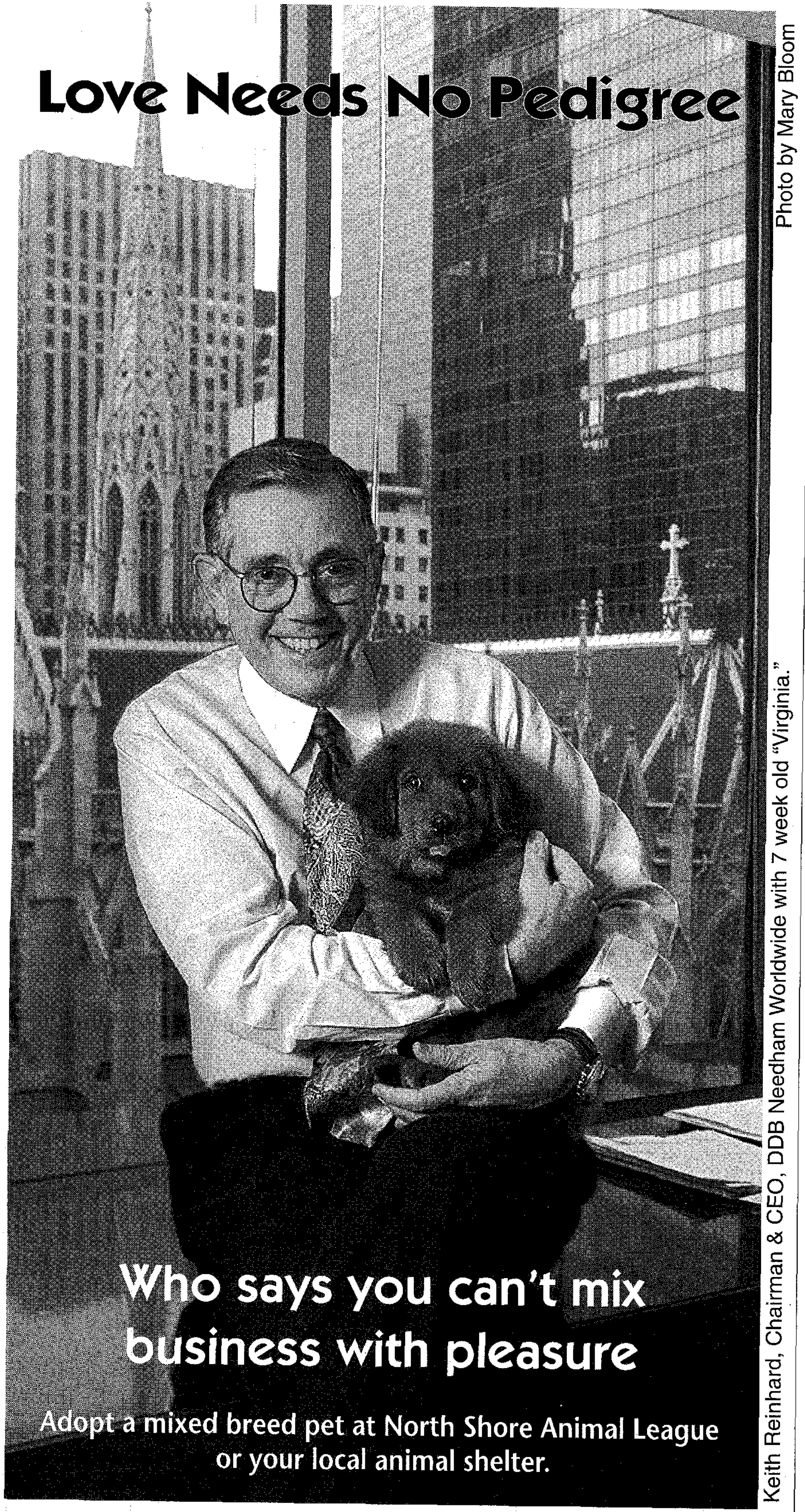
Photograph courtesy of the Dance Theatre of Harlem.

large female ensemble and the vulnerable woman at the center of the ballet's subtly implied story of love and loss. As the "heroine," Johnson was nakedly poignant; it almost didn't matter that the years have stolen some of her technical prowess. The subsidiary soloists were all radiant vitality, and both leading men (Eddie J. Shellman and Ronald Perry) the kind of caring, noble princes that get dreamed about. *Prodigal* was distinguished by the care taken with the two principal roles. Alicia Graf, built like a fashion model, was daring and powerful in a High Mannerist way. By contrast, Duncan Cooper played the title role with a very contemporary realistic slant; he might have been the rebellious adolescent you once were or are now struggling to raise. His evident belief in the character, his consistency and concentration, eventually raised the figure to a mythological level.

Though it contained a fascinating performance by Donald Williams, DTH's *Four Temperaments* disclosed some of the company's weak points. The dancers need to work on their attack—currently uneven and occasionally at odds with the musical phrase. And the women need to polish their pointe work. It is much improved, but they still have trouble with the suave rise and descent Balanchine cultivated. When it comes to the perfume the master required of his ballerinas, however, they already exude it.

THE NIGHT WAS OPPRESSIVELY HOT AND muggy, the air in the packed studio at P.S. 122 lethal with carbon dioxide. The perfect atmosphere, you might say, for a performance piece in the Butoh mode (think dark, slow-motion struggle to survive cataclysm)—especially for one inspired by the indelibly macabre short stories of Edgar Allan Poe. Sad to say, Min Tanaka's **The Poe Project** failed to observe virtues central to its literary source (which was suggested by Susan Sontag): flawless structure, dramatic tension, and the rooting of near-unimaginable horror in reality.

Instead of extending one's understanding of the celebrated tales, the Japan-based Tanaka, working with a cast of pointedly diverse anatomy and ethnicity, merely alluded to them through prolonged, self-indulgently inscrutable dumb-show. The suffocating spectator was reduced to entertaining himself with a guessing game: Those two terrified ladies and the ape-man mauling them—*The Murders in the Rue Morgue*? Since little of the movement was striking in itself and few of the performers compelling, the main visual stimulation to be extracted from the piece lay with the décor: a succession of heavy, translucent paper curtains in ash gray and black-and-white costumes evoking the Victorians' near-erotic obsession with mourning. ■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JOHN LEONARD

Running Jokes

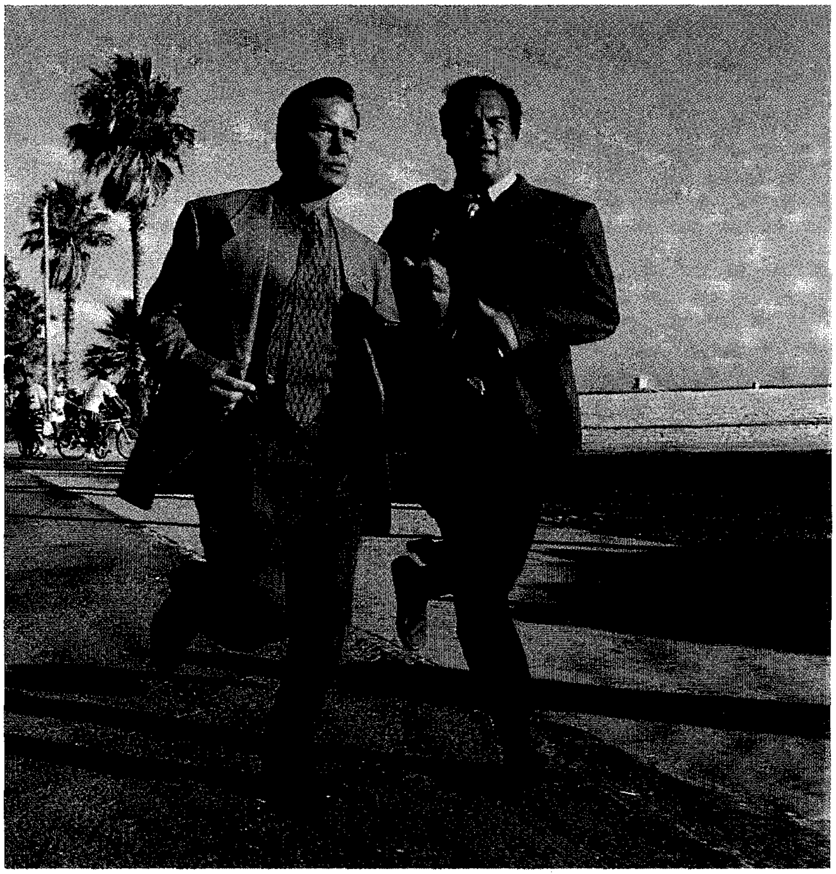
In his second new series of the season, Steven Bochco indulges the same penchant for lowbrow clowning that sank last year's 'Public Morals.'

NOT SEVEN MINUTES INTO **Total Security** (SATURDAYS, starting September 27; 9 to 10 P.M.; ABC), a corpse falls off a wayward gurney. Not fifteen minutes in, James Belushi is caught with his pants down, selling a high-tech burglar-alarm system in the middle of the afternoon to a horny woman (Claudia Christian) not his wife, when her husband comes home early from the office. What happens next, as if we were watching Czech history or French farce, is defenestration—a Jimbo skydive from Claudia's bedroom window. And what happens after *that,* because we are watching lowbrow Steven Bochco, is that the anal-retentive James Remar hires the unsocialized Belushi anyway, to trample all over various amendments to the U.S. Constitution for the greater glory and extravagant retainers of an L.A. private security agency.

This is not to say that the premiere episode of *Total Security* is entirely innocent of genuine detective work. Remar may seem slicker than eels, like an *L.A. Law*yer, but he's twice as sensitive as Harry Hamlin, a Johnny Appleseed of taps, bugs, computer hacking, and candid cameras in unmarked vans, and he even burns with a righteous flame in pursuing a kidnapping case he couldn't close while he was still a cop. He can also be counted on to be as protective of his associates—like Debrah Farentino, whose self-pitying LAPD spouse is more dangerous with a bottle of booze than with a loaded gun—as he is of his filthy-rich, liposucked clientele.

But Belushi . . . well, we are reminded of Charles Haid as Andy Renko in *Hill Street Blues;* and of Dennis Franz as Norman Buntz, who punched out Chief Daniels in the last episode of Bochco's breakthrough show before reappearing briefly, with Peter Jurasik as Sid the Snitch, in the short-lived sleazeball series *Beverly Hills Buntz,* on his way to the ultimate excess of Andy Sipowicz. Something in Bochco insists on slapstick and sick clowns—a Joe Don Looniness: *The Steve Stooges.* It accounts for the surpassing vulgarity of last fall's *Public Morals* sitcom, and it disfigures the premiere of *Total Security.* If I were Mickey Mouse, I'd be worried about how much leftover time Bochco and his cohorts will have to devote to tinkering with the components while also sustaining his similarly freshman but superior cop series *Brooklyn South,* over on CBS.

On the other hand, the problem with ABC's other new Saturday-night show, **C-16** (also starting September 27; 8 to 9 P.M.), is its time slot. Can a long-haired, steel-rimmed, brown-bearded nineties kind of guy like Eric Roberts compete in the Family Hour with the ever-so-medicinal nineteenth-century Jane Seymour? Roberts is in charge of a squad of FBI major-case hotshots—a back-from-suspension sourpuss, a Porsche-driving cowboy, a black rookie whose brother is a crackhead, a single mother fighting a custody battle with her ex-husband, etc.—who have to rely on their wits instead of their whirlybirds and computer printouts when a kidnapped child ends up being held hostage by a multiculti tag team of drug-fiend terrorists in an underground amphetamine laboratory. Think of Morris Chestnut, Zach Grenier, Angie Harmon, D. B. Sweeney, and Christine Tucci as *The Young Gumshoes.* There's a frazzled, frenetic quality about *C-16* that may appeal to those of us who stay home on Saturday nights because we're afraid people like Eric Roberts are loose on the streets, but I suspect ABC will have turned off everyone else before they get to its classiest returning series, David E. Kelley's *The Practice.*



P.I. Jims: Private investigators James Remar and James Belushi in *Total Security.*

ON THE THIRD HAND, ABC'S MIDWEEK PUPPY-LOVE SITCOM **Dharma & Greg** (Wednesdays starting September 24; 8:30 to 9 P.M.) is the best thing to happen to marriage since *Mad About You.* So Jenna Elfman as Dharma Finkelstein was home-schooled in Marin County by aging radical hippies Alan Rachins (still bald but also ponytailed!) and Mimi Kennedy, whereas Thomas Gibson as Greg Montgomery was brought up buttoned-down by

Photograph by Bob D'Amico/ABC.

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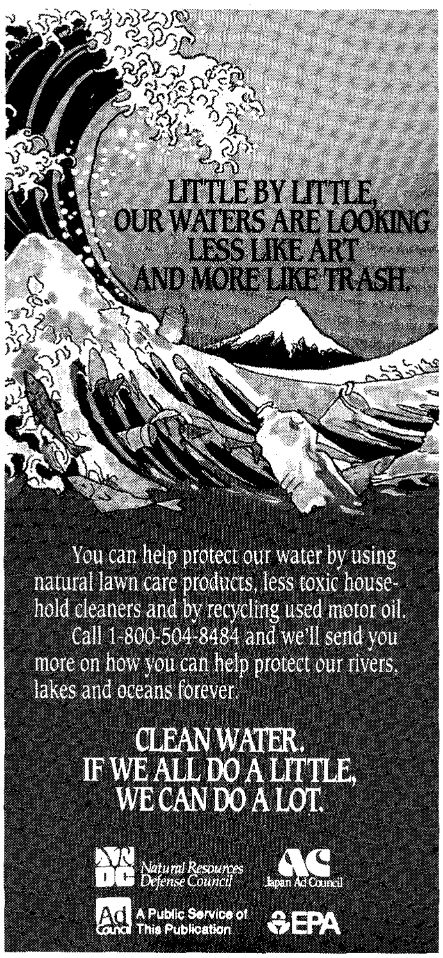
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EPA

supertight blue bloods Mitchell Ryan and Susan Sullivan. So Dharma trains dogs during the day and teaches yoga every night, whereas Greg not only is a lawyer but also works in San Francisco for the Justice Department ("*My* daughter got *married* . . . to a *Fed*?" says the incredulous Rachins). Blame it on public transportation. Having met cute in a BART station, gone first to a Giants baseball game for the organ music, then to Reno for a piece of pie, Dharma and Greg elope before they've even hammered out their respective differences on reincarnation or Navajo sweat lodges. The quite tall, enormously appealing Elfman's already reminded Madison Avenue twentysomethings of Lisa Kudrow on *Friends*. This is typical of a popular culture born yesterday and too proud of it. Elfman's antecedents go all the way back—past Geena Davis in *Sara,* past even Shirley MacLaine before she started channeling—to the prehistorical fifties and the late Kay Kendall in *The Reluctant Debutante*. And she's got the high-register cracked laugh of Mary Tyler Moore hysterical in Minneapolis. In one new television season: Calista Flockhart *and* Jenna Elfman. Color me smitten.

Meanwhile, on Thursday nights, NBC is hammock-stuffing **Union Square** (starting September 25; 8:30 to 9 P.M.) between *Friends* and *Seinfeld,* and **Veronica's Closet** (also starting September 25; 9:30 to 10 P.M.) between *Seinfeld* and *ER*. About *Union Square,* I'll say that you have to be a whole lot more patient than I am with slacker half-wit to want to spend much time with wannabe actresses, playwrights, and rock musicians in a back-lot Hollywood that's supposed to be a downtown New York diner. "The kids from *Fame,*" says one of these characters. Would that it were so. About *Veronica's Closet,* I'll suspend judgment. Kirstie Alley, as a sort of Martha Stewart running a sort of Victoria's Secret lingerie emporium while her body is camouflaged in sweatsuits and her own marriage somewhat less romantic than Rapunzel's, could eventually make this interesting. But it doesn't really matter if it's interesting; it's got feckless Jerry and bloody Clooney to cushion it from reality shock.

ABC's **Timecop** (Mondays, starting September 22, 8 to 9 P.M.), while so far not as ingenious as the sadly canceled *Quantum Leap,* is already an improvement on the movie that inspired it, because T. W. King can act and Jean-Claude Van Damme couldn't. Other regulars in our immediate future (A.D. 2007) include Cristi Conaway, Kurt Fuller, and Don Stark, standing around the "sublimator," looking for troublesome "ripples" in the space-continuum, then booting up King's Jack Logan for "temporal insertion in six minutes," after which he yellow-submarines back to, say, 1888 in the Whitechapel neighborhood of London, to scuffle with a Jack-the-Ripper copycat and confound a Scotland Yard inspector who will turn out to be H. G. Wells's uncle.

FOR TV MOVIES-OF-THE-WEEK, AS THE EMMY Awards on September 14 once again so heavily suggested, you are better off looking to cable than to the broadcast networks. Which isn't to say that **Hugo Pool** (Saturday, September 27; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; TMC), Robert Downey Jr.'s Sundance self-indulgence, is any threat to Charlie Chaplin. Or Woody Allen. Or even Jim Jarmusch, the Fisher King of slackers. But it has a loose-limbed gait as it ambles into odd corners in search of connections. Alyssa Milano, who clearly deserves better than *Melrose Place,* is a surprise treat as Hugo, who cleans SoCal swimming pools. One parent, Malcolm McDowell, is a heroin addict. The other, Cathy Moriarty, is a compulsive gambler. Both pitch in to help Alyssa on a difficult day when she's got 44 jobs to do. This involves Richard Lewis as a Marlon-mumbling mobster, Patrick Dempsey fantasizing about sex in a wheelchair, and Sean Penn as a guardian angel with blue shoes, not to mention Chuck Barris, Ann Magnuson, and Bert Remsen, all of whom must have worked for scale.

Hugo also stars Downey, trying out several foreign accents, as a movie director who, on the set, guns down an extra for overacting. If extras are to be shot by directors for overacting, Downey should throw himself into a live volcano. But he knows this. He grins at us. We almost but not quite grin back.

More satisfying is **Elmore Leonard's *Gold Coast*** (Sunday, September 28; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime), with David Caruso as an ex-con who plays with dolphins and Marg Helgenberger as the Mafia widow who can't spend her $15 million if she sleeps with any man other than her husband (Richard Bradford), who, as noted, is dead. Caruso and Helgenberger—"We both have blue eyes, we're both sort of Catholic, and we're both from Detroit"—might actually be twins, with more going on behind the blank uneasiness than will ever get said in the tough-guy dialogue. And Helgenberger brings with her, from the original cast of *China Beach,* Jeff Kober as a cowboy hit man who wants for himself both the money and the Marg.

This is Elmore Leonard's Florida—of cars, Cubans, and cockfights; palm trees and pastels; vodka, waves, and losers. It's also the first film directed by Peter Weller, who learned how to be ambiguous from *Robocop* and *Naked Lunch*. If he refuses to explain the toilet bowl and the sick parrot, so, too, are my lips stitched. ■

HAL RUBENSTEIN

Grecian Yearning

The snapper tastes much like the loup de mer, but Estiatorio Milos offers Aegean pleasures; Pearl Oyster Bar scrimps on smiles, but you'll still leave with one.

THE STOCK MARKET IS MORE BULLISH THAN THE running in Pamplona. Girls-next-door are puffing Cuban cigars while shooting snooker in chandeliered pool halls. Minivans are being replaced by Lincoln Navigators and other four-wheel-drive monoliths that can haul home the contents of any three aisles in the average Waldbaum's. Then there's Demi Moore and her one-arm push-ups. And all of this, we are assured by the tabloids' weekly food sections, is behind the white-hot charcoaled comeback of red meat.

Baloney. The explanation is nowhere near that complicated. We just got sick of chicken and fish. At the end of the eighties, after callously forsaking our beloved comfort foods for alligator-fennel sausage, braised anemone in sea-urchin butter, and durian ice cream, we woke up and smelled the nasty vanilla-hazelnut roast. There are only so many things urban mankind wants to eat on a regular basis. And yak cakes aren't one of them. So we ran back to roast chicken, shrimp cocktail, and chocolate pudding. But blood-drippingly rare meat continued to give the health-conscious pause. No more. Happily, nutritionists and gym trainers have blessed our craving. However, in the meantime, we've had too many fish in the sea.

So it takes the willful bravado of John Gotti Jr. to open any gilleteria these days, let alone one as single-minded as **Estiatorio Milos.** Milos hopes to transport you back to that ravishing, star-splashed night when you sat at a bare wood table in a small, terraced café on Mykonos or Patmos or Santorini savoring a whole fish grilled in olive oil, herbs, and lemon caught just that afternoon by its cook and then served by his wife and kids. Making things tougher still, Milos is determined to pull off this Circean enchantment without the aid of bouzouki music or smashing plates.

Evidently, the enormous success the Milos team has had with its celebrated restaurant in Montreal has given them confidence, for their new Manhattan outpost is larger and more starkly grand. It is vast and open, and it seems compelling. If only the interior design features—creamy veined marble and a smooth white curved wall, gleaming fixtures and stainless, fragrant envased nosegays set against massive geometries of rough-honed concrete, boxed vegetables and fish on shaved ice, a soaring raw ceiling, and exposed air ducts—didn't reflect a conflicting desire to have it both ways. The space is too sleekly knowing to be an intimate seaside mom-and-pop taverna, but it's too adoring of its rustic inspirations to bring TriBeCa uptown.

The menu casts its net too widely as well. Despite Ruth Reichl's recent on-air protestations that a freshly caught fish tastes tougher and fishier than one picked later that day at the market, anyone who has ever been lucky enough to hook his own and immediately pan-sear or grill it knows this briny, bracing, succulent, and, yes, fishy rush can't be duplicated. Milos's seafood is of excellent quality, the preparation as unerring and basic as Mercouri's sex appeal, but just enough is lost that with five fish on the table—all grilled identically with just a dash of olive oil and lemon, as is the house custom—it was a match game telling one from the other. Every fish was good. None was stunning. Only the prices were.

Had you been charged these by-the-pound fees on Mykonos, no way would you have come home with that hand-embroidered blouson peasant shirt (maybe that's a good thing). No one is supposing that rents above Mykonos's Paradise Beach equal those along West 55th Street, but when a house offers two rouget, a fragrant red fish known more humbly in this country as mullet (about the size of a rainbow trout and sold for $7.95 a pound at Citarella), so flaky that it must be pan-fried, not grilled, and charges $28 a pound—the same as the

One part taverna, one part TriBeCa: Milos's midtown room is a handsome, if a bit ungainly, hybrid.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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price of three ping-pong-ball-size chunks of bland sesame-crusted tuna—smashing plates might not seem like such a bad idea after all.

Appetizers and secondary dishes are more adept at holding on to the fantasy. A gorgeously meaty tomato salad is a heroic effort, as is a dense lemon-fava salad. The Milos special of faintly fried zucchini and eggplant is as engaging as fresh salsa and chips. Grilled octopus is splendid, eerily refreshing. Sardines are buried in lemon and oregano, but grilled scallops with vidalia onions are nice, the charcoaled white shrimp (another cash-in-your-CD item, at $34 a pound) are sweet and tender, and the crab cake may be the best in town. (For $15 for one cake, should you expect any less?)

> *"...At Milos, with five fish on the table—all grilled identically with a dash of olive oil and lemon—***it was a match game telling one from the other.** *Every fish was good. None was stunning. Only the prices were."*

Baklava is a love-it-or-hate-it sweet. Milos's is drenched in that honeyed flavor, and no fork could cut it. It needed to set a day, or two, or three. The only dessert people usually remember from their Aegean vacation is that invigoratingly tart, honey-topped yogurt, nothing like the Breyer's vanilla-fudge substitute we hawk here. This delicious memory Milos has preserved intact, and your cheeks can almost feel the sea breeze.

As anyone who's ever traveled to see whether the Aegean is that blue knows, the Greek islands are indeed an idyllic taste of the simple life, and Milos does capture something of the experience. Just keep in mind that for the cost of a few dinners, you could probably go back there.

Estiatorio Milos, 125 West 55th Street (245-7400). Lunch, Monday–Friday, 12–3; dinner, Monday–Saturday, 5:30–midnight. Appetizers, $7.50–$14.50; some market prices exceed this range. Entrées, $18–$28 à la carte and $22–$32 per pound (and up for market-priced seafood). A.E., D.C., M.C., V.

WE TRIED GOING TO **Pearl Oyster Bar** RIGHT after Labor Day, but the sign on the door said they weren't back yet. A week later, we returned at 10:20 in the evening. As soon as we opened the door, it was obvious 'twas Miss Otis Regrets time. "Until what time do you serve?" we asked. "Eleven, but we decided to close early tonight." Next, we thought we'd play safe and go for lunch. Just to be sure, we called ahead. "Are you open for lunch?" "Nope" was the reply. "When do you think you'll—" *Click.* Fine. Sunday, then. We should have known. Never on Sunday.

Though it shares its day of rest with Miss Mercouri and her countrymen, Pearl is not looking to evoke Paros, Potsdam, or Patagonia. Provincetown, perhaps. Or Mystic. Only Americans would dare exercise such independence in the service business.

Are the women who run Pearl rude? Nope. Just succinct, sure, and uncompromising. "We're not open for lunch because we can't find people yet who cook well enough to satisfy us," said one of the women behind the counter. "When we do, we will."

In the meantime, they're obviously cooking well enough at night to ensure an influx of people often greater than what their clean, well-lighted, S.S. *Minnow*–narrow space can accommodate. Pearl has only two small window-front tables. Forget the stools against the left wall. The ledge above them is useless for eating anything but eel. Consequently, almost everyone sits shoulder-to-shoulder, like a chorus line crammed into a U-boat. Intimate? Ubetcha. Private? Nosirree.

What's the big attraction? Value. Efficiency. Affordability. Straightforwardness. And sometimes genuinely impressive, unpretentious seafood. A classic, brilliantly vermilion gazpacho that seduces with more summer brightness than burn. A Maine sea-scallop chowder that is begging for winter to show its stuff. Mussels sloshing around in a finger-sucking-good mustard cream. Crisp salads of almost sparkling greens and bowls piled high with steamers. A fish, like pompano, grilled with enough olive oil and herbs to enrich its nutty texture, for $16. The seafood cocktail is muddy, the lobster roll flat and unappealing, and the steak a perfunctory sop to those without sea legs, but at least you can write them off without inviting an audit. Chocolate mousse is big and rich, and weighs a ton. Blueberry pie with ice cream is as American as the prevailing attitude.

"You guys done? Glad you liked it. We'll see ya." Not exactly the same as disembarking from a Carnival cruise. But a visit to the Pearl Oyster Bar isn't pretending to be an odyssey abroad. Just think, though: Eat here often enough and you could probably afford one.

Pearl Oyster Bar, 18 Cornelia Street (691-8211). Dinner only; Monday–Saturday, 6–11 p.m. Appetizers are $5.50–$10; entrées, $10.50–$17. M.C., V. ■

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

Reeling!

The New York Film Festival returns for its thirty-fifth year (page 72)

art 78

bars 91

concerts 96

dance 96

kids 95

the mix 92

movies 66

nightlife 89

online 93

restaurants 82

sports 94

television 92

theater 76

the written word 92

movies

The Edge...N.Y. Film Festival...La Haine

New Films

Air Force One—Wolfgang Petersen's *Air Force One* is exciting, well-made, and utterly preposterous—a 14-year-old boy's fantasy of being president of the United States. When a group of crazed neo-Soviet nationalists takes over Air Force One, President James Marshall (Harrison Ford) has the chance to parachute to safety in an escape pod. But the prez has just made a bold speech in Moscow insisting that the United States will never negotiate with terrorists; now he has to prove it. Whoopee! It's *Independence Day* all over again. In the White House, Vice-President Kathryn Bennett (Glenn Close) talks tough to the hijacking slimebags on the telephone and fends off a Haig-ish secretary of defense (Dean Stockwell). Gary Oldman is the head of the hijackers, an angry and contemptuous man who frankly hates the new Russian freedoms. The film certainly holds our attention, and a few of us may brush away a tear when some awed soldiers salute their action-hero president. But *Air Force One* is utterly square. (Denby; 8/4/97) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights; Kingsway.*

The Assignment—Aidan Quinn is a naval officer who finds he is a dead ringer for an elusive international terrorist—and then becomes the bait to catch him. With Donald Sutherland and Ben Kingsley. Directed by Christian Duguay. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

Bandwagon—The semi-humorous story of a Chapel Hill garage band taking to the road to try and make it big. With Kevin Corrigan and Doug MacMillan of the Connells. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Sutton.*

The Birth of Love—Two Frenchmen experience restless midlife crises concurrently, but differently, against the backdrop of the Gulf War. Directed by Philippe Garrel. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Anthology Film Archives.*

★**Career Girls**—Katrin Cartlidge is Hannah, a student in London looking for a roommate, and when tiny Annie (Lynda Steadman) appears, Hannah both accepts her and makes fun of her. In temperament and appearance, Hannah and Annie are very different women, but they share a sense of humor and a friendship is struck for life. When the movie opens, they are 30 and well established professionally yet unsettled in their personal lives. Working in the business world, the women have learned to smooth out the rougher edges and hide their discontent. But if we see the ways they have changed, we also see the ways they haven't—and can't. It's part of director Mike Leigh's complexity of mind that he makes us see that they've been hurt without reducing the hopes that we have for them in the future. (Denby; 8/11/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Regency; Brooklyn Heights.*

Ground Rules:

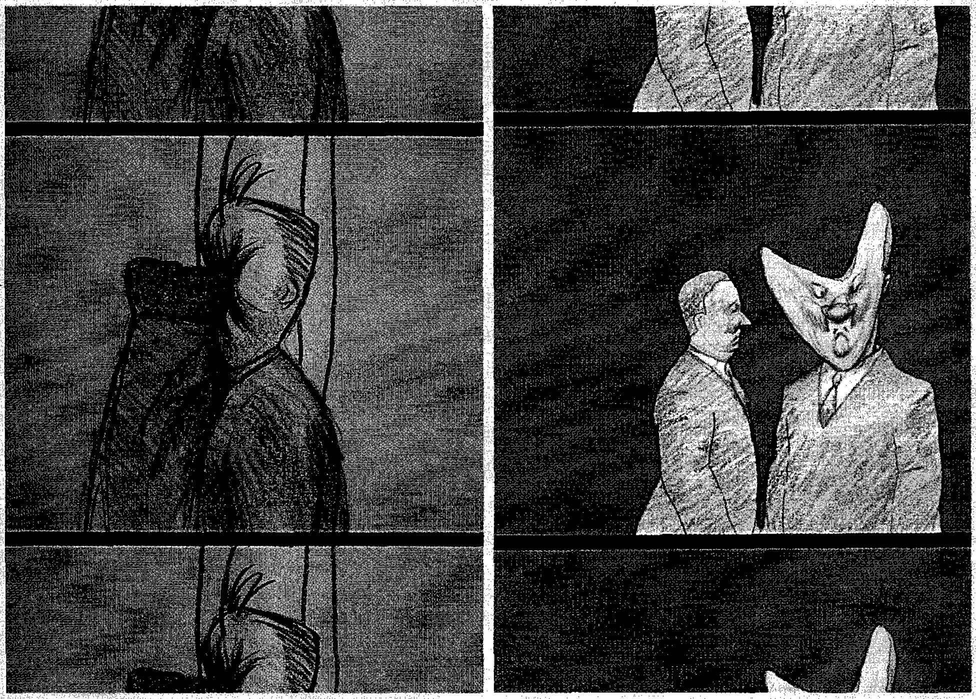
These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Conspiracy Theory—In the first half of *Conspiracy Theory*, Mel Gibson, playing a thoroughly fortified paranoid—he keeps his tapioca and his coffee beans sealed with a combination lock—races through nut-brain fantasies with a stumbling panache. Gibson, who can be truculent and boring in standard heroic roles, is at his loose-limbed and loose-tongued best. His New York taxi driver is physically hyperactive yet flummoxed. (At one point he barrels down a staircase strapped in a wheelchair.) The guy's head has been messed with, yet he still has the memory of sanity, so he mixes real events with dreams, horrifying memories with sheer fantasy. As long as writer Brian Helgeland and director Richard Donner are teasing us, the movie is hip and entertaining. But when the film becomes soulful, romantic, and violent, we could be watching a great many other thrillers. (Denby; 8/25/97) (2 hr. 15 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights.*

Cop Land—This New York–area movie written and directed by the young filmmaker James Mangold and starring Sylvester Stallone, Harvey Keitel, Robert De Niro, and Ray Liotta, suffers from an unusual fault. *Cop Land* is actually too complicated. The cops in question, all from the same New York City precinct and led by Harvey Keitel's baleful Ray Donlan, have grown disgusted with the violence and mess of the city. At night, they cross the George Washington Bridge to Jersey, where they live with their families in a tiny paradise—"Garrison." A young cop named Babitch (Michael Rapaport) gets into trouble on the bridge, killing two black teenagers after a misunderstanding; his older police friends instantly arrange his disappearance and then hide him in Garrison. The cops are so brazen that they allow Babitch to expose himself to the gaze of Garrison's sheriff, Freddy Heflin

Opening
Playing That Toon

This time, animation favorite and MTV legend Bill Plympton draws himself. *Mondo Plympton,* his color-penciled life story, includes Q&A sessions with a cartoon audience, every last one of his famous shorts, and the requisite barbs aimed at big bad Disney. Opens Wednesday at Cinema Village.



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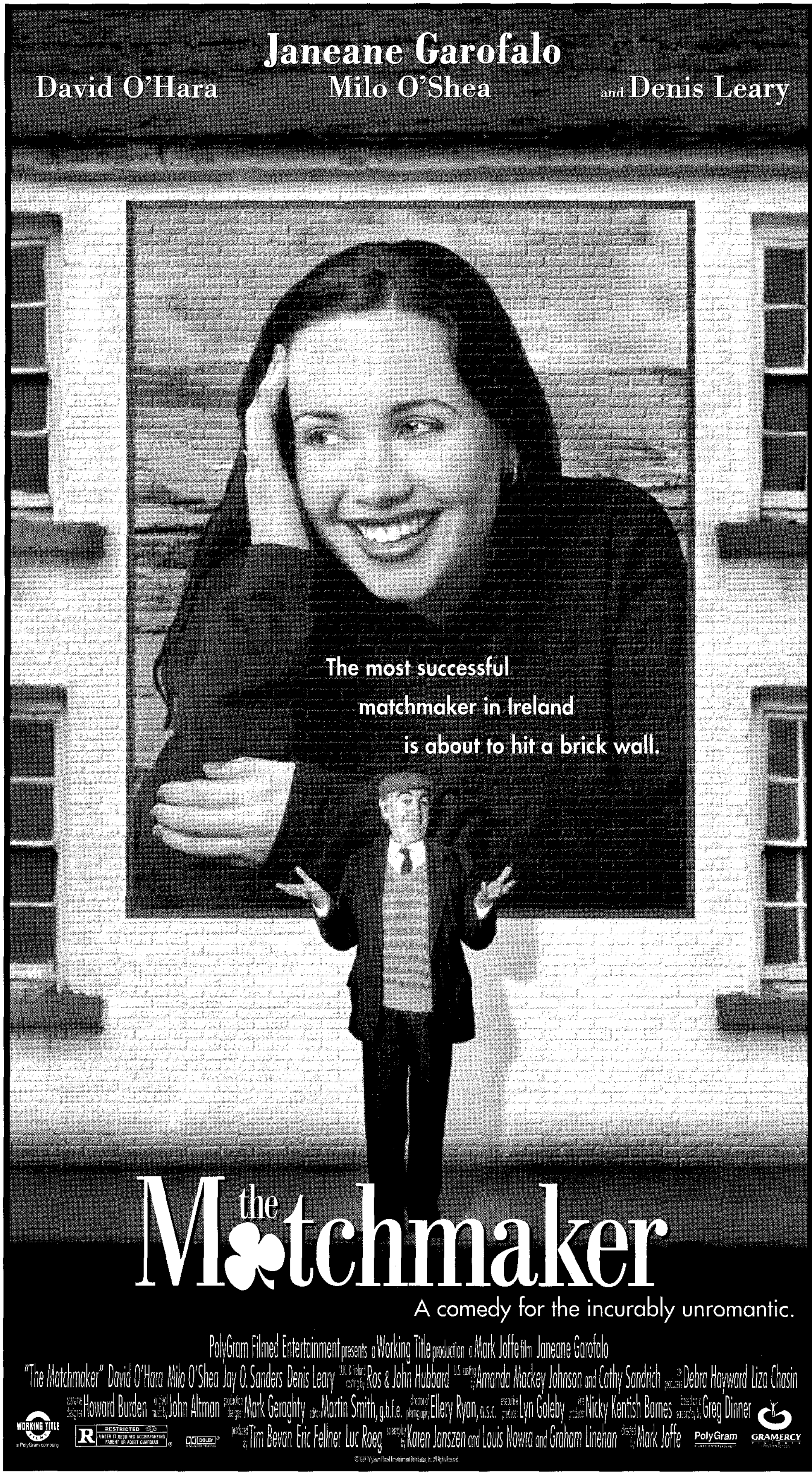

Janeane Garofalo

David O'Hara Milo O'Shea and Denis Leary

The most successful matchmaker in Ireland is about to hit a brick wall.

the Matchmaker

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Revival

Bleak Houses

Cult favorite and 1995 César winner 'La Haine' ('Hate'), the story of three young men (Vincent Cassel, Saïd Taghmaoui, and Hubert Kounde, above) fighting police brutality in the projects of suburban Paris, gets a second run at Anthology Film Archives beginning Friday. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

(Sylvester Stallone)—Freddy the nice guy who can't get on the New York force. Robert De Niro shows up as a former cop buddy of Keitel's who has gone over to Internal Affairs. Janeane Garofalo, of all people, is part of Freddy's police force in Garrison. Ray Liotta is a cop who is part of Keitel's group but feels betrayed and shut out. Liotta, always an intense actor, makes the most of his scenes, but he can't fight his way into the center of the movie. That place, I'm afraid, is left to Stallone. The performance goes nowhere for a long time and then lurches forward into rage. Freddy redeems himself, and, all of a sudden, Mangold abandons his idiosyncratic setting and theme and turns his hero into the lone sheriff in an old Western. The picture comes to a climax in a slow-mo shootout that is one of the saddest admissions of defeat in years. (Denby; 8/25/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Coronet; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; Olympia Theatre.*

Delinquent—A troubled 15-year-old boy runs away and sets up home alone in an empty summer house, ultimately crossing paths with the teenage daughter of the home's owner. By first-time director Peter Hall. (1 hr. 24 mins.; NR) *Embassy 2–4.*

Different for Girls—Two British school buddies meet again after fifteen years, only now one of them is female and their friendship becomes a love story. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Dirty Dancing—The 1987 film starring Patrick Swayze and Jennifer Grey returns with new digital sound. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

The Disappearance of Garcia Lorca—Andy Garcia plays the famous Spanish writer, whose unsolved 1936 murder during Franco's reign is Esai Morales's obsession—sixteen years later. (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Village East; 84th Street; Lincoln Square.*

The End of Violence—Bill Pullman, Andie MacDowell, and Gabriel Byrne star in Wim Wenders's latest sweeping story about the meaning of violence, both in reality and in images. (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Event Horizon—Sam Neill and Laurence Fishburne attempt to salvage a spaceship that has been missing for seven years. With Kathleen Quinlan and Joely Richardson. Directed by Paul Anderson. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *National Theatre.*

Excess Baggage—Alicia Silverstone stars as a teenager who tries to get Daddy's attention by pretending to be kidnapped—and then finds she's on the lam for real. With Benicio Del Toro and Christopher Walken. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Gemini.*

★**Face/Off**—In this surprisingly daring and extremely odd John Woo action thriller, John Travolta is an agonized FBI agent and family man, and Nicolas Cage is the terrorist and assassin Travolta is obsessed with catching. The movie is exciting, unstable, flimsy, and profound at the same time, a gimmick that hurts. (Denby; 7/14/97) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Fire—The story of the love that develops between two sisters-in-law tired of duty and devotion in their middle-class New Delhi household. Directed by Deepa Mehta. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Fire Down Below—Steven Seagal plays an EPA agent who lights out to Appalachia to avenge his co-worker's death and expose the dirty dealings of a local tycoon, played by Kris Kristofferson. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova.*

The Full Monty—Robert Carlyle stars as Gaz, an out-of-work steelworker in Sheffield, England, who rounds up his unemployed friends and convinces them to put together a male strip troupe. Directed by Peter Cattaneo. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Coronet; UA East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas.*

G.I. Jane—Demi Moore plays Lieutenant Jordan O'Neil, an ambitious woman who undergoes the most grueling military training in the world: She attempts to become a Navy SEAL. After the first day, Jordan complains to the Master Chief (Viggo Mortensen)—a dominating drill-instructor type—that she's getting preferential treatment. Her training, it seems, isn't tough enough: She wants it tougher. A myth is born: G.I. Jane. Mortensen quotes D. H. Lawrence and introduces Jordan into the cult of pain. Is enduring torture really part of the training for the SEALS, and if so, is it necessary? In any case, you can see where Demi Moore's ambitions have landed us. In the real world, women in the military are fighting against hazing and sexual abuse. But Demi Moore, who has to get into everyone's face in order to exist as an actress, tells us that women haven't been hazed enough. Movie-star megalomania and incomprehension have rarely gone much further than this. (Denby; 9/1/97) (2 hrs.; R) *Village East; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street East; 84th Street; New Coliseum.*

The Game—*The Game*, directed by David Fincher (*Seven*), has the look and feel of postindustrial paranoia. Michael Douglas's San Francisco tycoon, Nicholas Van Orton, lives in a world of steel-gray corporate corridors; he drives a black BMW down darkened streets and resides in a vast mansion with innumerable empty rooms. Douglas plays this proud, cold, American with freezing corporate curtness and an expression of haughty distaste. Then Nicholas's scapegrace kid brother (Sean Penn) pays for Nicholas's membership in some kind of outrageous recreational club, and from that moment on, odd things begin happening. The action is not always convincing at any level of reality. Nevertheless, we're held by the picture. The awful thing is that after the enormous buildup of mystery, the explanation, when it comes, explains nothing and means nothing. In the end, it is the audience, not Nicholas, who is cheated by *The Game*. For all its skill, the picture turns out to be solemnly self-important about its own inconsequence. (Denby; 9/22/97) (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas.*

George of the Jungle—Brendan Fraser stars as the titular hero, who finds himself in trouble when he falls in love with a city girl. Directed by Sam Weisman. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG) *Embassy 2–4; Kingsway; Centre Sunnyside.*

Going All the Way—Two young men return to Indianapolis after serving in the Korean War and develop a bond as they adjust to adulthood. Based on the novel by Dan Wakefield; starring Jeremy Davies, Ben Affleck, Jill Clayburgh, and Lesley Ann Warren. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *19th Street East.*

Guantanamera—A Cuban comedic social commentary about a former university teacher who takes a cross-island trip and finds her true self. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

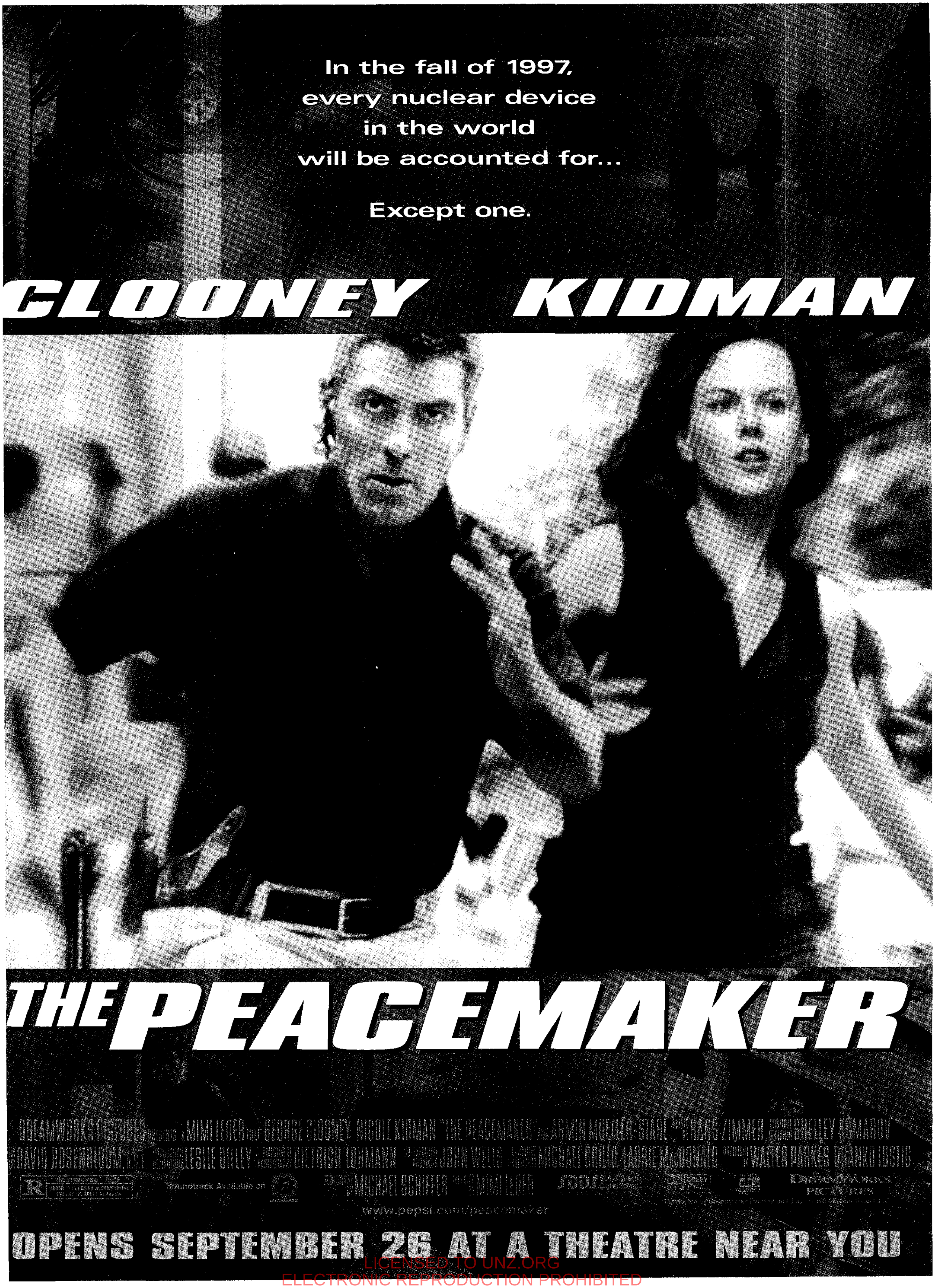
★**Hercules**—The animated *Hercules* takes off right at the beginning, when the muses painted on some shapely Greek vase come to life and metamorphose into five gospel singers with interesting hair. Decorative figures on plates and pots come to life, friezes unfreeze and dance. The whole movie dances. (Denby; 7/7/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; G) *Embassy 2–4; Kingsway.*

Hoodlum—Laurence Fishburne plays a numbers-racket king in thirties Harlem who triggers a gang war when he allies himself with Lucky Luciano. Also starring Tim Roth, Andy Garcia, Vanessa Williams, and Cicely Tyson. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Plaza Twin; Axis Co. Independent Film Series.*

The Ice Storm—The swinging seventies hit a group of married couples (and their children) especially hard in New Canaan, Connecticut. Based on the novel by Rick Moody. Starring Kevin Kline, Sigourney Weaver, Joan Allen, Henry Czerny, Christina Ricci, and Elijah Wood; directed by Ang Lee. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Opens Saturday.*

★**In & Out**—In his Oscar acceptance speech, Matt Dillon casually "outs" his high-school English teacher—Mr. Brackett. A bachelor, perhaps 40, Howard Brackett (Kevin Kline) is about to be married to another teacher (Joan Cusack). When the citizens of Greenleaf, Indiana, glued to their sets, hear about his alleged homosexuality, they freeze (literally: no one moves). Brackett denies being gay, but a pack of reporters descends on the sleepy burg, led by a persistent tabloid-TV personality (Tom Selleck) who really is gay. In the idyllic countryside, the two men run into each other, and Selleck grabs Kline and kisses him on the mouth for what seems like an eternity. Bazoingas! The teacher is knocked silly, like Buster Keaton clobbered by a brick. So is he or isn't he? Kevin Kline's lightweight, I-can-do-anything style, which has held him back as a movie star, works for this cipher. Selleck has finally found his way in movies, too. Joan Cusack, in an

Photograph courtesy of Gramercy Pictures.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in the world
will be accounted for...
Except one.
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enormous wedding dress, also triumphs. The laughs arrive in volleys, though many of them are cheaply earned. Still, there's that kiss between Selleck and Kline. People looking for boldness will seize on that kiss. The rest of us will have to live with it in every Oscar-night collage of Hollywood's most romantic moments. (Denby; 9/22/97) (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea West; 72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas.*

In the Company of Men—Chad (Aaron Eckhart) and Howard (Matt Malloy) are flying to a six-week assignment in a branch office of their company. It's a lousy assignment, and they complain sourly about work and about the women back home—girlfriends—who have done them dirt. In the airport, Chad proposes, and Howard agrees, that they should claim some revenge. During their six weeks in purgatory, they will take turns attracting a defenseless woman and then dumping her. The two men take turns flirting with the perfect victim—a secretary, Christine (Stacy Edwards), who is a lovely person, with a beautiful figure and dark hair and eyes. She is also stone-deaf, and Chad makes fun of her slightly hooty voice while tenderly seducing her; Howard, meanwhile, actually falls in love. Eckhart has a laughing charm, but Malloy, as crawling-on-his-belly Howard, is really too sad to bear watching. The movie is a repellent experience—a schematic, coldly cynical work that pretends to expose coldness and cynicism. It's the season's conversation piece, no doubt, but far from a work of art. (Denby; 8/18/97) (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Intimate Relations—A black comedy about a 1950's British family, their lodger, and his affair with the lady of the house. Based on a true story. Starring Julie Walters and Rupert Graves. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Kicked in the Head—The loopy story of Redmond (Kevin Corrigan), an unemployed guy searching for the truth. With Michael Rapaport, James Woods, Lili Taylor, and Linda Fiorentino. Directed by Matthew Harrison. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

Kiss Me, Guido—A 24-year-old aspiring actor from the Bronx discovers that his new roommate is gay. Written and directed by Tony Vitale. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 59th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

L. A. Confidential—See Denby, pg. 50. (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Pavilion Theatre.*

Latin Boys Go to Hell—A Mexican photo-assistant in Brooklyn is pulled out of his lingering postadolescence into the drama of adulthood when his worldly cousin comes to visit. (1 hr. 30 mins; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Lay of the Land—College professors Sally Kellerman and Ed Begley Jr. examine what's left of their long marriage after both have engaged in affairs. With Tyne Daly. Directed by Stuart Margolin. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

Love Always—A girl gets a marriage proposal from an old boyfriend and has to choose between love and adventure. With Moon Zappa, Marisa Ryan. Directed by Jude Pauline Eberhard. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

Love Serenade—Australian writer-director Shirley Barrett's first feature film is a black comedy about two sisters smitten with the local D.J. and the lengths they'll go to to catch him. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Screening Room.*

★**Men in Black**—In this inventive and sometimes hilarious spectacle, Tommy Lee Jones plays a government agent devoted to monitoring aliens in the United States who recruits Will Smith from the NYPD as a new agent. By the middle of the picture, Smith, doing his street-smart thing, has pulled even with Jones. Arching his elegant eyebrows (they play off the Dumbo ears; Smith's face is a visual joke in itself), Smith gets to engage in sexy badinage with Linda Fiorentino's mortician, who has a thing for dead bodies with strangely alien insides. *Men in Black* is a successful absurdist fiction. (Denby; 7/7/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin.*

Mimic—Mira Sorvino is the "bug lady"—an entomologist who once genetically engineered a special cockroach in order to fight some other, disease-carrying roaches. Unfortunately, Sorvino's creatures have now evolved, very rapidly, into predators. At full height, the bugs stand in caped and courtly black, their claws brought together in what appears to be the two halves of a human face. They are, you see, mimicking their most serious predators—us. Hence the movie's title. *Mimic* gets the job done, I suppose, yet despite the A-level cast and technical crew (Rob Bottin did the crawlers), there isn't a touch of poetry, and as far as this bug-hater is concerned, a horror film without beauty is like a horse race without Thoroughbreds. (Denby; 9/1/97) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village East; National Theatre; 86th Street East; 84th Street; Lincoln Square.*

Money Talks—Comedian Chris Tucker plays a con artist whose fate is in the hands of a TV newscaster (Charlie Sheen). Co-starring Heather Locklear and Paul Sorvino. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

Mouth to Mouth (Boca a Boca)—A Spanish comedy about a struggling actor whose extraordinary talent as a phone-sex operator leads him into a passionate—and chaotic—affair with an alluring caller. Directed by Manuel Gómez Pereira. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *62nd and Broadway.*

★**Mrs. Brown**—Director John Madden (who also adapted *Ethan Frome* for the movies) successfully captures the immense weight of the imperial state as it awkwardly follows in the wake of Victoria's sorrow. At his wit's end, the queen's secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby (the baleful Geoffrey Palmer), hits on the idea of calling back into royal service Prince Albert's groom, John Brown (Billy Connolly), a Highlands Scot whom the prince had been fond of. Brown shows up and tells the queen, to the court's shocked dismay, that she looks awful. She suffers Brown's impertinence, and they become friends, at which point the London scandal sheets begin referring to her as "Mrs. Brown." *Mrs. Brown*, with its misty highlands and severely luxurious royal rooms, is very handsome, but the dim light of rectitude rules the court, and I was highly grateful for the presence of Antony Sher, who plays Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli. Sher's Disraeli is a dandy delight and the only one shrewd enough to know that Brown, Victoria's half-mad imaginary lover, is the man to bring Victoria back into the public's eye, which is finally the only place she belongs. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *Waverly; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave..*

My Best Friend's Wedding—Julia Roberts plays a New York restaurant critic, Julianne—or Jules as everyone calls her—who is stunned when her old lover, Michael (Dermot Mulroney) tells her that in a few days he is going to marry a rich young woman (Cameron Diaz). Determined to break up the wedding, Jules rushes to Chicago and for four days, she plays one low, stupid trick after another. Rupert Everett makes a triumphant appearance as Jules's gay editor, George, who understands her better than she understands herself. At a certain point, the filmmakers throw up their hands and let Rupert Everett take over the movie. We're not entirely ungrateful. Everett, at least, knows what he's doing. Directed by P. J. Hogan. (Denby; 7/21/97) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Lincoln Square; Centre Sunnyside.*

The Myth of Fingerprints—A New England family comes together but doesn't connect during the Thanksgiving holiday. Starring Noah Wyle, Julianne Moore, Blythe Danner, Roy Scheider, and Hope Davis. Written and directed by Bart Freundlich. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

100 Proof—Two Kentucky women go on a daylong druggin'-and-drinkin' spree that ends in murder(s). Written and directed by first-timer Jeremy Horton. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Peacemaker—See Denby, pg. 50. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

★**Picture Perfect**—In this contemporary screwball comedy, directed by Glenn Gordon Caron, Jennifer Aniston hits the right notes of sexual candor and straightforward ambition. She's intensely likable, and the movie succeeds as romantic comedy, which is not something one can say about a certain recent monster hit that ended with the heroine in the arms of a homosexual. With Jay Mohr (from *Jerry Maguire*) and Kevin Bacon. (Denby; 8/18/97) (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) *Lincoln Square.*

The Pillow Book—Peter Greenaway's erotic fable about a young Japanese woman with a wonderfully bizarre penchant for calligraphy. Starring Vivian Wu and Ewan McGregor. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; NR) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

A Self-Made Hero—In this well-told story, a young Frenchman—having reached the last days of WWII without actually fighting—inserts himself into the resistance movement and becomes a powerful phony war hero. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Shall We Dance?**—In the gravely charming *Shall We Dance?* we learn that ballroom dancing is a secret passion in Japan. The hero, Shohei Suhiyama (Koji Yakusho), a fortyish accountant, with a wife and daughter tucked away in a suburban house, sneaks off to a dancing school as if indulging a hidden vice. There he meets the other guilty men, all of whom, overcoming hideous shyness, stumble through beginner's agonies in the waltz, tango, and rumba. At times, the movie (written and directed by Masayuki Suo) comes close to embarrassment:

Opening
Table of Malcontents

After a family's wise old matriarch falls ill in the palatably sweet *Soul Food*, her daughters (played by Vanessa Williams, Nia Long, and Vivica Fox, right) lose their bearings and start feuding over—what else?—men and money. Opens Friday.

Photograph by Chuck Hodes/20th Century Fox.

Photograph by Joe Lederer/20th Century Fox.

Opening
Into the Wild

In 'The Edge,' Anthony Hopkins (playing a resourceful billionaire) and Alec Baldwin (as a coolly menacing fashion photographer) bat about David Mamet's smart dialogue while fighting a Kodiak bear—and each other—after their plane crashes in the Alaskan wilderness. Opens Friday.

For us, all this exquisite Japanese tact seems so nuttily beside the point. Yet it's hard not to be touched when the men speak of their pleasure in movement, and when Shohei, though not a natural, dons a beautiful tux and achieves a proud competency in a ballroom competition. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

She's So Lovely—Sean Penn and Robin Wright Penn play heavy-drinking lovebirds in this John Cassavetes story directed by his son, Nick. With John Travolta. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; Lincoln Square.*

A Thousand Acres—Jason Robards is the family patriarch who distributes his farm among three daughters (played by Jessica Lange, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Jennifer Jason Leigh), dividing his family in the process. Also starring Colin Firth and Keith Carradine. Based on the book by Jane Smiley; directed by Jocelyn Moorhouse. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street; Pavilion Theatre.*

The Toilers and the Wayfarers—The coming-of-age story of two young boys growing up gay in small-town Minnesota. In black and white. Directed by Keith Froelich. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Wishmaster—When a genie is awakened from his thousand-year sleep, horror ensues. Directed by Robert Kurtzman; presented by Wes Craven. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Career Girls; The Full Monty; In the Company of Men; Intimate Relations; The Myth of Fingerprints; Shall We Dance?.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *History of Salsa; Kiss Me, Guido.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Riding the Rails; The Toilers and the Wayfarers.* 9/24: *Mondo Plympton.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) Opening 9/24: *100 Proof; My Mother's Courage.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *A Life Apart; Fire; Latin Boys Go to Hell; A Self-Made Hero; The Long Way Home.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Love Serenade.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Different for Girls; The Disappearance of Garcia Lorca; The End of Violence; G.I. Jane; Mimic; She's So Lovely; The Game; A Thousand Acres.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Cop Land; In & Out; L.A. Confidential; Money Talks; Wishmaster.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Hoodlum; Mrs. Brown.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *The Full Monty; Going All the Way; Hoodlum; The Game; A Thousand Acres.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *In & Out; Money Talks.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Cop Land; Different for Girls; Fire Down Below; L. A. Confidential; She's So Lovely; Wishmaster.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *In & Out.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *L. A. Confidential; The Game.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Kiss Me, Guido.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Game.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Different for Girls; Mrs. Brown.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Mrs. Brown; She's So Lovely; A Thousand Acres.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Cop Land; The Full Monty.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Fire Down Below; Men in Black; Money Talks; Wishmaster.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *G.I. Jane.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Career Girls.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *She's So Lovely.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Delinquent; G.I. Jane; George of the Jungle; Hercules; History of Salsa.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *A Thousand Acres.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Conspiracy Theory; Men in Black.*

National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Event Horizon; Mimic.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Lawrence of Arabia.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Hoodlum; In & Out; L. A. Confidential.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Bandwagon; Money Talks.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Austin Powers; Batman & Robin; Chasing Amy; Dirty Dancing; Face/Off; The Pillow Book.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Cop Land.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *In & Out.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Cop Land; A Thousand Acres.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *G.I. Jane; Mimic.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) .

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *The End of Violence; Hoodlum; The Myth of Fingerprints; The Game; Wishmaster.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Air Force One; Excess Baggage; Fire Down Below; Ponette.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *L.A. Confidential.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Air Force One; Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; Money Talks; The Game; Wishmaster.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Full Monty.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Mouth to Mouth (Boca a Boca).*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *The Disappearance of Garcia Lorca; G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; Mimic; Money Talks; Wishmaster.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Full Monty; Guantanamera; In the Company of Men; A Self-Made Hero; Shall We Dance?.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; The Disappearance of Garcia Lorca; The End of Violence; Fire Down Below; Kiss Me, Guido; Mimic; My Best Friend's Wedding; The Myth of Fingerprints; Picture Perfect; She's So Lovely; The Game.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Hoodlum; The Game.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; Wishmaster.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Fire Down Below; Money Talks; Wishmaster.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Cop Land; In & Out.*
Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Career Girls.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Air Force One; Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; Men in Black; Mimic; Money Talks; The Game; Wishmaster.*
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Fire Down Below; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Hoodlum; In & Out; Mimic; Money Talks; Spawn; The Game; Wishmaster.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Cop Land; Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Hercules; Hoodlum; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; Mimic; Money Talks; Spawn; The Game; Wishmaster.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Air Force One; The Full Monty; In & Out; The Game; A Thousand Acres.*
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Air Force One; Career Girls; Conspiracy Theory.*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Fire Down Below; The Game; Wishmaster.*
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *The Full Monty; L. A. Confidential; The Game; A Thousand Acres.*
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; L. A. Confidential; Mimic; Money Talks; Wishmaster.*
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; Money Talks; Wishmaster.*
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *In & Out; The Game; Wishmaster.*
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Hoodlum; L. A. Confidential; Men in Black; Money Talks; Wishmaster.*
Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Air Force One; George of the Jungle; Hercules; In & Out; The Game.*
Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Cop Land; The Game; A Thousand Acres; Wishmaster.*
Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *The Full Monty; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; The Game; A Thousand Acres.*
Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Hoodlum; Money Talks.*
Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *History of Salsa; Money Talks; The Game; Wishmaster.*
The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Cop Land; Fire Down Below; The Full Monty; G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; Money Talks; The Game; Wishmaster.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Air Force One; Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; Money Talks; The Game; Wishmaster.*
Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; L. A. Confidential; She's So Lovely; The Game; A Thousand Acres.*
Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *George of the Jungle; My Best Friend's Wedding; The Game; Wishmaster.*
Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Conspiracy Theory; G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; Money Talks; Wishmaster.*
Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Air Force One; The Full Monty; She's So Lovely; A Thousand Acres.*
Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Conspiracy Theory; Mimic; The Game.*
Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; Wishmaster.*
Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Air Force One; George of the Jungle; Hercules; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; Mimic; Money Talks; The Game.*
Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; Money Talks; Wishmaster.*
Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Cop Land; L. A. Confidential.*
Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Air Force One; The Full Monty; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; The Game; A Thousand Acres.*
Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Fire Down Below; The Game; Wishmaster.*
Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *The Full Monty; In & Out; The Game; Wishmaster.*
Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Air Force One; Hoodlum; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; The Game; A Thousand Acres; Wishmaster.*
North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *A Life Apart; Conspiracy Theory.*
Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *History of Salsa; Wishmaster.*
Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Cop Land; Fire Down Below; Money Talks; The Game; Wishmaster.*
The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Air Force One; The Full Monty; In & Out.*
Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *In & Out.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Air Bud; Air Force One; Fire Down Below; George of the Jungle; Hercules; In &*

Festival
Take a Seat

For some folks, elbowing into the very popular New York Film Festival (September 26 through October 12, at Lincoln Center) may seem more trouble than it's worth. Tickets to the most-hyped films are generally gone by Labor Day, and many of those movies are opening soon anyway—*Boogie Nights* (at the festival October 8 and 10), the seventies porn story with Mark Wahlberg, Julianne Moore, and Burt Reynolds, hits screens in New York on October 12; festival kickoff *The Ice Storm* (September 26) opens citywide *the very next day.* Some selections, though, won't find their way to a theater for a while and, despite early critical acclaim, still had seats available at press time. Usually a big draw, French-language films are some of the easier tickets this year. Among them: *Ma Vie en Rose* (October 3 and 5), the tale of a little boy who thinks he's a girl, by first-time Belgian director Alain Berliner; *La Vie de Jesus* (pictured, October 8 and 11), which follows a 20-year-old epileptic who cruises the French countryside on a moped; and *Post-Coitum, Animal Triste* (September 27–28), the bittersweet saga of an adulterous wife whose young lover has moved on. Two special events—the restored D. W. Griffith classic *Orphans of the Storm* (September 29) and the premiere of the documentary *Marcello Mastroianni, I Remember, Yes I Remember* (October 12)—also have seats available. If you're determined to see one of the sold-out pics, a standby line, for tickets unclaimed by Film Society members, forms at the Alice Tully Hall box office before each screening. If that doesn't do it, there are always those cineasts known as scalpers. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for this week's schedule.)

Photograph courtesy of The Film Society of Lincoln Center.

Out; The Game; A Thousand Acres; Wishmaster.

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *In & Out; Mimic; Money Talks; The Game; Wishmaster.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Air Force One; Excess Baggage; Fire Down Below; The Full Monty; Hoodlum; In & Out; L.A. Confidential; Money Talks; The Game; A Thousand Acres; Wishmaster.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Jim Jarmusch: A Sad and Beautiful World." 9/27: *Mystery Train* (1989), *It's All Right With Me* (1990), and *The Lusty Men* (1952). 9/28: *Night on Earth* (1992), *Performance* (1970), and *Pull My Daisy* (1959). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $8; ages 5–18, $4.

Anthology Film Archives—9/24–9/25: *Capitaine Conan* (1996). 9/24–10/2: *The Birth of Love* (1993). 9/26–10/2: *La Haine* (1994). 9/24–10/7: *My New Partner at the Races* (1989). "Essential Cinema: Alexandr Dovzhenko." 9/26: *Aerograd* (1935). "Essential Cinema: Joseph Cornell." 9/27–9/28: Short films. "Reviewing the Sixties." 9/26–9/28: *Babo 73* (1964) and *The Virgin President* (1968). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Crossing Borders: From Algerian to Buer Cinema." 9/27: *Douce France* (1995). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Casa La Femme—9/28: *The Thin Man* (1934). 150 Wooster St. (505-0005).

Different Light—9/28: *Johnny Guitar* (1954). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—*Repulsion* (1965) and *Sunday* (1997). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"New York Film Festival Reprise." 9/17–9/26: *My Sex Life…or How I Got Into an Argument* (1996). "Fantastic Journeys of Wojciech Has." 9/27: *How to Be Loved* (1963), *The Hour-Glass Sanatorium* (1973), and *Codes* (1966). 9/28: *The Doll* (1969). 9/28–9/30: *The Noose* (1958) and *Farewells* (1958). Call 875-5600 for info; $8. "New York Film Festival." 9/26: *The Ice Storm.* 9/27: *The Saragossa Manuscript* and *Mother and Son.* 9/27–9/28: *Post-Coitum, Animal Triste* and *Love and Death on Long Island.* 9/28: *Taste of Cherry* and *The House is Black.* 9/28–9/29: *Hana-Bi.* 9/29: *From Today Until Tomorrow* and *Orphans of the Storm.* 9/30: *Fast, Cheap & Out of Control* and *Whiplash.* 9/30–10/1: *Martin (Hache).* Call 875-5050 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level; film festival tickets, $12–$30.

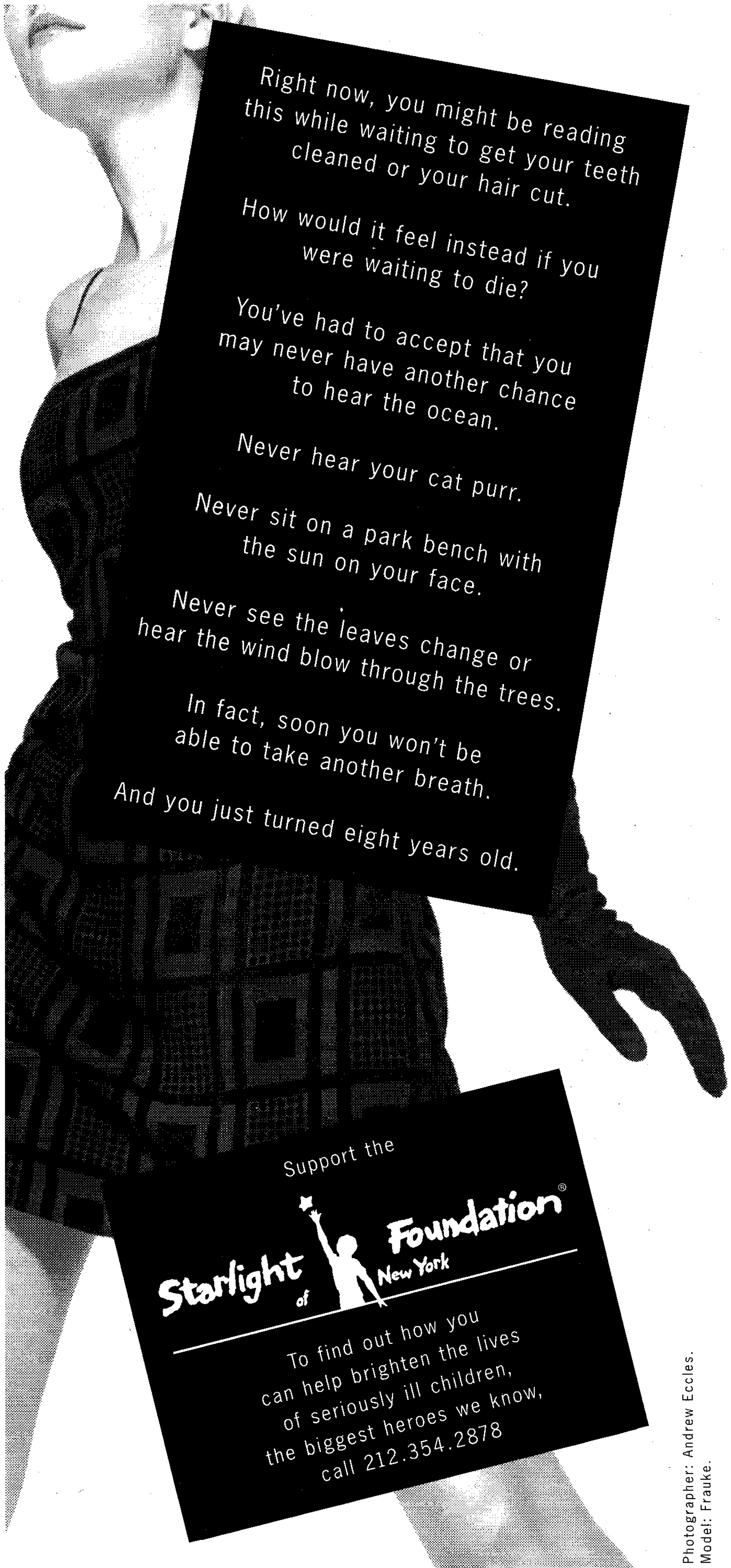
Museum of Modern Art—"Cavalcade: From British Stage to Screen." 9/23: *A Taste of Honey* (1961) and *The Entertainer* (1960). 9/25 and 10/3: *Butley* (1974) and *The Homecoming* (1973). 9/26–9/27: *Entertaining Mr. Sloane* (1969). 9/26 and 9/28: *Cavalcade* (1932). 9/26 and 9/30: *Hobson's Choice* (1953). 9/27: *Loot* (1970) and *The Madness of King George* (1995). 9/28–9/29: *On Approval* (1943) and *One Way Pendulum* (1964). 9/30: *Blithe Spirit* (1945). W. 53rd St. (708-9400); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—"Murder in the Living Room: Hitchcock by Hitchcock—Hidden Hitchcock." 9/25–9/28: *Ship's Reporter* (1950), *Tactic* (1959), and *The Jail* (1962). Also, through September: *The Rat Pack Captured* (1965). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6710); $6.

Screening Room—Midnight showing: *Swingers* (1996) and *Ponette* (1996). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Symphony Space—"Truffaut: The Man Who Loved Film." 9/23: *François Truffaut: Stolen Portraits* (1993) and *The 400 Blows* (1959). 9/30: *Stolen Kisses* (1968) and *Bed and Board* (1970). 2537 Broadway at 96th St. (864-5400); $8; $5 members.

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 9/27–9/28: *My Love Has Been Burning* (1949). 610 Lexington Avenue (735-9717); $5 members; $6 non-members.


Right now, you might be reading this while waiting to get your teeth cleaned or your hair cut.

How would it feel instead if you were waiting to die?

You've had to accept that you may never have another chance to hear the ocean.

Never hear your cat purr.

Never sit on a park bench with the sun on your face.

Never see the leaves change or hear the wind blow through the trees.

In fact, soon you won't be able to take another breath.

And you just turned eight years old.

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theater

Frank McCourt...Broadway Cares

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Sideshow—Combining compassion with prurience, *Dreamgirls* composer Henry Krieger and Bill Russell have molded a musical out of the lives of Daisy and Violet Hilton, the Siamese twins who toured the vaudeville circuit during the thirties and appeared, briefly, in Tod Browning's *Freaks*. Emily Skinner and Alice Ripley star. $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/16 opening. *Richard Rodgers Theater, 226 W. 46th. St. (307-4100).*

Triumph of Love—It's the Broadway musical theater debut for F. Murray Abraham, an eagerly-awaited return for *Sunset* diva Betty Buckley, and an excuse for Susan Egan, the especially belle Belle from *Beauty and the Beast,* to bend gender. The story, adapted from the eighteenth-century romantic comedy by Pierre Marivaux, twists and turns with each costume change. Directed by Michael Mayer (*Baby Anger*), adapted for the stage by James Magruder, music by Jeffrey Stock, and lyrics by Susan Birkenhead (*Jelly's Last Jam*). $45-$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Previews begin 9/23 for a 10/23 opening. *Royale Theater, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

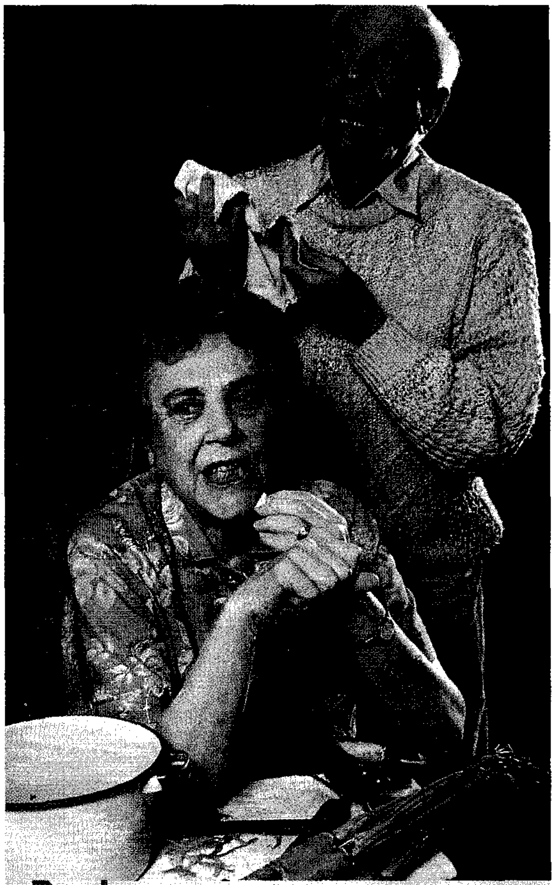
Annie—Nell Carter stars as Miss Hannigan in this twentieth-anniversary production of everyone's favorite orphan musical. $40–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/26/97. *Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Barrymore—William Luce's play gives you a chance to experience Christopher Plummer, the greatest living actor in the English language. It is a quasi monodrama in which the legendary thespian, a month from his rendezvous with death, prepares to put on *Richard III* once more. Sometimes he spars with his unseen, sardonic prompter in the wings (well intoned by Michael Mastro); for the rest, he gloriously indulges himself. (Simon: 4/7/97). $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/25/97. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*



Previews The Homecoming?

In *Mickey's Home,* a Pinter-style drama by Stephen Fife, an elderly Jewish couple receives a visit from a man who claims to be writing a neighborhood history but in fact has more personal matters to settle. Joel Friedman, Sylvia Gassell, and the engaging Ron Bagden—last seen as the sweet, underappreciated host in *My Night With Reg*—star. Performances begin September 25. For tickets ($10) and more information, call Theater for the New City at 254-1109.

Photograph by Jonathan Slaff.

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Marilu Henner and Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring David Alan Grier as Pseudolus. $60–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. Lucy Lawless plays Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—The Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring Kevin Gray, a former phantom from *Phantom,* in the role created by Yul Brynner. Faith Prince stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind,* is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97). $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broad-*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

way Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, recently edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

1776—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it—its blocking and pacing nowhere to be faulted, and here and there a deliciously new detail. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing, but also with three very rich hours of life. Music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (Simon: 8/25/97). $65; kids 17 and younger pay half price. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 11/16. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and Lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Bea's Nest—Three children are forced, with varying degrees of success, to cope with the imminent return of their father, who abandoned the family eighteen years earlier. Written by John DiGiacomo. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 10/5. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-6200).*

Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the recluse's life. $20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, and Sun. at 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

Freak—The mambo energies of John Leguizamo are on thrilling display in this, his newest one-man show about an unholy and misspent adolescence. Horror tales about masturbation, the Fresh Air Fund, and evil grandmothers abound. To wit: "Grams had watched *The Exorcist* and thought it was a documentary." $30–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Atlantic Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

More Stately Mansions—The New York Theatre Workshop (*Rent*) inaugurates the new season with this 1939 Eugene O'Neill play, which the playwright never intended for publication. ("Unfinished work," said the note attached to the drama. "This script to be destroyed in case of my death.") The company is using the version completed by Karl Ragnar Gierow of the Swedish Royal Dramatic Theater. $10–$28. Tues.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 1 and 7. In previews for a 10/7 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Plunge—Christopher Kyle, who specializes in the angst of the postgraduate searching class, comes up with an age-appropriate *Big Chill.* Presented by Playwrights Horizons; directed by Ron Lagomarsino *(The Last Night of Ballyhoo).* $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 9/28 opening at 7. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Skyscraper—A romantic comedy, perched on the rooftop of a historic building slated for demolition. Written by David Auburn; starring John Wylie. $12–$25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 9/28 opening. *Greenwich House Theater, 27 Barrow St. (279-4200).*

The Irish . . . and How They Got That Way!—A modern, irreverent, and lovingly told Gaelic history by Frank McCourt, Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *Angela's Ashes.* $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/2 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Three-for-All—A confection from the founding members of Tricicle, a popular Barcelona troupe that counts Buster Keaton, Charlie Chaplin, and the brothers Marx among its influences. $35–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/13 opening. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100) or (505-0700).*

Tibet Does Not Exist—Don Thompson's dialectical drama, which has earned the support of Richard Gere and a well-meaning flock of celebrity activists, pits three Yale professors against an exiled Tibetan monk in a debate over hemispheric values. Presented by the Theater for Human Rights; directed by Brian Clay Luedloff. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 2. Opened 9/21. Through 10/26. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center at BMCC, 199 Chambers St. (279-4200 or 346-8510).*

About Time—Paulette Attie's tuneful preserve of poetry, American standards, and songs unsung. In addition to piano and bass accompaniment, Attie relies heavily on the tuba—an unfairly maligned instrument, in her view. $35. Wed. at 2, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/12. *Kaufman Theater, 534 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Always . . . Patsy Cline—It's still unclear whether this musical can weather the transplant from Nashville to New York, but it does have its selling points, including a six-piece orchestra, a twenty-song score, and a curious premise: Cline's actual two-year correspondence with an adoring Texas housewife. Off Broadway newcomer Tori Lynn Palazola stars. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened 6/24/97. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

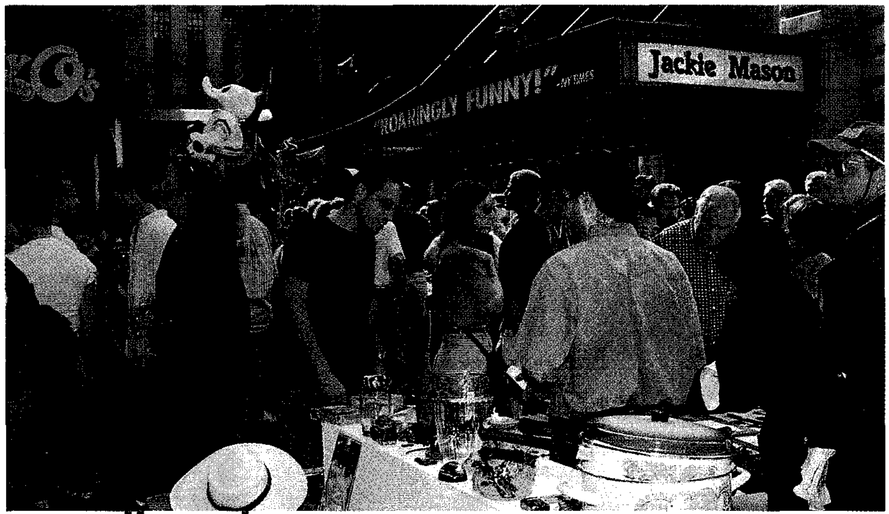
As Bees in Honey Drown—Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane (*To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*); alertly directed by Drama Desk Award winner Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive*). Starring Bo Foxworth and J. Smith-Cameron. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Previews

Tourist Trap

The St. Bart's Players open their 70th season with a revival of 'The Foreigner,' Larry Shue's 1984 farce about an Englishman in rural Georgia who's so shy he pretends not to know his mother tongue. This eventually poses problems, of course—especially when the Ku Klux Klan hatches a plan to convert his vacation spot into its state headquarters. Performances begin September 25. For tickets ($15) and more information, call 378-0219.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.



Happening For Bidding Broadway

Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS, which has raised more than $25 million since its creation in 1987, holds its eleventh annual flea market and grand auction on Saturday, September 27, in Shubert Alley. Up for sale: a 'Planet of the Apes' poster signed by Charlton Heston, Kim Hunter, and Roddy McDowall; autographed cue cards from 'The Rosie O'Donnell Show' and 'Late Show With David Letterman'; and the chance to play a prostitute in the Act One finale of 'The Life.' Hours are 10 A.M. to 7:30 P.M.; auction begins at 4:30. For more information, call 840-0770.

Atwater: Fixin' to Die—The late Lee Atwater, a political strategist with an affection for Bo Diddley and a genius for mud warfare (remember Willie Horton?) died at the tender age of 40 in 1991. But Atwater still made his mark—not only because he played blues guitar at a 1988 inaugural ball but also because his ruthless, nihilistic approach to campaigning transformed dirty politics into an art form. In this one-man show, Bruce McIntosh plays the Southern-fried legend, starting with Atwater's college years—when politics barely mattered to him—and ending with his dying days, when Atwater was riddled with not only cancer but the fear that he may have lived an ignoble life. $20–$25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 10/26. *28th Street Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. (591-0019) or (307-4100).*

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—Sex and other scandalous behavior in an exclusive retirement community. By Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna; starring the aforementioned writers and Nanette Fabray. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 10/12. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Evil Spell of the Butterfly—Cockroaches, beetles, and a swarm of more attractive arthropods make up the world of this Federico García Lorca allegory of pre–Civil War Spain. The Spanish-language production features actors from leading theaters in Spain, Brazil, Colombia, Venezuela, and Puerto Rico; English narration is provided. $20. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 6:30. Through 9/28. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (354-1293).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 7:30, Sun. at 3. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Hard Times—The Pearl Theatre Company brings to life the lost souls of Dickens's Coketown. $18–$30. Tues. at 8, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through Oct. 5. *Pearl Theatre, 80 Saint Marks Place (598-9802).*

Hello and Goodbye—The Athol Fugard play about familial and political tensions is restored to its original length by Rattlestick Productions. $20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Place. (627-2556).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Vogel has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively in Narelle Sisson's rather too schematic set. (Simon: 3/31/97). Now starring Jayne Atkinson and Bruce Davison. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. First opened at the Vineyard Theatre on 3/16/97; reopened on 5/6/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, passed away last June, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

John, His Story—A modern view of the miracles recorded in the Gospel of John. Written by Jeannette Clift George; Directed by Lee Walker. $17.50–$35. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Mere Mortals—David Ives presents six one-acts, ranging from Mamet to mini-golf to mayfly mating rituals. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/29. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Misalliance—This is not one of Shaw's best plays, but even at his second-best, GBS fascinates, entertains, and exercises the intellect, though this last seems to be the least of the concerns of David Warren, the director. Gradually, Shaw's ideas on the education of children crystallize, as do his views on marriage and the family, socialism, worldly success, the joys of literacy, and whatnot—a great deal of whatnot. It may even be that, amid the relaxed guffaws, some of the subversive ideas manage to strike home. (Simon: 8/18/97). Starring Brian Murray, Elizabeth Marvel, and Patricia Conolly. $45. Opened 8/7. Through 10/12. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat at 7:30, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels-Roundabout, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Only You—After a successful revival at the Trilogy Theatre, Timothy Mason's send-up of romantic mores moves to Off Broadway. $30. Tues.–Fri. 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/5. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (307-4100).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about Jewish family life. $25. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

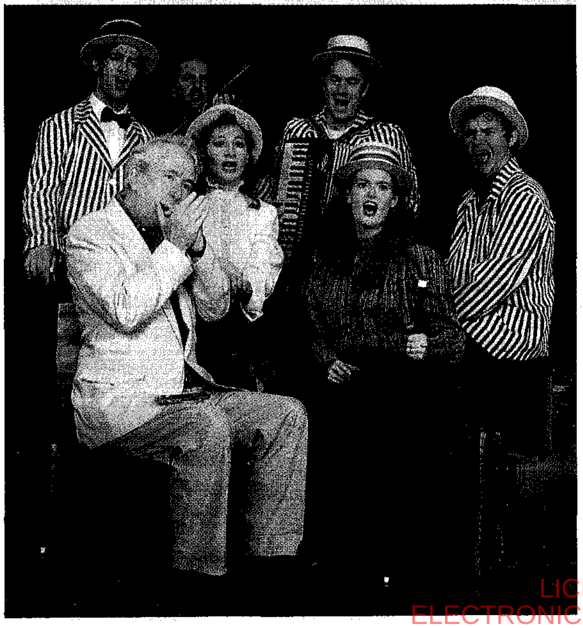
Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Photograph by Joe Marzullo.

Previews

Blessed Among Men

Over the past year, Frank McCourt has grown accustomed to abrupt, soulful outpourings from strangers. *Angela's Ashes,* his memoir of a squalid and impoverished childhood in Limerick, Ireland, seems to have that kind of liberating effect. But even he was a bit stunned, two weeks ago, when a uniformed bureaucrat at Kennedy Airport grabbed him by the hand, bathed him with praise, and told him of his grandparents' death in Nazi concentration camps—all while stamping McCourt's passport. "That was a very big moment for me," says the late-blooming author, now 67. "Normally they look at you as if you've got cocaine between your legs." McCourt, though, is more comic than confessor, as this observation so readily shows, and his bawdy good humor is on cheerful display in *The Irish . . . and How They Got that Way!,* now previewing at the Irish Repertory Theatre. Those who know McCourt as an irrepressible storyteller—just pull the string—will also be surprised: Music and history drive this play, rather than well-drawn characters or plot. (McCourt confesses: *The Irish . . .* is the bastard offspring of a dissertation he never completed at Trinity College.) But his affectionate chronicle of the Gaelic experience, combined with such carefully considered theories as "The English conquered the world to escape their own cooking," amounts to its own tale for a people he believes have little sense of their own beginnings. "There was no paper in Ireland," he says, "and no pens." One day, says McCourt, he'll write a more conventional drama about the pain and strain of marriage, which, one presumes, will be a tad more accessible to the fellow over in passport control. "Are you familiar with Strindberg?" he asks. "This play's going to make Strindberg look like Woody Allen." Until then, McCourt's friend can count his blessings: Usually, at the airport, the author chooses middle-aged Italian men to review his documents and inspect his bags. "They're realistic about the level of sin in this world," he explains. "And if you open up your mouth and use your Irish accent, by God, they'll let you right into Heaven." **JENNIFER SENIOR**



Off-Off Broadway

Adjoining Trances—Red Light District presents a drama about the friendship between Carson McCullers and Tennessee Williams. Written by Randy Buck. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 9/25 for a 9/28 opening. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (388-8062).*

The American Chestnut—A new commentary on domesticity, delivered in typical Karen Finley fashion—she vacuums wearing a backwards wedding dress, harangues against the dysfunction of Pooh Corner, and drizzles a velvet canvas with her breast milk ("I'm a lactating Jackson Pollock!"). $20–$25. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 9/28. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Cab Legs—Elevator Repair Service presents a semi-improvisational comedy combining Colombian dance music, antique furniture and shades of Betty Boop. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Church of Billy—A collapsing church makes a last-ditch effort to reach out to its parishioners. God is optional; online spiritual participation is welcome. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 10/11. *St. Clement's Church, 423 W. 46th St. (245-2708).*

Hedda Gabler—With Nora's final slam of the door still ringing in our ears, this Ibsen revival couldn't have come at a better time. The Jean Cocteau Repertory performs. $12–$29. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 9/26 for a 9/28 opening. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery. (677-0060).*

I Make Me a Promise—A semi-original musical by the children of formerly homeless men and women living with AIDS and HIV. Most of the tunes have been pulled from *Blocks,* a children's musical by late *Rent* composer Jonathan Larson and Hal Hackady. $15. Tues. at 7, Thurs.–Sat. at 7, matinees on Wed. at 11 and Sun. at 3. *McGinn/Cazale Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at W. 76th St. (239-6200).*

Kamchik: The Singing Cowboy and His Invisible Backup Singers—Kamchik, the Israeli version of a Texas cowpoke (and a castaway from MTV's *Oddville*), entertains with an evening of song and confessions. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *Pulse Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (253-1160).*

Miracle Mile—Clark Middleton's one-man show about his struggle with a devastating childhood disease. $12. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 9/28. *Theater Row Theater, 424 W. 42nd. St. (358-5041).*

Tracers—Long before *Platoon, Full Metal Jacket,* and *Born on the Fourth of July,* there was this cannily restrained memory play by John DiFusco and eight Vietnam veterans. The 29th Street Rep now presents a revival, with company member and Vietnam vet Leo Farley directing. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 10/12. *29th Street Rep., 212 W. 29th St. (465-0575).*

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art

Kiki Smith...Peter Halley...Ann Mandelbaum

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Hal Hirshorn—Paintings of imaginary landscapes; through 10/18. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Jedd Novatt—Recent black-and-white collages; through 11/1. Montebello, 9 E. 84th St. (472-1496).

Theodore Roszak—Paintings, drawings, constructions, sculpture, and photographs from the thirties and forties; 9/25–11/15. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Mary Jo Vath—Small-scale paintings of flowers and commonplace objects; through 10/18. Winston Wächter, 111 E. 65th St. (327-2526).

57th Street Area

Marcel Broodthaers/Joseph Bartscherer—A selection of the Belgian artist's enigmatic sculptural objects/Narrow, vertical photographs of the Nevada landscape from a project begun in 1994. Through 11/1. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Cora Cohen—Recent abstract paintings; through 11/1. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Duncan Hannah/Allen Ginsberg—Recent paintings of figures in the process of arrival and departure—in the English country and seaside and in cities such as London and Rome/Photographs by the late poet-photographer, including self-portraits and portraits of his artist and writer friends. Through 10/18. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Tobi Kahn—Recent abstract paintings; through 10/18. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

James McGarrell—Recent multi-panel paintings of Arcadian scenes; through 10/14. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (644-5665).

Tom Otterness/Israel Hershberg—Recent cast-bronze sculptures associated with the artist's public commissions in Portland, Minneapolis, and Roosevelt Island/Portraits and still-life paintings by the Israeli artist. 9/25–10/25. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Rona Pondick—An installation titled *tree head room* that takes everyday objects out of their usual context; through 10/25. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Robert Rauschenberg—"Arcadian Retreats," a series of frescoes from 1996 that depict landscapes, street scenes, figures, animals, and architecture; through 10/18. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Sean Scully—Paintings of vertical stripes on aluminum boxes from the series "Floating Paintings," begun in 1994, and photographs taken during the artist's travels in Mexico, Italy, Scotland, and Morocco, at Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470), through 11/1; recent paintings that depict vertically striated fields and are inset with panels of perpendicular orientation or contrasting color, at Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929), through 10/18.

Bob Thompson/Alfonso Ossorio—A survey of paintings made between 1958 and 1966 that show the artist (1937–1966) moving from his muted figurative compositions of the late fifties to his vividly colored allegorical landscapes of the sixties/A group of assemblages made by the artist in 1962 and 1963 that are known as the "Shingle Figures" and feature shells, bones, shards of mirror, and other found objects mounted on wood shingles. Through 11/8. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Steve Wheeler—Early paintings and works on paper made between 1938 and 1942, by this artist who developed a style that was a synthesis of Cubism, ethnographic art, and European modernism; through 10/25. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

Jack Youngerman—New sculptures of twisted, laminated wood, installed to be walked through or circled like a grove of trees; through 10/25. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Joe Zucker/William Wood—New paintings that continue the artist's fascination with marine imagery as a metaphor for exploration, colonialism, and the destructive potential of nature/New works on paper that depict microcosmic biomorphic imagery. Through 10/18. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2227).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Robert Beck—Recent drawings and Polaroids; through 10/25. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Anna Bialobroda—Paintings that depict close-up portraits of people against a solid colored background; through 11/1. Chanin, 625 Broadway (473-0120).

Michael Ray Charles—New paintings and sculpture; through 10/25. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Paul Feeley—Abstract works on paper in watercolor and pencil by this artist (1910–1966) who showed with Betty Parsons Gallery and was given a retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum in 1968; through 11/1. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Lynne Golub Gelfman—Recent small-scale abstract paintings; through 10/18. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Richard Jackson—Three large-scale kinetic works, two of which generate "paintings," the other "prints"; through 10/18. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Jirí Kolár—Objects and collages from 1960 to 1990 by the Paris-based Czech artist; through 10/18. Sorokko, 430 W. Broadway (941-8888).

Richard Long—New slate circles and wall works; through 11/8. Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (431-3685).

Matt Mahurin—Still lifes and landscapes on paper, board, and metal; through 11/11. Tenri, 575 Broadway (925-8500).

Anders Moseholm—Paintings that derive their imagery from movies and television; through 10/18. API, 470 Broome St. (343-2599).

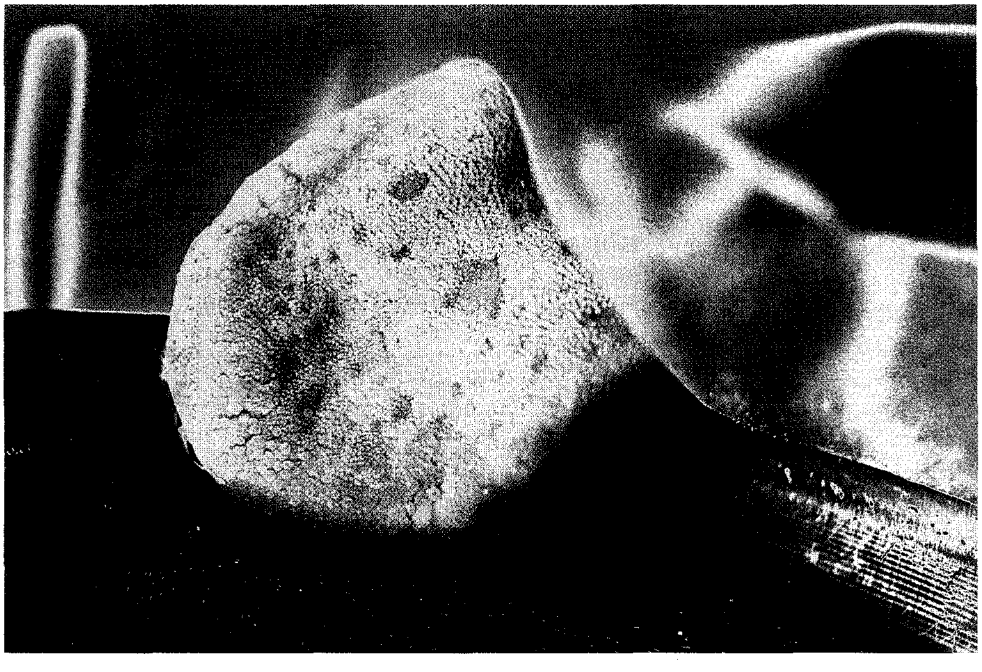
Nam June Paik/William Wegman—A survey of works in all media by both artists; 9/26–11/15. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Alison Saar—Sculpted wood and found-object sculptures that draw on African and Haitian folklore, contemporary African-American cultures, voodoo, and the black female experience; through 10/21. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Geneviève Seillé—Drawings in ink, crayon, and pastel on rough paper in which large built-up panels of writing and numbers are combined with repetitive, often architectural imagery and biomorphic shapes;

Photography
Body Language

Shot close-up and ambiguously composed, the human body parts in Ann Mandelbaum's solarized photographs transcend—or, in this case, extend—their usual context. At Ubu Gallery, 16 East 78th Street; through October 25.



Photograph by Ann Mandelbaum/Ubu Gallery.

Talent **Nature and animals have replaced the human form in Kiki Smith's latest works, which include a glass bird's nest (right), a moon assembled from pieces of painted glass, a video, and drawings. At PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene Street; September 27 through October 25.**

through 11/1. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Lorna Simpson—A recent video installation that depicts the goings-on in a public park in Columbus, Ohio, and alludes to and mimics TV lighting, commercial film, and Hollywood *film noir* traditions; through 10/25. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Kiki Smith—New glass sculptures, videos, and drawings; 9/27–10/25. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Gillian Wearing—*10–16,* a work comprising seven short 16-mm. films that show adult actors lip-synching to a soundtrack taken from interviews the artist recorded with children between the ages of 10 and 16; through 10/25. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Yukinori Yanagi—Large-scale works on paper in which the artist has tracked every movement of an ant with a red crayon, and an installation of a map of the United States assembled from shards of broken glass found by the artist at Alcatraz prison; through 10/29. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Chelsea

Roni Horn—A two-part glass floor piece and a set of seven color photographs that depict the surface of the ocean of the coast of Iceland in varying degrees of magnification; through 11/8. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Betsy Kaufman—Paintings and watercolors that depict stripes, circles, interlocking linear networks, and patchworks of color; through 11/1. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).

Karen Kilimnik—Recent paintings that mix imagery drawn from ballet, fashion, film, art history, and other sources, and a changing installation work; through 10/25. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Tam Ochiai—Small-scale paintings of waifs that incorporate names of famous films, actors, directors, fashion designers, and musicians; photograph and fabric combines; and a video; through 11/1. Team, 527 W. 26th St. (279-9219).

Alan Uglow—Paintings from the artist's "Standard" series begun in 1992, a floor piece, and photographs of soccer stadiums; through 11/1. Baldacci, 521 W. 21st St. (463-0919).

Other

Julio Alpuy—A retrospective of paintings and sculptures by the Uruguayan artist, who developed his style of pictographic constructivism during the forties while working with the Uruguayan master Joaquín Torres-García at his workshop, El Taller Torres-García, and moved to New York in 1961; through 10/16. Baruch College, 17 Lexington Ave. (387-1006).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (744-8181). "Power and Virtue: The Horse in Chinese Art," a survey chronicling the symbolic resonance of the horse in Chinese art, history, and philosophy from the Han (206 B.C.–A.D. 220) to the Qing (1644–1911) dynasties; through 12/13.

57th Street Area

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave., at 51st St. (554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. noon–5. "Furniture of the American South: Masterworks From Colonial Williamsburg," an exhibition of more than 50 works dating from the late seventeenth to the early nineteenth centuries from the museum collections of Colonial Williamsburg; through 10/31.

Helman—20 W. 57th St. (245-2888). "Invited," with works by seven emerging woman artists from New York, Los Angeles, and London; through 10/25.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). "The New Objectivity: Realism in Weimar-Era Germany," with paintings, watercolors, drawings, and prints by Dix, Grosz, Hubbuch, Schad, Wegner, others; through 11/8.

Zabriskie—41 E. 57th St. (752-1223). "The Hansa Gallery (1952–59) Revisited: Works by Jean Follet, Wolf Kahn, Allan Kaprow, Jan Müller, and Richard Stankiewicz," an exhibition of works by several founding members of the Hansa Gallery, one of New York's first 10th Street cooperative galleries; through 11/1.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). "Between the Acts," with works by Allen, Achjadi, Buss, Peppito, Phillips, others; "The Observatorium: Collected Reflections," with works by Dekker, Reutelingsperger, and Van de Camp; "Hanging in There," a window installation by Barbara Siegel; "Insider; Ups and Downs," an audio project in the elevator by Freya Hansell; through 10/25.

Basilico Fine Arts—26 Wooster St. (966-1831). "Project Painting," a two-gallery exhibition with Lehmann Maupin (39 Greene Street) that looks at the state of contemporary painting through the works of sixteen artists, among them Cain, Dunham, Owens, Ritchie, Sikander, Tyson, Weinstein, Yuskavage; through 10/11.

Bose Pacia—580 Broadway (966-3224). Works by contemporary Indian masters from the collection of Thomas and Martha Keehn; through 10/25.

Lehmann Maupin—39 Greene St. (965-0753). "Project Painting," a two-gallery exhibition with Basilico Fine Arts (26 Wooster Street) that looks at the state of contemporary painting through the works of sixteen artists, among them Antezzo, Close, Currin, Gallagher, Kuitca, Pittman, Schumann, Williams; through 10/11.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). "The Ascent of Western Civilization, American Independent Music 1976–91," an exhibition of photographs, fliers, posters, original artwork, video, music, and ephemera documenting the evolution of American indie rock; through 11/1.

TZ'Art—28 Wooster St. (966-9059). Works by Armando, Beuys, Findlay, Horn, Jones & Ginzel, Quinn, Zakrzewski; a flowchart by Peter Halley on the gallery's "Testwall" facing Wooster Street. Through 10/18.

Chelsea

Harris—529 W. 20th St. (463-9666). Recent paintings by twenty artists, among them Acheson, Humphries, Magee, Purdum, Schiowitz, Williams; through 10/18.

Marlborough Chelsea—211 W. 19th St. (463-8634). Large-scale sculpture by Abakanowicz, Bourgeois, Caro. Through 10/25.

Photography

Erica Baum—Photographs of library card catalogues that use framing to isolate random, pithy word combinations; through 10/18. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

Lisa Bowman—Collage works in which black-and-white cheesecake photographs from the fifties have been re-photographed and affixed with colored stick-on images of internal organs, skeletal structure, and musculature taken from medical textbooks; through 10/25. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Tseng Kwong Chi—Photographs of New York's downtown club and art scene of the eighties; through 10/25. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Stephane Couturier—Large-scale color photographs of construction sites in Berlin and Paris; through 10/18. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). "The American Century: Photographs and Visions, Part 1," a survey of American photography covering the years 1900 to 1935, including works by Cunningham, Curtis, Stieglitz, Strand, White, others; through 10/25.

Ralph Gibson—Vintage prints from his trilogy of dreamlike photo-novels *The Somnambulist, Deja-Vu,* and *Days at Sea;* through 11/1. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

ICP Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas, at 43rd St. (768-4682); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4; $2.50 seniors and students. "Eye of the Beholder: Photographs From the Avon Collection." Ninety photographs from the Avon Collection by woman photographers; through 11/13.

International Center of Photography—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Brett Weston in New York." Photographs of New York taken between 1943 and 1945, when Weston was stationed on Long Island in the United States Army Signal Corps; through 11/30. . . . "Soul of the Game: Images and Voices of Street Basketball." Black-and-white images of the game being played at Harlem's Rucker Park, Nat King Cole Park in Chicago, and other famed courts by sports photographer John Huet; through 11/19.

Koichiro Kurita—Recent black-and-white photographs of landscapes in France; through 10/18.

Ground Rules:
In summer galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photograph courtesy of PaceWildenstein.

Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Jacques Lowe—Photographs documenting the Kennedy years, many of which have never been previously exhibited; through 10/25. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Ann Mandelbaum—Close-up photographs of portions of the human body whose ambiguity is heightened by solarization and other darkroom manipulations; through 10/25. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Sally Mann—Recent photographs of landscapes in the artist's native West Virginia and its neighboring Georgia; 9/25–11/8. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (750-7070).

Robert Rauschenberg—A selection of the artist's black-and-white photographs taken since the late forties; through 10/25. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Aaron Siskind—Photographs from the late forties through the eighties that depict letters and words from deteriorating signage and marks and glyphs that suggest an abstracted language; through 10/18. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Jan Staller—Color photographs of random arrangements of materials at military and industrial sites; through 11/1. Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Seneca Ray Stoddard—Vintage albumen photographs of the Adirondacks by this self-taught photographer (1843–1917) who was a contemporary of William Henry Jackson, Eadweard Muybridge, and Carlton Watkins; through 11/1. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Art of Toshiko Takaezu." A retrospective of the artist's ceramic works, ranging from her utilitarian wares of the fifties to her recent large-scale sculptures; through 11/2. . . . "On the Cutting Edge: Contemporary Quilts From the Collection; through 11/2. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs"; through 9/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Mandala: The Architecture of Enlightenment." Mandalas from Tibet, Nepal, China, Japan, Bhutan, India, and Indonesia, and a Kalachakra sand mandala constructed by monks from the Namgyal monastery, His Holiness the Dalai Lama's personal monastery; 9/24–1/4. 725 Park Ave. at 70th St. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. to 8), Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8..

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Working in Brooklyn: A Centennial Exhibition." Works by emerging artists who show with Brooklyn-based galleries and alternative spaces; through 1/25/98. . . . "The Hands of Rodin: A Tribute to B. Gerald Cantor." More than 50 bronze sculptures of hands by Auguste Rodin (1840–1917), produced over a period of four decades; through 9/28. . . . "Process on Paper: Recent Acquisitions—Prints, Drawings, and Photographs"; through 9/28. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.—Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—"Do-It-Yourself Architecture for the Great Outdoors"; through 10/19. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6909), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Richard Serra: Torqued Ellipses." Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten steel that explore that shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; 9/25–6/14/98. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture." Sculptures created from steel rods and yarn, including new works and earlier works from Dia's collection; through 1/4. . . . "Dan Flavin: 1962/63, 1970, 1996." Three fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. and 545 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Taíno: Pre-Columbian Art and Culture From the Caribbean." The first comprehensive exhibit of the art of the Taíno, the dominant culture in the Caribbean from about 1200 A.D. to the arrival of Columbus in 1492; 9/27–3/29. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Fashion Institute of Technology—"Driving Fashion: Automobile Fabrics of the 1950s"; through 10/4. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Frick Collection—"The Spirit of the Place: Selections From the Carmen Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection." Fourteen paintings and four sculptures from the collection of Baroness Carmen Thyssen-Bornemisza; through 11/30. . . . "Franklin and Condorcet: Two Portraits From the American Philosophical Society." An exhibition documenting the relations between the American statesman and the French mathematician, philosopher, and revolutionary through letters, manuscripts, and eighteenth-century publications on loan from the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, the Massachusetts Historical Society, and the Maryland Historical Society; through 11/16. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery and Study Center—"Nahum B. Zenil: Witness to the Self." A retrospective of paintings by the Mexican artist whose collages, mixed-media works on paper, and paintings invoke the history of Mexican art while confronting current social issues; through 11/2. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; free.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective." The first full career retrospective of the artist's work since 1976, including paintings, drawings, prints, sculpture, and prints; through 1/7. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $15, $10 seniors and students (this is a special admission fee for the Rauschenberg exhibits and includes entrance to the Guggenheim Museum SoHo).

Guggenheim Museum at Ace Gallery—"Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective." *The 1/4 Mile or 2 Furlong Piece,* an ongoing project begun in 1981 that comprises 189 paintings and sculptures; through 11/9. 275 Hudson St. below Spring St. (255-5599), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; free.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective." The first full career retrospective of the artist's work since 1976, including paintings, sculpture, prints, drawings, and performance and technology-based pieces; through 1/4. 575 Broadway at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $15, $10 seniors and students (this is a special admission fee for the Rauschenberg exhibits and includes entrance to the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum).

Jewish Museum—"Facing the New World: Jewish Portraits in Colonial and Federal America." The first comprehensive survey of rare, early American Jewish portraits, by Charles Willson Peale, Gilbert Stuart, Thomas Sully, and other artists, dating from 1700 through the 1830s; 9/21–1/11. . . . "Camille Pissaro in the Caribbean, 1850–1855: Drawings From the Collection at Olana." Drawings, oil sketches, and watercolors by the Impressionist of scenes in St. Thomas, where he was born, and on other Caribbean islands, that were originally thought to be have been the work of the Danish painter Fritz Melbye; through 11/16. . . . "Anna Ruth Henriques: The Book of Mechtilde." A series of drawings that explore the beliefs and superstitions of the artist's native Jamaica and her Jewish heritage; through 10/13. . . . "Letters From Cairo: Jews and Muslims 800–1500." An exhibition celebrating the 100th anniversary of the discovery of the Cairo Geniza, the greatest cache of medieval manuscripts ever found; through 10/12. . . . "Revealing an Ancient Message: A Synagogue Mosaic From Sepphoris." The first United States exhibition of a recently excavated mosaic floor from a fifth-century synagogue in Israel; through 10/12. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5, free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Master Hand: Individuality and Creativity Among Yoruba Sculptors." Masks, free-standing figures, containers, and architectural posts by male and female Yoruba masters who were active from the mid-nineteenth through the first half of the twentieth century; through 3/1. . . . "Picasso the Engraver—Selections From the Musée Picasso, Paris." Approximately 150 engravings, etchings, and woodcuts made by the artist between 1900 and 1942; through 12/21. . . . "Wordrobe." Words, letters, and numbers in art and clothing; through 11/16. . . . "Georgia O'Keeffe: A Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz." An exhibition that reconstructs and expands on the museum's 1978 exhibition of Stieglitz's portraits of O'Keeffe through the inclusion of an additional 30 images; through 10/5. . . . "The Human Figure in Transition, 1900–1945: American Sculpture From the Museum's Collection"; through 9/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Medieval Bestseller: The Book of Hours." 100 Books of Hours from the library's collection; through 1/4. . . . "Romanticism to Realism: Nineteenth-Century German Drawings." A survey of the Library's collection of nineteenth-century German drawings; through 1/4. . . . "Cultural Curios: Literary and Historical Witnesses." A selection of objects owned by famous literary figures from the Library's permanent collection; through 1/4. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Old-Time Favorites, New-Time Fashions: Quilt Revival, 1910–1950"; through 9/28. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage–A Living Memorial to the Holocaust—Permanent exhibitions of more than 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experience from the 1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Thurs. 9–5, Fri. and eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"On the Edge: Contemporary Art From the Werner and Elaine Dannheisser Collection." Paintings, sculptures, prints, photographs, and video installations given to the museum by Elaine Dannheisser and the Dannheisser Foundation last year; 9/30–1/20. . . . "New Concepts in Printmaking 1: Peter Halley." Artworks created by Halley as digital files on computer disk, comprising wallpaper and rub-down flowcharts that are fabricated by professional printers whenever a site-specific installation is planned; through 2/8. . . . "Projects: Franz West." Sculptures, drawings and collages by the artist, and a work titled *Synchrony* that incorporates works by the artist's friends, colleagues, and assistants; 9/25–11/11. . . . "Object and Abstraction: Contemporary Photographs." A selection of photographs from the eighties and nineties that are at once literal and abstract; through 10/7. . . . "From Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec to Andy Warhol: Exploring Techniques." An exhibition focusing on various printmaking techniques, featuring more than 70 works from the museum's collection; through 2/8. . . . "A Decade of Collecting: Recent Acquisitions in Contemporary Drawing." Installation-scale drawings collected by the museum over the past decade; through 1/13. . . . "Photographs From S-21: 1975–1979." Black-and-white photographs of Cambodians who were held captive in the secret prison S-21 between 1975 and 1979, printed by the Photo Archive Group; through 9/30. . . . "Toward the New Museum of Modern Art: Sketchbooks by Ten Architects"; through 10/7. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Beyond the Grave: Cultures of Queens Cemeteries." Photographs of cemeteries in Queens taken by Dr. Ilana Harlow; 9/27–3/8. . . . "A Dream Well Planned: The Empire State Building." Photographs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York's most famous icon; through 1/11. . . . "Creative Lives: New York Paintings and Photographs by Maurice and Lee Sievan." Paintings by Maurice Sievan (1898–1981) and photographs by his wife, Lee Sievan (1907–1990) made from the late thirties through the fifties; through 11/9. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum & School of the Fine Arts—"The Tenth Street Studio Building: Artist-Entrepreneurs From the Hudson River School to the American Impressionists." Photographs, paintings, manuscripts, and memorabilia documenting the history of New York's first studio building; through 11/16. . . . "A National Collection: Paintings From the Collection of the National Academy Museum." More than 50 masterpieces from the Academy's collection; through 9/28. . . . "Winslow Homer Wood Engravings From the Permanent Collection." The first exhibition of a collection of works presented to the Academy by Seymour Pearlstein in 1994; through 9/28. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New York Public Library—"Dry Drunk: The Culture of Tobacco in 17th- and 18th-Century Europe." An exhibition covering the history of tobacco in Europe through the library's own materials; through 1/3. . . . "The George Arents Tobacco Collection: Works on Paper"; through 1/3. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"To Hell With Reform: The Race to Become Mayor of Greater New York." An exhibition of illustrations and other materials from the1897 campaign in which New Yorkers elected the first mayor of Greater New York; through 1/4. . . . "Taking Flight: John James Audubon and the Watercolors for *Birds of America*"; through 10/5. . . . "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 11/30. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Queens Museum—"Cai Guo-Qiang: *Cultural Melting Bath*." An installation by the Chinese artist on the theme of social healing; through 10/26. . . . "The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlights of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection." Tiffany lamps, globes, and windows ranging over the entire lifetime of production at the Tiffany Studios, from 1893 to 1938; through 11/2. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Mojo Hand: Recent Work by Richard Yarde"; through 9/28. . . . "From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1996–1997." Works by June Clark, Gregory Coates, and Vladimir Sybil; through 9/28. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The Tate Gallery Selects: American Realities." The museum's third "Views From Abroad: European Perspectives on American Art" exhibition, curated by Nicholas Serota, director of the Tate Gallery, and Adam D. Weinberg, curator of the Whitney's Permanent Collection; through 10/5. . . . "Collection in Context: Rockwell Kent by Night." Paintings by this American artist (1882–1971) noted for his keen observations of the night sky and his interest in the metaphorical meanings of darkness; through 9/28. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Tunnel Visions." Large-scale photographs of Grand Central Terminal by Accra Shepp; through 10/10. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 9/24 at 10: "The Henry Stern Collection of Antique Glass Paperweights." On view from 9/20. 9/25 at 10 and 2: "French and Continental Furniture." On view from 9/20. 9/30 at 10: "Fine European and Oriental Carpets." On view from 9/27. 9/30 at 2: "United States and Worldwide Stamps and Covers." On view from 9/25.

Christie's East —219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 9/24 at 1: "Asian Decorative Arts." On view from 9/21. 9/30 at at 10 and 2: "Furniture and Decorative Arts." On view from 9/26.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 9/24 at 10: "Couture." On view from 9/20. 9/24 at 3: "Textiles." On view from 9/20.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 9/24 at 10:15 and 2: "Indian and Southeast Asian Art." On view from 9/18. 9/25 at 10:15 and 2: "Japanese Works of Art." On view from 9/19. 9/26 at 10:15: "Korean Works of Art." 9/27 at 10 and 2: "Wine." 9/30 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade American Paintings." On view from 9/26.

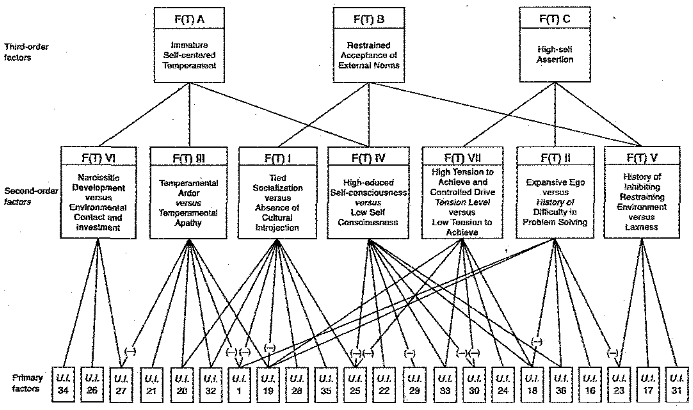
Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 9/25 at 10:30 and 2: "The Barbara Johnson Collection Part II: Documents, Maps, Graphics, Ephemera on Whales and Whaling." On view from 9/20.

On View

The Halley Files

It's not surprising that Peter Halley has created prints on the computer—after all, even in the early eighties, his Day-Glo paintings of cells and conduits seemed to presage the role of computer technology in the fine arts. What is unusual is that MOMA's Department of Prints and Illustrated Books acquired the disk files of Halley's prints for its collection, and has generated much of its new exhibition, "New Concepts in Printmaking 1: Peter Halley" (through February 8) from those files. Three of the gallery's four walls are covered with Halley's "wallpaper," 35-by-45-inch sheets of silk-screened newsprint, while the fourth, painted fluorescent chartreuse, features two of Halley's flowcharts executed in computer-generated vinyl press-type (below, *Third-Order Factors*, 1996). Starr Figura, the assistant curator who organized the show, says the museum can use the files for future exhibitions of its own, and can lend them to other museums. "But if another museum wanted to make an installation," Figura explains, "we'd recommend they talk to Peter. We have a written agreement with him that is constantly being updated, and on it are questions about parameters for the installations of these works: How large do the images have to be? What colors are acceptable? Can we make silk-screen type instead of vinyl press-type?" It's an entirely new medium for the museum, Figura concedes, "and we're still grappling with what it all means." Still, neither Figura nor Halley seems unduly concerned by the obvious pitfall of computer technology—that the files could be duplicated without the museum's permission. "A lot of conceptual artworks could be easily copied, like Duchamp's readymades or Dan Flavin's light pieces," says Figura. "You can buy a snow shovel or fluorescent lights at the hardware store." Speaking of his newsprint wallpaper, chosen specifically for its low-tech qualities, Halley is even more succinct: "It ain't Warhol's cow." (Another of Halley's flowcharts, *Echo of (A)'s Voice*, is currently on view at TZ'Art & Co., 28 Wooster Street, through October 18.)

EDITH NEWHALL


Third-order factors
F(T) A
Immature Self-centered Temperament
F(T) B
Restrained Acceptance of External Norms
F(T) C
High-self Assertion
Second-order factors
F(T) VI
Narcissitic Development versus Environmental Contact and Investment
F(T) III
Temperamental Ardor *versus* Temperamental Apathy
F(T) I
Tied Socialization versus Absence of Cultural Introjection
F(T) IV
High-educed Self-consciousness *versus* Low Self Consciousness
F(T) VII
High Tension to Achieve and Controlled Drive *Tension Level* versus Low Tension to Achieve
F(T) II
Expansive Ego versus *History of* Difficulty in Problem Solving
F(T) V
History of Inhibiting Restraining Environment versus Laxness
(–)
Primary factors
U.I. 34
U.I. 26
U.I. 27
U.I. 21
U.I. 20
U.I. 32
U.I. 1
U.I. 19
U.I. 28
U.I. 35
U.I. 25
U.I. 22
U.I. 29
U.I. 33
U.I. 30
U.I. 24
U.I. 18
U.I. 36
U.I. 16
U.I. 23
U.I. 17
U.I. 31

Photograph courtesy of The Museum of Modern Art.

restaurants

Top Seeds...Indian Summer...Go Fish

Manhattan

Lower New York

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Canal House—The restaurant at the SoHo Grand Hotel, a beige-on-beige dining room with *Alice in Wonderland* fixtures and furniture, turns out surprisingly tasty regional American fare. Try the macaroni and cheese, crab cakes, and the cornmeal-crusted chicken breast, or—if you're the type who likes to loiter in hotels—nurse a cocktail in the lounge. *310 West Broadway (965-3588). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. *340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE, TM.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentinean menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. *460 Greenwich St. (431-5093). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of

Shopping
Food Fight

With vicious gourmet-grocery skirmishes raging on the West Side, Citarella has shrewdly established an outpost across the park. Besides its famed seafood selection, the new East Side store offers the usual roster of prepared foods, fresh pasta, and boxed sundries, plus—Grace's, take note—an extensive seasonal-produce department. (1313 Third Avenue, near 75th Street; 874-0383.)

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Roettele A.G.—One of the very few places on these shores to serve a distinctive mix of Swiss and German cuisines, including hearty specialties like spaetzle, sauerbraten, Wiener schnitzel, and fondue. There's a lovely garden and, on Thursdays, the exotic strains of live Swiss music. *126 E. 7th St. (674-4140). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Svoboda—The food at this casual East Villager is slightly Slavic and entirely eclectic, with offerings like dumplings, corn-chowder pizza, smoked-salmon blini, and something called "Siberian sushi surprise." There's also a cigar room and an extensive spirit selection. *248 E. 5th St. (387-0707). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bella Donna Bar and Grill—The third in a line of inexpensive Italian pasta parlors, this downtown branch satisfies all manner of macaroni cravings, with dishes like rigatoni Carmine, penne vodka, and capellini pescatore. Cap it off with tirami su, the house dessert. *18 E. 23rd St. (505-3678). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

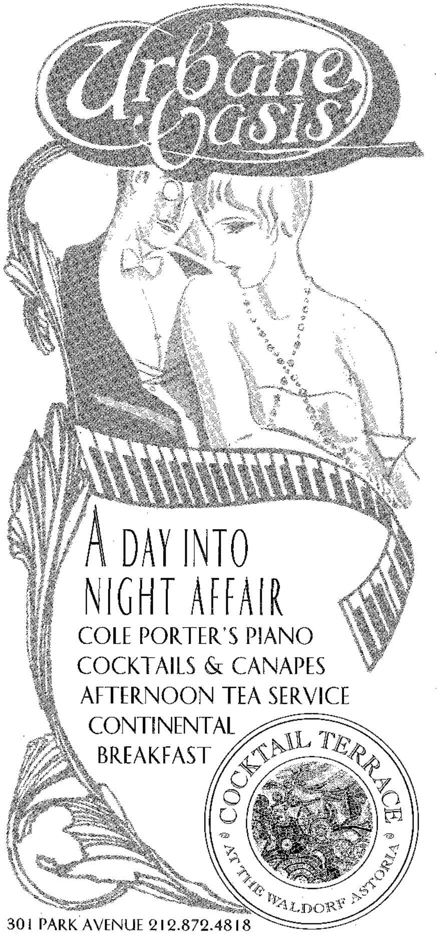
Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Granville—This duplex restaurant, under the same ownership as Match uptown and down, offers a similarly clubby, cigar-friendly environment on the second floor, while the ground floor, done up in bordello red and gilt mirrors, is given over to a sophisticated modern Creole menu. Try the crayfish-and-white-bean salad or the jerk-crusted pork chop. *40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, stout-glazed chicken with apricots and juniper berries, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample among the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111).*



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Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant in midtown offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformagio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Stock & Tankard—Those looking to unwind after a hard day at the office can find comfort in this low-key bar, which serves over fifty microbrewed beers, twenty wines by the glass, diverse martinis, and frozen drinks. The steakhouse menu includes alligator and other offbeat options. *587 Third Ave., nr. 38th St. (661-3181). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Global influences abound, from the Spanish-mackerel seviche to the shrimp satay with caramelized mango. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. Every Thursday and Friday night, the Peter Duchin jazz trio provides musical entertainment; baser appetites may be satisfied by the house quaff (the Waldorf martini) and a cigar menu. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and the menu offers extremely contemporary renditions of American fare, like tuna tartare with mango and avocado, and baked lobster with smoked bacon, corn chowder and pommes Anna. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

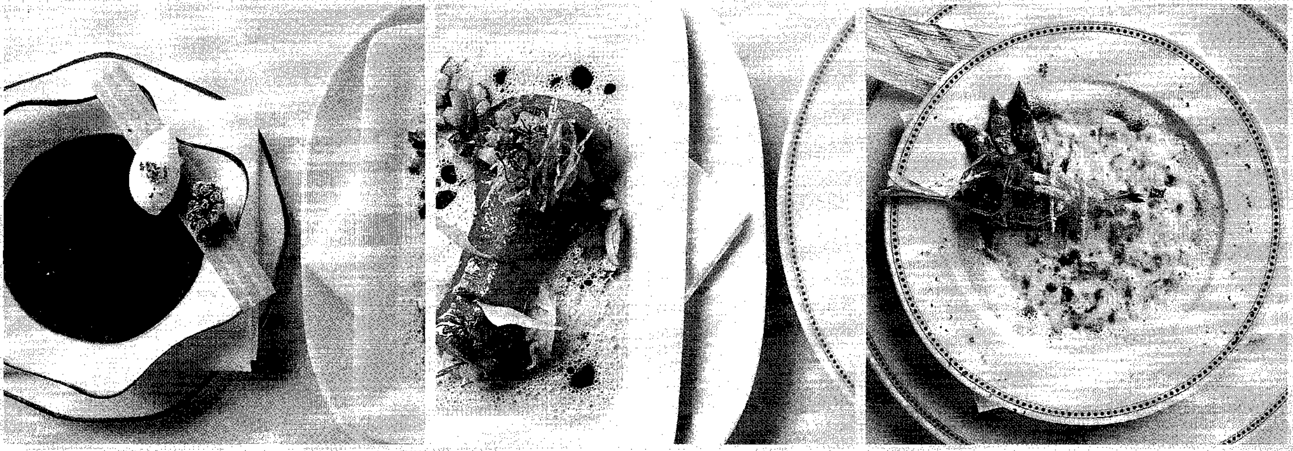
Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular

Tasting

Turn, Turn, Turn

Forget Ishmael's "damp, drizzly November" of the soul. First, happily, come September and October, the ripest months, when the light and sweet tastes of summer overlap the substantial foods of autumn. Chef Gray Kunz's menu at Lespinasse currently features such season-bridging delicacies as (pictured, left to right) tart Concord-grape soup with cooling moscato sorbet, honey-glazed butternut squash with ripe white pepper zucchini in a curry emulsion, and gratin of sweet corn with corn tamale. (2 East 55th Street; 339-6719.)



Photographs by Robert Wright.

steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Town Crier—The American fare here includes standards like burgers and open-faced reuben sandwiches, and the ambience is geared toward rest and relaxation. Those not up for the relatively strenuous tasks of pool or darts may smoke cigars and watch any of the seven—count 'em—television sets. *303 E. 53rd St. (223-3157). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Yan Van Van—This convenient pit stop for commuters and midtown office workers offers nouvelle Asian cuisine, with specialties like shabu shabu and barbecue cooked on a unique smoke-free induction-heat table. The brick-and-stucco design is intended to represent Silk Road culture. Pretheater menu available, and jackets are required for dinner. *Vanderbilt Ave. bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (973-0461). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

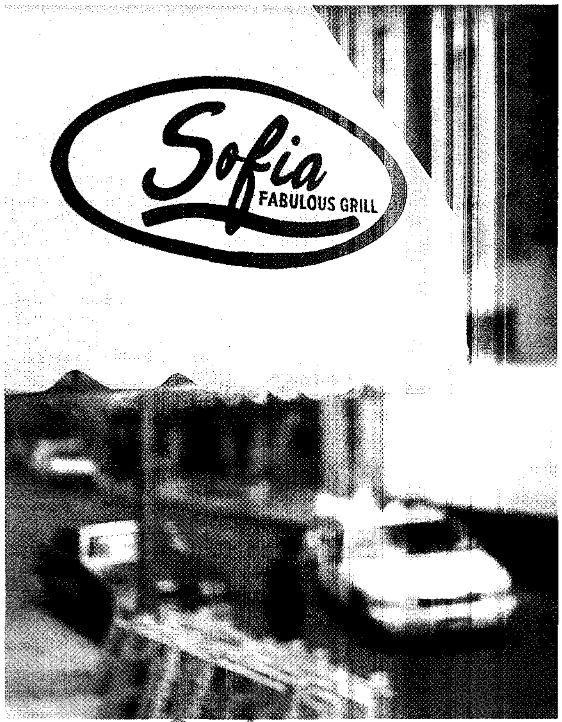
Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Regency—This Chinese-Japanese hybrid is located conveniently in midtown's hotel nexus. Try any of the noodle dishes or a sampling from the sushi bar. Private-party facilities are upstairs. *850 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (247-6440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*



Opening

All Fired Up

Sofia's Fabulous Pizza, the Upper East Side boutique pizzeria that—like its chichi clientele—isn't exactly short on self-confidence, has sprung a nearby offshoot. Sofia's Fabulous Grill uses a wood-burning oven to cook meat (free-range Montana filet mignon), fish (Sicilian salt-encrusted loup de mer), sides (roasted rosemary potatoes), and dessert (apple pie). (29 East 61st Street; 702-9898.)

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.96 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from the meat loaf platter to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering takeout and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads,

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Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Crêpe de Bretagne—This midtown bistro specializes in crêpes, serving over 70 varieties, sweet and savory, plus French classics from bouillabaisse to cassoulet. *46 W. 56th St. (245-4565). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Mike's American Bar & Grill—A cozy Hell's Kitchen joint with a fun atmosphere, a theatrical crowd, and honest American food. Try the pork chops or the spicy chili. *650 Tenth Ave., near 46th St. (246-4115). (I–M) AE, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—Still a favorite celebration destination, this deluxe perch 65 floors above sea level offers a variety of entertainment options. Follow a feast—now prepared by acclaimed chef Waldy Malouf—with old-fashioned cocktails in the Promenade Bar or cabaret at Rainbow & Stars. Try the prix fixe and pretheater menus. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, are great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas, and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Data

Tomato Haste

Of all the phenomena that mark summer's end—empty seats on the Jitney, garish Halloween window displays, a compulsion to stay home Mondays to watch what becomes of Buffy and Angel—the saddest, gastronomically speaking, is the cruelly sudden disappearance of the heirloom tomato. The misshapen, wildly colored specimens that have graced farmers' markets and restaurant menus since last month are expected to peter out by early October, signaling the dreaded return of the insipid supermarket variety. Heirlooms, the sine qua non for tomato fanatics, are ancient varieties preserved assiduously over generations to retain the flavor that modern hybrids, bred for disease resistance and uniformity of appearance, often lack. The surrealistic shapes of heirlooms are part of their Luddite charm; they make a grassroots, family-farm stand against the unnatural sameness of agribusiness. Chefs expect their shipments to last only another week or two. Act now, and remember what a true tomato tastes like before the impostors show up. **Robin Raisfeld**

RESTAURANT	HOT TOMATOES
DANIEL 20 East 76th Street; 288-0033	Chilled tomato consommé with Maine peeky toe crab, summer vegetables, niçoise olives, and herbs.
THE FOUR SEASONS 99 East 52nd Street; 754-9494	Foie-gras pizza with heirloom tomatoes, buffalo mozzarella, basil, and aged balsamic vinegar.
GRAMERCY TAVERN 42 East 20th Street; 477-0777	Heirloom tomatoes with extra-virgin olive oil and tomato consommé (part of seven-course tomato tasting menu).
MARGUERY GRILL 133 East 65th Street; 744-2533	Grilled polenta salad with heirloom-tomato tartar and goat-cheese fondue.
JOJO 160 East 64th Street; 223-5656	Tower of heirlooms and basil with basil oil and balsamic vinaigrette.
ETATS-UNIS 242 East 81st Street; 517-8826	Steamed halibut in heirloom tomato-and-basil sauce.
ACROSS THE STREET 444 East 91st Street; 722-4000	Oven-roasted heirloom-tomato soup with croutons (as special).
SAVOY 70 Prince Street; 219-8570	Heirloom tomatoes and atom beans with grilled rosemary-and-garlic flatbread and basil oil.

Photograph by Matthew Salacuse.

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of poached tuna Niçoise and rack of lamb. *160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

The Boathouse—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat, or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Ici—A relative newcomer among the countless Upper East Side bistros, Ici has made a name for itself with well-executed, contemporary French fare—like grilled scallops with asparagus, and Cajun red snapper—and a fashionably chic clientele. *19 E. 69th St. (794-6419). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Orienta—This pretty room on the Upper East Side has become a popular meeting spot for the young and the stylish. Asian accents in the décor reflect the (mostly Vietnamese) Pan-Asian fare. Chicken satay, spring rolls, tuna sashimi, and dumplings are indicative of the menu's range. *205 E. 75th St. (517-7509). (M) AE, DS, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Trattoria Libertá—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. *1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian, with rotating art exhibits and a seasonal antipasto table. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE, MC, V.*

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jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Delphini—The happy hordes huddled over their plates in this candlelit restaurant love the romantic atmosphere and the wide-ranging Mediterranean menu. Try the paella, the lobster-tail-and-calamari risotto, and the sangria. The sidewalk café and cigar bar make smokers feel welcome. *519 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (579-1145). (M) AE.*

Empire Szechuan Gourmet—It's hard to conceive of a variety of Asian food that isn't available at this Upper West Side standby. The menu ranges from Cantonese dim sum to Japanese sushi, and the weekday lunch specials make for bargain dining. Vegetarians have a "Taste of Zen" menu all to themselves. *2574 Broadway, nr. 97th St. (663-6004). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

La Vela—A comfortable spot on the Upper West Side for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pasha—The Turkish food served here—octopus salad, grilled quail, lamb chops, artichokes in olive oil—suits quite well the current craze for all things Mediterranean. Both the stucco-walled dining room and a separate room for smokers are casually intimate. *70 W. 71st St. (579-8751). (M) AE only.*

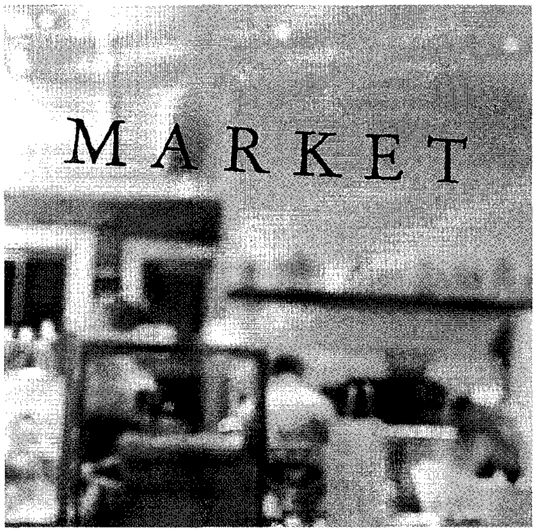
Tofu—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. *2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*



Takeout

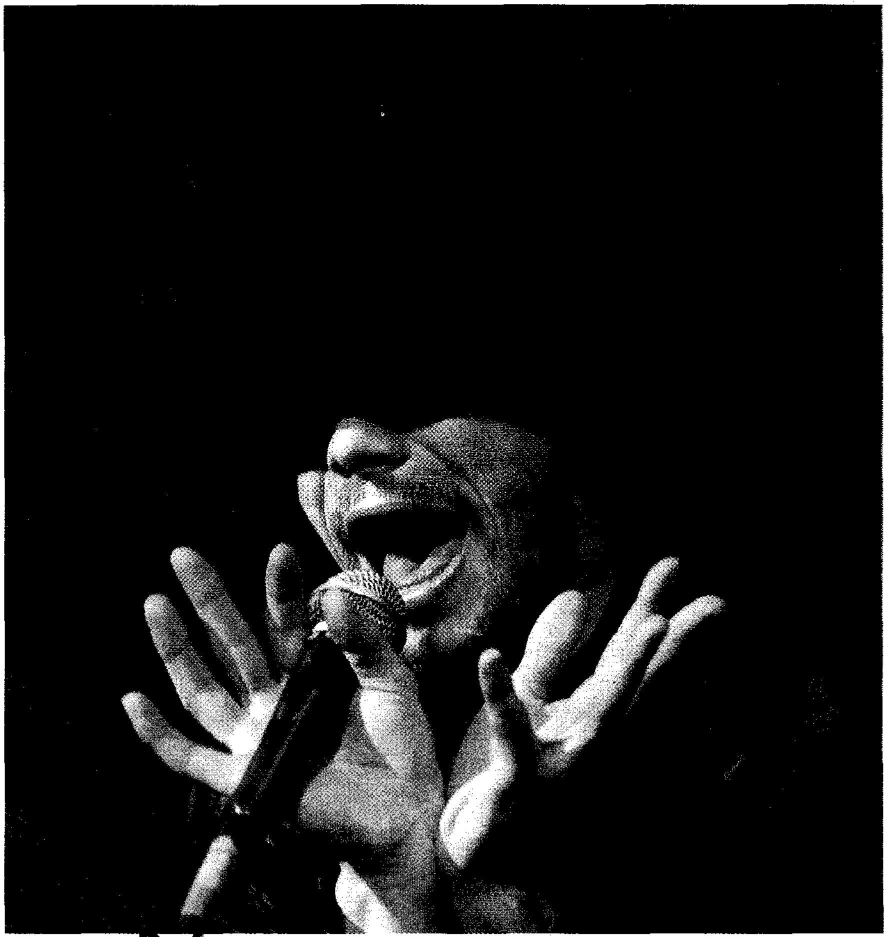
Vittle Italy

Katie Ward, whose La Cigale bistro was a pioneer in the creeping SoHo-ification of Little Italy, has started selling sandwiches, salads, and groceries at Market, her new takeout shop just across the street. The still-evolving menu includes grilled panini with mozzarella and Greenmarket tomatoes, hanger-steak wraps, pancetta frittata, potato pancakes with smoked salmon, and a spectacularly crispy chocolate-croissant custard. The neighborhood's newly upscale tastes are indulged with artisanal breads and cheeses, all manner of locally grown produce, and kitchen gadgets scavenged from Paris and Northern California. (230 Mott Street; 941-1546.)

Photographs by Robert Wright.

nightlife

Suzzy Roche...Jamie Reid...Andrew Hill



Performance

The Cat in the Hat

Jamiroquai's Stevie Wonder–soundalike frontman, Jason Kay, has bootstrapped himself from dance-club curio to international superstar in just a few short years. Following up a triumphal performance at the MTV Video Music Awards, the man and his band hit the Theatre at Madison Square Garden on September 30 for a full-scale soul workout.

Photograph by C. Geral/Retna.

Concerts

Backstreet Boys—In 1996, these five young studs from Orlando crooned their way to international hugeness, without so much as a minute of home-front airplay. This year, though, their infectiously bubblegummy "Quit Playing Games (With My Heart)" made them stars right here at home. Call them what you will (and they've been called plenty, from the "Spice Boys" to the "white Boyz II Men"), these kids know that there's always a new generation of unjaded teenagers out there, happy to gobble ear candy by the handful—whether it's a genuinely new flavor, or just a repackaged classic. 9/30 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $19.50.*

Irving Burgie—As the composer of "Day-O," Burgie has a legitimate claim to greatness: The song was America's first million-selling single, and arguably opened a few doors for pre-civil-rights-movement black performers. But, unfortunately for the Brooklynite, 1956 did little to make Irving Burgie a household name; that benefit, naturally, befell Harry Belafonte, who sang it, along with seven other Burgie compositions, on *Calypso*. Now, at 73 and with sextet in tow, the songwriter steps into the spotlight to offer his own renditions of the songs that have made him not quite famous. 9/28 at 6 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $20–$35.*

Fleetwood Mac—When the classic, *Rumours*-era Mac reformed to play "Don't Stop (Thinking About Tomorrow)" for Bill Clinton's 1993 inaugural, the reunion looked sure to be a one-off. Having split up amid bitter allegations of physical violence and general ill-will, the band seemed destined not to patch things up. Yet here they are, in 1997, with a new album, *The Dance* (sort of new, anyway: It features four new songs, a *Rumours* outtake, and a dozen live renditions of Mac classics). And with all kinds of television time—on MTV *and* VH1—in the works, a No. 1 debut on the charts, and a supersize arena tour, it looks like the Mac might just inherit the earth. 9/23 at 7:30 P.M. *Nassau Coliseum, Mitchel Field Complex, Uniondale, Long Island.* 9/30 at 7:30 P.M. *Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, N.J. (212-307-7171). $45–$75.*

Debbie Friedman—"The Joan Baez of Jewish soul music" isn't the only religiously oriented singer to take a few lessons from secular folk-pop en route to crossover success. The tactic, though, has usually been reserved for crypto-Christian types who seem better suited to Sunday-school singalongs than to Top 40 status. So does that make Friedman, God help us, the *Amy Grant* of Jewish soul music? 9/28 at 2:30 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800). $25–$50.*

Jon Gordon Sextet; Frank Kimbrough Ensemble—A presentation of the excellent and forward-thinking Jazz Composers Collective. 9/25 at 8 P.M. *The New School, 55 W. 13th St. (995-1552). $10.*

David Grisman—The polymorphously rootsy mandolinist has the dubious distinction of having played on Jerry Garcia's last recording, "Blue Yodel No. 9," taped in 1995 and just released on a Jimmie Rodgers tribute album. See him play his own musical hodgepodge (known affectionately as "dawg music" by its creator), 9/26 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $27.50–$33.50.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Sammy Hagar—The poor man's David Lee Roth no longer, Hagar is back in the driver's seat and doing at least 55. Let the Van Halen fans suffer through ex–Extreme singer Gary Cherone's overreaching vocalizing: We'll take our Sammy straight up, thank you very much. 9/26 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (307-7171). $29.50.*

Chico Hamilton Quartet—9/23 at 6:30 P.M. *The New School, 55 W. 13th St. (229-5488). $15.*

Andrew Hill—Calling Hill a one-man compendium of post-bop piano styles would almost do him justice: Hill's work is reminiscent, by turns, of Thelonious Monk's rhythmic and melodic openness, Bill Evans's lyricism, and Cecil Taylor's dense dissonance. The resulting hybrid, though, is no mere pastiche of other musicians' sounds; it's one of those rare incarnations of modern jazz that's both accessible and uncompromising. He's accompanied by Reggie Workman, Pheeroan Aklaff, and guest-saxophonist Greg Osby. 9/24 at 8 P.M. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. (721-6500). $10–$20.*

Jamiroquai—With Wyclef Jean & the Refugee All-Stars. 9/30 at 7:30 P.M. *The Theatre at Madison*

Square Garden, 4 Pennsylvania Plaza, near Eighth Ave. and 32nd St. (307-7171). Sold out.

Denis Leary—He may not have achieved the ubiquity of comic-of-the-moment Chris Rock, but Leary is on his way, with film roles opposite Janeane Garofalo (in *The Matchmaker*), Robert De Niro and Dustin Hoffman (in the forthcoming *Wag the Dog*), Rosie O'Donnell (*Wide Awake*), and Christopher Walken (*Suicide Kings*), and the odd directing and producing credits thrown in for good measure. For eight nights, Leary works his own deeply scathing shtick, to be distilled into an hourlong HBO special, *Lock 'n' Load*. 9/24–9/27, 10/2–10/5 at 8 P.M. *Angel Orensanz Arts Center, 172 Norfolk St. (307-7171). $35.*

Squirrel Nut Zippers—North Carolina's fun-loving, Louis Armstrong–worshipping, horns- and banjo-playing swing revivalists have one of the unlikelier success stories since Buster Poindexter. Get your Lindyhopping kicks in while the getting's good, 9/30 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $20.*

Paul Weller—"I have no solutions / better get used to it," the former Jam frontman sings in "Peacock Suit." The tune—a silly, propulsive groove reminiscent of late-period ZZ Top—from Weller's new album, *Heavy Soul*, pretty much encapsulates everything that's great and despicable about the man. On this, his fourth solo disc (he released three with the Style Council), he's as angry and funny as ever; but without his old band's energetic, melodic, post-Mod punk backing it up, Weller seems a little lost. With Johnette Napolitano. 9/27 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $25.*

Dar Williams—An eloquent singer-songwriter in the confessional, self-examining tradition that's given us pretty much all singer-songwriters, Williams may have taken the format one step too far with "What Do You Hear in These Sounds," from her third release, *End of the Summer*. In the track, the Massachusetts resident gives an undisguised account of her experience of psychotherapy, culminating in the lines "But oh how I loved everybody else / When I finally got to talk so much about myself." Mercifully, the rest of the album is made up of well-crafted portraits of small-town characters, unrequited loves, and the best-titled song *ever:* "Teenagers, Kick Our Butts." 9/27 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (307-7171). $22.50–$32.50.*

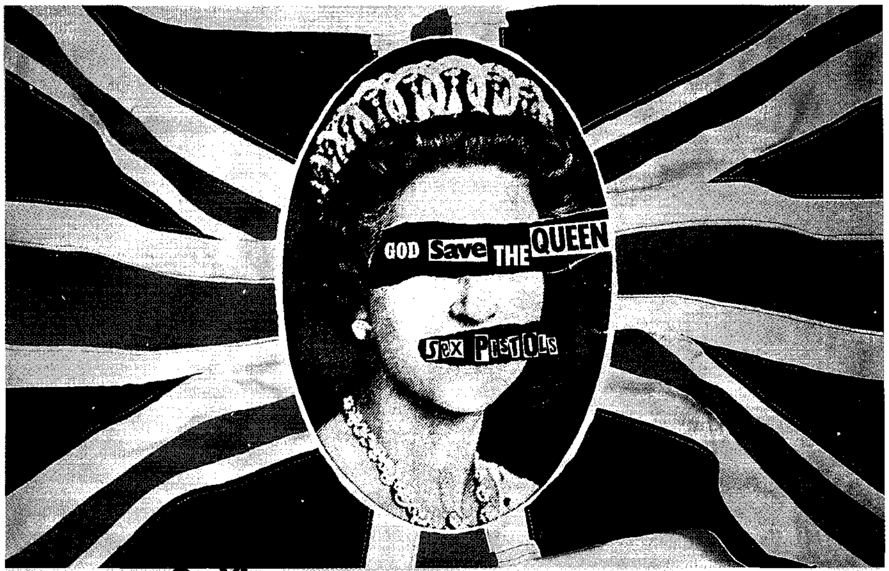
Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 9/24: John Gorka; Suzzy Roche (see box, page 91). 9/25: Eric Marienthal Band; Jeff Lorber. 9/26: Dan Bern; Toshi Reagon. 9/27: "Reckless Night on Board the Bottom Line: A Tribute to Raymond Scott." *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 9/26: The Mommyheads; Life in a Blender. 9/28: Dub Narcotic Sound System; D+. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's, uh, cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 9/26: Bad Religion. 9/28: Mr. T. Experience. 9/30: Flotsam & Jetsam. 10/1: Iron Maiden singer Bruce Dickinson, solo; Black Sabbath bassist Geezer Butler, with his modestly named new outfit, Geezer. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 9/24: Push. 9/26: Liquid Sky. 9/27: Twenty Miles; North Mississippi All-Stars. 9/29: Thurston Moore, Thomas Borgmann, Peter Brotzman, and Tom Surgal. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*



On View

Anarchy in the U.S.A.

In the late seventies, Jamie Reid's bitingly satirical collages were as essential a component of punk-rock identity as Johnny Rotten's sneer. But his iconoclastic design evolved well before the album covers and posters he did for the Sex Pistols, and his career has outlasted the band's by a good two decades. Since his famous 1977 image of the Queen with a safety-pinned kisser, Reid has lipsticked John Wayne as a poster boy for peace, encouraged shoplifting, and generally taunted consumerist apathy with irony-laden gestures of class warfare. The Artificial Gallery hosts a 27-year retrospective. (214 Lafayette Street, between Spring Street and Kenmare Street; 334-9669. Through October 18.)

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. 9/26: The great, youthful Julian Fleisher Orchestra mixes big-band classics with the Captain & Tennille. Swing on, brother. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. 9/26: Leftover Salmon. 9/27: Dayton, Ohio's arena-rocking, Beatles-loving, Budweiser-swilling Guided by Voices. 9/29: Life of Agony. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 9/23: "John Coltrane's Birthday Celebration." Pherroan Aklaff with Rashied Ali; Joe McPhee; Myra Melford. 9/24: Andy Statman Quartet. 9/25–27: John Zorn's Masada. 9/28: Blue; Pete Brötzmann, Thomas Borgman, and William Parker. 9/30: Terje Rypdal. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 9/22–9/24: Dog's Eye View. 9/29: Kinnie Starr. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 9/23: Junior Jazz. 9/25: "Tokyo Express," a night for transplanted Japanese hipsters, and those who love them, to partake of break-dancing, and free sake. 9/26: Everton Blender and the Funk Essential All-Stars. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band pays tribute to various big-band heroes of yesteryear, after which the next generation of swingers takes over, from midnight till 4 A.M. 9/26: The Blues Jumpers. 9/28: The Power Station. 9/29: Ottmar Liebert & Luna Negra XL. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 9/26: Southern Culture on the Skids; Exotics. 9/30: Skunk Anansie. 10/1: Jai Uttal & the Pagan Love Orchestra. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Westbeth Theatre—The West Side's midsize, mid-priced rock venue, which makes up for some unfortunately placed columns with the pleasant addition of a sultry bar and lounge. 9/25–9/26: Ron Sexsmith. *151 Bank St. (691-2272).*

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 9/23: Dominique Eade. 9/24: Chris Potter Quartet, featuring Al Foster and Mulgrew Miller. 9/25–9/27: Elliane Elias-Dave Valentin Quartet. 9/28: Allan Harris. 9/30: Rick Margitza. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 9/23–9/28: Tania Maria. 9/30–10/5: Ivan Lins. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

The Home Front—The city's newest serious jazz venue (is an opening-night show by Wynton Marsalis impressive enough?) holds just 150 people, so get there good and early. Every Thursday in September, the Makanda Ken McIntyre Trio swings. 9/26:

Photograph courtesy of The Artificial Gallery.

Talent
Swing Out, Sister

On her new album, *Holy Smokes,* Suzzy Roche muses on a "sweet ballerina," asking, "How come I'm not one of those? / I do my dancing in combat boots / I don't look good in a tutu." Roche explains that "Pink Ballet Slippers"—whose nominal subject is the singer's recent return, as a middle-aged woman, to ballet lessons—reflects "the importance of trying to do something creative and beautiful, even if it doesn't suit your personality." That impulse might also inform Roche's decision to strike out as a solo performer following two decades as the youngest third of the Roches. After all, the New York group's main attraction has always been the heavenly, gymnastic harmonies in which Suzzy and her sisters, Maggie and Terre, deliver their quirky, sidelong pop. Singing with the Roches (who are on hiatus but not defunct) "is all about blending," Suzzy notes. Going it alone, though, she has "no one to blend with. And I'm not the kind to seek out the spotlight." For Roche, then, the process of becoming a solo musician has been a minor epiphany: "It's a real chance to let the ego die." All of which would seem to parallel the determined, unpolished dancer narrating "Pink Ballet Slippers"—except that Roche is a terrific, self-assured singer-songwriter. Her reedy alto stands up just fine without sisterly accompaniment, her lyrics are more personal than the Roches', and her melodic sense is as vivid. At the Bottom Line on September 24, it'll be Suzzy and her acoustic guitar, without even the security of a backup band. Which, despite all the new album's winning attributes, she says is still "like jumping off a cliff."

Ethan Smith

Photograph by Ann Marsden.

Yoron Israel Connection. 9/27: James Jabbo Ware and the Me, We, and Them Orchestra. *236 W. 54th St. (800-540-0236).*

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 9/23–9/28: Tom Harrell Sextet, featuring Joe Lovano (9/23–9/24), Dewey Redman (9/25–9/27), and Greg Tardy (9/28). 9/30–10/5: Archie Shepp Quintet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Thursday, sixties organ great Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. 9/26–9/27: David O'Rourke. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. *2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th and 125th Sts. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Wednesdays, it's the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. 9/25: Dwayne Burno Quintet. 9/26–9/27: Jim Rotundi Sextet. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 9/23–9/28: Sam Rivers Trio. 9/30–10/5: Ray Bryant Trio. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 9/23–9/30: "Coltrane Live at the Vanguard" series. 9/23: McCoy Tyner Trio. 9/24: Danilo Perez. 9/25: Antonio Hart. 9/26: Eric Reed. 9/27: Donald Harrison Quartet. 9/28: Diana Krall Trio. (Check out Jazz Central Station's Coltrane Website, established in honor of the tenorman's birthday: www.johncoltrane.com) Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Caroline's hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 9/24: "Comedy Fiesta." 9/25–9/28: Anthony Clark. 9/25: Judy Carter. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 9/22–9/28: Al Lubel; Jim Gaffigan; Ben Creed. 9/29–10/5: Jerry Diner; John Rizzo; Lenny Varnedoe. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 9/24: "Stand Up and Queer," a gay-comedy night. 9/26–9/27: Vanessa Hollingshead; Eddie Brill; Tony Woods; Marc Maron. 9/29: "White Trash" gives New Yorkers that distinctive, trailer-park flava. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 9/26–9/27: Louis Black; Dave Attell; Susie Essman; Joe Matarese. Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 9/27: Julie Budd. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $35; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800, ext. 154).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder to bolder), are the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Peter Mintun plays Tues.–Sat. 9:30 P.M.–1:30 A.M., through 10/15. P.M. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Through 10/11: Barbara Cook pays homage to songwriter and Broadway staple Hal Prince, singing "Send In the Clowns," "All I Ask of You," and others. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings on with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, 35 E. 76th St. (744-1600).*

Maxim's—Midtown's monument to art-nouveau interior design and French-bistro fare. $20–$30 cover. 9/26: Judy Barnett. *680 Madison Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (751-5111).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Through 10/11: Amanda McBroom. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Every Friday night, John Malino and the Swing Society revive that old Times Square vibe. No cover; $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Bars

Windows on the World—Wednesday's cocktail nation "Strato-Lounge" getting a little stale? Lines of bespectacled hipsters too long for you? No sweat. Starting 9/30, the "Greatest Bar on Earth" introduces the Bossa Nova extravaganza "Koombah-Woombah," on alternate Tuesdays. With luck, the new night won't upset the bar's delicate balance of tourists and East Villagers too badly. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

the mix

Nature's Pharmacy...*Mainly Manhattan*...W.S. Merwin

John Leonard's Television Notes

Over the Top (Tuesdays; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; ABC [premiere delayed until October 21]) stars Tim Curry ("I'm the fifth Beatle—they call me Satan!") as an out-of-control and unemployed soap-opera actor who moves into the small midtown Manhattan hotel run by his ex-wife, Annie Potts, to complicate and maybe even enrich everybody else's humdrum life. There's almost too much personality for one half-hour sitcom, but these two immensely talented people seem to have been working together for years. And the pilot features a don't-miss snippet of *Bonnie and Clyde: The Musical.*

Frank Capra's American Dream (at press time, air date was unscheduled), produced by his sons Tom and Frank Jr., is not about to badmouth the director of *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington,* and neither do Robert Altman, Richard Dreyfuss, Peter Falk, Michael Keaton, Angela Lansbury, Martin Scorsese, or Oliver Stone have any criticisms or complaints. But this valentine is nonetheless absorbing, and a nice centerpiece for a two-day, thirteen-film Capra Festival on American Movie Classics.

Hiller and Diller (Tuesdays; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; ABC) asks low-wattage family man Kevin Nealon to put up with, and bail out of trouble, his electrical storm of a sitcom-writing partner Richard Lewis, a lousy father and a problematic human being. Not exactly *Dick Van Dyke,* but there's a funny scene in the pilot when Lewis hires child actors to impersonate his own children to improve their chances to get into a snooty private school.

Gladys Knight in Performance at the White House (9/24; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) spends a pleasant hour on the South Lawn looking at and listening to the ultimate Pip as she has her easy way with everything from "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" to a whole bunch of songs about various Georgias.

Teen Angel (Fridays; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; ABC) first kills off Mike Damus, who never should have eaten that six-month-old hamburger, then brings him back from Ron Glass's heaven to help his best friend, Corbin Allred, get through high school and puberty. From the pilot, it's hard to imagine that the executive producers of *The Simpsons* and *The Critic* had anything to do with this witlessness (Kelsey Grammer rehab jokes!), but we do get to warm up for the weekend Barbara Mandrell biopic (see below) by getting used to the idea of Maureen McCormick (Marcia Brady!) as the mother of a teenage son.

The Sonoran Desert: A Violent Eden (9/27; 8 to 9 P.M.; NBC) unleashes *National Geographic's* cameras on all that sand and cactus straddling the border between Mexico and Arizona and California. Richard Kiley brings his usual enthusiasm to every available creosote bush and prickly pear, the Gila monster and the rattlesnake, horned lizards, spadefoot toads, Javelina pigs, and the stray coyote. It's hot enough to a hatch a prophet, along with the stones to throw at him.

Two Came Back (9/28; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) sends Melissa Joan Hart, Jonathan Brandis, David Gail, Jon Pennell, and Susan Sullivan off to the Pacific in a leaky sailboat, where, between San Diego and Vancouver, they are stormed on and sunk, after which there are sharks and excessive venting of emotions. None of these people seems old enough to act, or maybe even swim, but it's based on a true story and veteran director Dick Lowry knows how to get us wet.

Get to the Heart: The Barbara Mandrell Story (9/28; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) lets Maureen McCormick (see above) prove that she's all grown up and can even play a saxophone, before it head-ons her automobile in a crash that didn't end Mandrell's career or there wouldn't have been this movie. With Dwight Schultz and Lisa Blount as the loving parents, Greg Kean as the drummer-heartthrob, cameos by Dolly Parton, Kenny Rogers, and Barbara herself, and lots of so-so country music. I specialize around here in defending television from the condescensions of a corrupted big-screen Hollywood, but not even I will bother to compare Maureen McCormick's *Get to the Heart* with Sissy Spacek's *Coal Miner's Daughter* or Jessica Lange's *Sweet Dreams.*

The Written Word

Kurt Vonnegut—9/22 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from his new novel, *Timequake.* Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St., at Union Square (253-0810).

William Faulkner Centennial Celebration—9/22 at 6:30 P.M.: E. G. Marshall, Dana Ivey, Austin Pendleton, Myriam Cyr, and Faulkner scholars read selections from Faulkner's work and discuss his impact. The Algonquin, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800); $20 cover plus $15 min.

Walter Keady, Katherine Hester, Mick Cochrane & Tricia Bauer—9/23 at 7:30 P.M.: These writers read at Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (420-0816).

Stephen Jay Gould—9/23 at 7:30 P.M.: Author will discuss and sign copies of his latest collection of essays, *Questioning the Millennium.* Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St., at Union Square (253-0810).

Alix Kates Shulman & Elisabeth Stevens—9/24 at 6 P.M.: A reading at the Mid-Manhattan Library, 455 Fifth Ave., sixth floor (340-0833).

Julio Marzan, Grace Paley & Cecilia Vicuna—9/24 at 6:30 P.M.: A reading of their own work and that of silenced fellow poets in celebration of September's Index on Censorship, which is devoted to the work of banned poets. Friends Meeting House, 15 Rutherford Place, at 15th St. west of Second Ave. (777-8866).

Marathon Reading of *On The Road*—9/24 at 7 P.M.: More than 70 writers and musicians will gather to read the entire Kerouac classic into the wee hours of the next morning in honor of the novel's fortieth anniversary. Not to be beat. The Poetry Project, 131 E.10th St. (674-0910).

Richard House—9/24 at 7 P.M.: Author will read from his new novel, *Bruiser.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850).

Richard Howard—9/24 at 7:30 P.M.: Poets Out Loud at Fordham University at Lincoln Center, 113 W. 60th St. (636-6793);$5.

Ruth Rendell—9/24 at 7:30 P.M.: The award-winning writer will discuss and sign her latest thriller, *Road Rage.* Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St., at Union Square (253-0810).

F.D. Reeve & Harvey Jacobs—9/24 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 675 Sixth Ave, at 21st St. (727-1672).

Mary Burnett Smith—9/24 at 7:30 P.M.: A reading from her debut novel, *Miss Ophelia.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (420-0816).

Meena Alexander & Eileen Tabios—9/25 at 7 P.M.: A discussion of *The Poetry of TransMigration* and a presentation of work from the APA journal *Black Lightning.* Asian American Writer's Workshop, 37 St. Mark's Place (228-6718);$5.

Harriet Levin & Jill Bialosky—9/25 at 7 P.M.: Will read from *The Christmas Show* and *The End of Desire.* Posman Books, 1 University Place (533-2665).

Alix Kates Shulman—9/25 at 7:30 P.M.: Celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the publication of her classic *Memoirs of an*

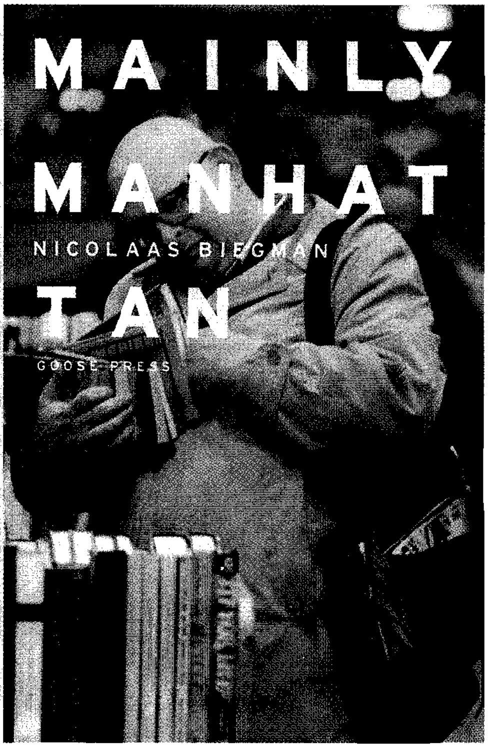
Happening
Roots Rock

*Once associated more with snake oil than with "legitimate" medicine, herbal flu-and-cold fighters have infiltrated the most mainstream of drugstores. Expand your knowledge of organic remedies (and preventatives) at "**Power of Herbs,**" the New York Botanical Garden's sixth annual weekend of workshops and tours. (Call 718-817-8747.)*

In Print

Still (Street) Life

The rummage sale, more than the used-book store, is the best index of printed matter we no longer need. Neatly and hopefully arranged on the card table, FOUR FOR $1, lies everything unwanted: junk nutrition (*The Nine-Day Wonder Diet*), obscure celebrity (*Mary Lou Retton: Gold Medal Gymnast*), pop sociology (*The Greening of America*). What's generally missing are books of photographs, particularly works of photojournalism, because even the worst photojournalism retains a documentary interest: What is badly made but true can still compel. *Mainly Manhattan*, by Nicolaas Biegman, is not the worst photojournalism. It *is* amateurish, in the sense that Biegman is not a person who depends on his pictures for a living (he's the Dutch Ambassador to the United Nations). But his portraits of Manhattan, with the occasional detours to Greenpoint and Red Hook, are remarkably free of cliché (he concentrates less on the homeless, whose privacy he was determined to uphold, than on the relationship between white dowagers and their black nurses). He has grouped his photographs into categories faithful to the city's street life, if not necessarily to its ethnography: kids, dogs, food, advertising, windows, transportation. Into these pages he's crammed New York in the nineties, and this of course will be particularly useful to New York in the (next century's) twenties. Just as some of us wish we could feel, and not just know, the city's life before we knew it—want to, say, sit on a subway car with wicker seats—this book will be a whiff of verisimilitude for our children. But since qualifying for posterity is no great feat for photojournalism, the real achievement of *Mainly Manhattan* is the way we can look at it today. The book satisfies as surely and as unaccountably as a glimpse of ourselves—our deli, bus stop, park bench—in a New York movie. The one exception is Biegman's preoccupation with Calvin Klein ads, which in his pictures are every bit as numbingly exquisite as they are in life. (Goose Press; $39.95.) **LINDA HALL**



Ex–Prom Queen. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St., at Union Square (253-0810)

Adeena Karasick—9/28 at 3 P.M.: Author will read from her book *Memewars*. Posman Books, 1 University Place (533-2665).

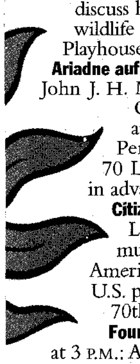
Valley of the Dolls?—9/29 at 7 P.M.: Drag Queens read from the notorious camp classic. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850).

Paul Muldoon & Susan Wheeler—9/29 at 7:30 P.M.: A Reading at KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360).

Lectures and Panels

Shirley MacLaine—9/22 at 7:30 P.M.: Join her *Inside the Actor's Studio* at the first seminar of the fall semester. Future sharing artists will include Lauren Bacall, Danny Glover, Anthony Hopkins, and Jack Lemmon. Call to register for the 7 Sessions Series, Course #9025 (229-5690); $245.

In the Dust of Kilimanjaro—9/23 at 6 P.M.: Director of the Kenya Wildlife Service, Dr. David Western will discuss his new biography and his approach to wildlife preservation at Hunter College's Kaye Playhouse. Call for tickets (220-6891); $10.



Ariadne auf Naxos—9/27 at 11:30 A.M.: Juilliard's John J. H. Muller will discuss the Metropolitan Opera's first Saturday matinee, a clever and touching work by Strauss. Kaplan Penthouse, tenth floor, Rose Building, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza (769-7028); $10 in advance, $12 at door.

Citizens or Scapegoats?—9/29 at 6:30 P.M.: Leaders of the Asian-American community debate media coverage of Asian-American participation in, and influence on, U.S. politics. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-2742); $15.

Foundations U.S.-Vietnam Relations—9/24 at 3 P.M.: A screening and panel with Veterans of the OSS and Viet Minh forces reflecting on their experiences together. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-2742); $25.

Tours

Ellis Island—9/27 at NOON.: Tour the Island's museum and grounds with a talk on the history of American immigration. Meet at the flagpole at the center of the Clinton Monument in Battery Park (439-1090); $15 for boat ticket, movie, and tour.

Greenwich Village—9/27 at 1 P.M.: Stroll through New York's legendary home to artists, writers, and radicals, focusing on the area's architecture, and rich history. Meet at the Washington Square Arch (439-1090); $9.

Annual Pre–Rosh Hashana Tour—9/28 at 1 P.M.: A special walk through more than 150 years of Jewish history and settlement on the East Side to celebrate the coming New Year. Meet at the SE corner of Essex and Delancey Sts. (439-1090); $9.

Events

NYC Fall Festival—9/27, noon-4 P.M.: A taste of the "good ole days," including music, games, weaving, cider pressing, blacksmithing, doll-making, food, and fun. King Manor Museum in King Park on Jamaica Ave. at 153rd St. (206-0545); $3 adults, $1 children.

The Atlantic Antic—9/28, 10 A.M-6 P.M.: A parade of fun with marching, music, dancing clowns, puppets, stilt-walkers, and hundreds of vendors and crafts people. Featuring the Persuasions. From Atlantic and Flatbush Aves. to the Waterfront.

Fall Antiques Show—9/25–28: Sanford Smith's nineteenth annual fall show (the country's premier show for American folk art and country furnishings) comes to the Park Avenue Armory, Park Avenue and 67th St. Admission is $10; call 777-5218 for hours and more information.

Benefits

Harlem RBI's Annual Sports Auction—9/25 at 6:30 P.M.: A live silent auction to benefit Harlem RBI's baseball, education, and mentoring programs for inner-city boys and girls. The Official All Star Cafe, 1540 Broadway, at 45th St. Call for reservations (722-1608); $200.

Camille Paglia—9/27 at 9 P.M.: The famed feminist scholar and culture critic will speak on her *Fetish for Freedom* to benefit the anti-censorship organization Feminists for Free Expression. At Mother, 875 Washington St., at 14th St. (702-6292); $15.

Exhibitions

A Community Oasis—Through 11/16: "Sixty Years in the Conservatory Garden." Through photographs and Garden memorabilia, this exhibition celebrates the beauty of this botanical treasure and its importance to the surrounding communities. It is on view at the Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, in Central Park at 110th St. near Fifth Ave. (860-1370); free.

Online

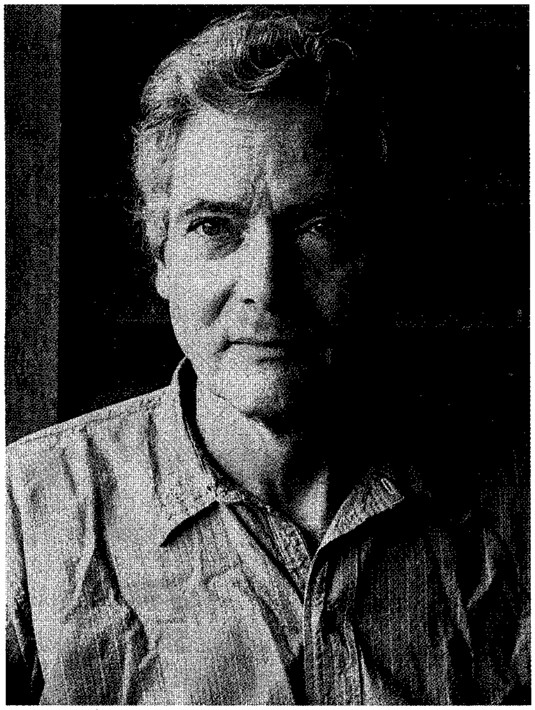
Now Playing at a Theater Near You—Feeling completely insulted by the lack of originality in blockbuster movies? Share your frustrations with fellow film buffs at the Movie Clichés List site, which celebrates those timeless illogical formulas that continue to revisit the screen. Downloading the lengthy list may try your patience, but these priceless observations ("All characters keep detailed news clippings of important events in their lives, particularly those events that must be painful to recall, such as the loss of the character's immediate family due to their own negligence") are worth it. *www.like.it/vertigo/cliches.html*

The New Court Order—The city's drollest mayor-cum-judge gets wired at the People's Court Online—and he wants you to turn in the verdict. Is the mink a mess? Did Fido frighten Foo-Foo? Interact with the show live and satisfy your urge for justice by casting your vote for the plaintiff or the defendant. Judge Koch will read the Web-jury response on the show. *www.peoplescourt.com/bindev/*

A Studio Near Union Square For $500? Fahgetaboutit—Fed up with smarmy brokers and creepy roommates-not-to-be? Get used to it. Finding an apartment in New York is sucky and simply a roll of the dice, but this new site is a resource at least as mediocre as any other. Of course, using the search terms "studio," "Village," and "under $1,000" will get you nothing, but—just for the heck of it—try "over $4,000" and "Upper East Side." Money will set you free. *www.nyrealty.com.*

The Ladies' Room—While the freedom and accessibility of the Internet has birthed a thriving community of mouse-slinging radical feminists, other sites target a more, shall we say, upwardly mobile percentage of the fairer sex. Then again, choosing to row the boat can sometimes be

Opposite page, illustration by Kelly Alder.



Opening **The 92nd Street Y's Unterberg Poetry Center gets its new season under way with an all-too-uncommon reading: one true to the venue's name. Fiction and the memoir are shelved for an evening as poet W. S. Merwin, author of *The Dancing Bears* and the Pulitzer-winning *The Carrier of Ladders,* reads from his work. (September 29; call 996-1100 for tickets.)**

more radical than rocking it. Women's Wire invites you to assess your investment level, browse through job listings, and ask "eMale" about your relationship woes, so that you, too, can have it all. *www.women.com*

Sports

Baseball—Be honest now: Who's been more fun to watch this season, the Mets or the Yankees? The fact that the Bombers are defending champs has actually made them less interesting, since you can only expect them to win. They pretty much locked up the wildcard spot weeks ago, thereby ending any chance for will-they, won't-they late-season drama. And because the first-place Orioles refused to relinquish their big lead, there was never any danger of an exciting fight for the division crown. The Yanks have been their usual entertaining selves off the field, but on it they either crush someone by eight runs or lose with a ho-hum effort. Tino has made things fun, but he's cooled off and the Yankee faithful are biding their time until the post-season, organizing their sock drawers and re-painting the garage. The Mets, however, have been a beguiling, enervating team since the middle of May. Armed with pitchers named Jones, Reed, Bohannon, and Mlicki, they've routinely beaten pitchers with names like Smoltz, Glavine, Martinez, and Clemens. Besides having more comeback wins (44) then anyone in baseball, they've won more than twenty games in the most fan-frenzying way possible: in their last at-bat. Their shortstop and third-baseman are such spectacular fielders you sometimes catch yourself rooting for the other team to hit a hard ground ball. But above all, they've been in a genuine race, as opposed to the walk in the ballpark going on across town. The Yankees may be the better team, and the Mets may not even make the postseason, but if the Bombers do anything short of repeating as champs, whose season can you consider more successful? Mets: 9/22: at Florida, 7:05 P.M. (TKTV); 9/23-24: vs. Pittsburgh, 7:40 P.M. both games (TKTV); 9/26-28: vs. Atlanta, 7:40 p.m. (TKTV); 4:10 P.M. (TKTV); 1:40 P.M. (TKTV). Yankees: 9/22: vs. Toronto, 7:35 P.M. (MSG); 9/23-25: at Cleveland, 7:05 P.M (MSG) all three nights; 9/26-28: at Detroit at 7:05 P.M (MSG); 1:15 P.M (MSG); 1:15 P.M (MSG).

Football—**GIANTS:** After a demoralizing defeat at the hands of the visiting Ravens, quarterback Dave Brown observed, "There is a perception in fans' minds that we lose these kinds of games." Nothing punctuated that truism better than the nearly 8,000 ticket holders who stayed home rather than watch football out at the Meadowlands on a flawless Sunday afternoon. That's a no-show number you don't usually see until a blustery, five-degree day in December. More bad news: Rookie wide receiver Ike Hilliard's injured neck requires season-ending spinal surgery. The only upside: Receiver Chris Calloway once underwent a similar procedure and made a full recovery. 9/28: vs. New Orleans, 1 P.M. (FOX). **JETS:** Bill Parcells must have saved Rupert Murdoch's life in 'Nam or something. How else do you explain the gushing reviews in Murdoch's Manhattan newsletter the morning after the Jets lost to the Patriots? The Jets had the game literally handed to them when the Patriots fumbled a kickoff on their own eighteen-yard line with less than a minute to play in regulation. But rookie kicker John Hall missed the spitting-distance field goal because he was aiming for a defender's biceps rather than the goalposts and the Jets went on to lose in overtime. And yet, tabloid sportswriters worked late into the night spell-checking words like *heroic, gutsy,* and *courageous* to describe the Jets' effort. Can you imagine what those words would have been if Rich Kotite were still coaching? Whenever the Jets blew a game like this last year—which happened roughly every seven days—the tabs were on Kotite like Lilliputians on Gulliver. Ironically, this year it's the coach and not the sportswriters with the hair-trigger gag reflex: Parcells not only didn't excuse his team's loss, he admitted it made him throw-up. It will be interesting to see just how many losses the tabs can stomach before that old tickle returns. 9/28: at Cincinnati, 4 P.M. (FOX).

Soccer—The MetroStars close out the regular season against first place Washington, a game they may need to win to make the postseason. As of this writing, M-Stars playoff hopes were still alive. 9/25: vs. Columbus, 7:30 p.m. (ESPN); 9/28: at Washington D.C., 8 P.M. (MSG).

Third Annual Celebrity Basketball Game—9/28; 4 P.M.: Bill Cosby boxing out Billy Bob Thornton is just one of the intriguing, almost alliterative combinations possible when these and other celebs hoop it up for charity. Marla Maples, Ed Burns, John Turturro, Rosie Perez, Steve Buscemi, Rob Morrow, Chris Weber, and Robert Parish (the Chief!) will also suit up in a game whose proceeds go to benefit the Shooting Gallery Foundation and the 2Chicks Foundation. Jon Stewart will emcee, Gloria Gaynor will sing the national anthem, and G. Love and Special Sauce will perform at halftime. Postgame party is at the All-Star Cafe. Hunter College Sportsplex, West Building, 68th St. and Lexington Ave. For information call Elizabeth Victor at 243-3042.

MS Bike Tour—9/28 at 7:30 A.M.: Feel what it's like to be Bill Clinton as you ride traffic-free through the city. Of course, unlike the president, you'll have to pedal, but every mile you complete raises money for the New York Chapter of the National Multiple Sclerosis Society. Cyclists will have a choice of three routes: 30, 60, or 100 miles. Pace is leisurely and noncompetitive and rest stations along the way will be stocked with bananas, PowerBars, and other free goodies. Tour starts and finishes at World Trade Center Plaza. Call 463-9791 for information or register on-line at www.msnyc.org. $20 advance-registration fee ($30 on day of tour) plus $50-pledge minimum.

On the Web
Pixel-ated

Online zines are usually about as well-rounded as a computer screen. It's surprising, then, to find a site clued in to as many aspects of the city as Jonathan Scott's PixelNY. Neon pop-ups, copious swearing, drum-'n'-bass audio, tough-edged crime stories by "Reign A. Voltaire"—PixelNY maintains a typical zine swagger. But its supercool attitude is balanced by intellectual ambition: a profile of Schopenhauer; essays on emerging artists; and excerpts from Maurice Blanchot, Albert Camus, and Gordon Lish. There's even a piece about carousing with Michael Alig. "We generally ignored lessons gleaned from our mistakes," Ernie Glam writes, "unless it meant remembering not to ruin an ecstasy high by doing a line of coke." Sound advice! *(www.pixelny.com)*

Photograph top left, by Matthew Carlos Schwartz.

kids

Juvenile Comedians...Animal Rock

Children's Events

"Working Waterfront Day"—Meet the people who clean and protect the waterfront, and clamber aboard their boats for guided tours. Ships from the U.S. Coast Guard, the New York Police Department, the New York Fire Department, and other agencies will be lined up along the **CHELSEA WATERSIDE PARK**'s Pier 62 for tours. All afternoon, kids can try their hand at nautical-knot-tying and fishing. A fireboat will periodically send up a waterworks display. At 3, the Canadian-based Caravan Stage Company performs onboard the *Amara Zee*, an 83-foot-tall ship (see photo). *The River*, an hour-long comic operetta, is a mythic enactment of some of the stories the St. Lawrence Seaway might tell if only it could. The Hudson River at 23rd St., noon to 5; rain date 9/28. For further information, call 533-PARK. ●●

What's the Story?—She's from Africa, he's American. Together, the two actors Maduka Steady and Michael Messer—who have appeared on *Sesame Street* as well as in theaters, schools, and community centers around New York—tell African folk tales punctuated by American folk songs. Is it better to tell the bullies you are a woman—when you aren't—so they don't beat you up, or to tell the truth and suffer the consequences? The myths explore what happens when friends (in this case a spider and a monkey) have a falling out and offer a version of the origin of spider webs that you won't find in science textbooks. "Such Stories," presented by A Young Artists Group Productions, 9/27 and 9/28 at 3. **THE ROTUNDA** at 79th St. Boat Basin in Riverside Park; enter at 79th St. and Riverside Drive (749-3202).●●

Scientific Method—**SONY WONDER TECHNOLOGY LAB** offers weekend workshops that provide a slightly more in-depth exploration of some of the themes raised by the ever-thought-provoking temple of gizmo-dom. Kids in the third, fourth, and fifth grades need to register in advance to make kaleidoscopes and conduct experiments on the properties of light. 9/27 from 11 to 1 and from 3 to 5; $4 materials fee. Future workshops cover the Science of Animation for grades 5 to 8, Robot Rangers for grades 1 to 4, 3-D Magic for grades 5 to 8, and Mirror Magic for grades 3 to 5. On select Sundays, kids working with parents can learn how a camera works, digitize a photograph, and build and design a string telephone. 56th St. at Madison Ave. (833-8100).●

Street Silliness—A balloon sculptor, several ponies, a handwriting analyst, and a bunch of firemen have been called in to liven up Union Square Community Coalition's annual children's carnival. Expect also a magic castle kids can bounce about in, pie throwing, and a fortune teller. 9/28 bet. 1 and 5. The 17th St. end of **UNION SQUARE PARK.**●●

Cultural Picnic—An extraordinarily rich yet inexpensive series of children's workshops and entertainment at **ARTS CONNECTION** opens with Hudson Vagabond Puppets' engaging version of *Peter and the Wolf*, performed with life-size puppets, 9/27 at 1 and 3. Tickets are $6. Upcoming performances and hands-on workshops include a chance to make puppets with artists from the Jim Henson Foundation (10/4 at 12:30; $2), a "Jump for Joy" performance by young artists with the Martha Graham Dance Ensemble (11/1 at 3; $6), an opportunity to make a photo album followed by a trip to the International Center of Photography (11/8 and 11/22 at 12:30; $4), and a beyond-juggling performance by Michael Moschen (1/10 at 3; $6). Call for a complete schedule and to reserve a seat or a spot in a workshop. 120 W. 46th St. (302-7433).

Cue

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Television

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Nightlife

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Sports

Three for the Road—A physical comedy group, Tricicle, named in 1993 one of Spain's "Top 5 Entertainment Events of the Year," bring their antics to New York for the first time. The show, *Three-for-All*, in previews at **UNION SQUARE THEATRE,** is not specifically for a family audience but has the Buster Keaton kind of comic absurdity that strikes funny bones of many ages (and generations). As the performance progresses, the three members of Tricicle cast themselves as mismatched roommates, hyperactive flies, ice cubes, and cyclists. 100 E. 17th St. (575-3030); $29.50 to $37.50. After the opening 10/13 at 6:45, performances are $35 to $45.

Natural Wonder—Rock and roll about animals and the environment, for the 3-to-9-year-old set, that will have the audience dancing in the aisles. Annie and the Natural Wonder Band perform at the **KNITTING FACTORY** 9/27 at 1. 74 Leonard St. (977-6115); $8.50 per person.●

Three Wishes—Director Nicolas Coppola presents a marionette adaptation of *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp* accompanied by Khachaturian's *Gayane* ballet, flying carpets, and a "live" genie. Saturdays through 12/20, Sundays through 9/28 and 11/23–12/21, performances at 12:30 and 2:30 P.M. **THE PUPPETWORKS, INC.,** 338 Sixth Ave., at 4th St., Brooklyn; $5 children, $7 adults. Reservations required (718-965-3391).

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Keep the Doctor Away—Droves of orchards are secreted in the historic Hudson Valley, with fruit—several varieties of apples and raspberries—ready now for picking. Through 10/31. **MONTGOMERY PLACE ORCHARD** (call 914-758-6338 for details).

Art and About—Bring kids ages 5 to 10 around several downtown art galleries with a couple of art educators. ARTime tours are Saturdays at 11. Through 10/25, the group will take a look at Greg Crewdson's aerial photographs of staged events, Lezly Saar's memory pieces made of painted and collaged books, and other work that appears under the auspices of the Downtown Arts Festival; $20 per child and adult; additional children in the family $5; sketching materials are provided. Call to reserve space (718-797-1573).

Beyond Knock Knock—First eat upstairs at Comedy Nation, where the waiters are cut-ups, to get in a laughing mood. Then laugh long and loudly as kids in the 8-to-15 age bracket (who have auditioned from all over the tri-state area) perform their stand-up comic routines. Later on, you can decide whether any of them were actually funny. Appropriate for children ages 7 and up. (Kids or parents of children interested in performing 3- to 5-minute routines at future shows should call 877-6115). **CAROLINE'S**, 1626 Broadway, at 49th St. (757-4100). Call for reservations. Tickets are $10. ●

Performance
Show Boat

The good ship *Amara Zee* is both home to and theater for the Ontario-based Caravan Stage Company, so named because a horse-drawn caravan used to convey the players and their issue-oriented pageantry from town to town. When the new 83-foot sailboat breezes into Manhattan's West Side, its crew of 23 will make the switch from mariners to actors, performing *The River Show*, a comic eco-operetta for landlubbers of all ages. Chelsea Waterside Park at 23rd Street (hosted by the Hudson River Park Conservancy); September 27 and 28 at 3. Free.

Photograph by Andrew Goldberg.

in concert

Kathleen Battle Sings at the Temple of Dendur

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Classical Music

Tuesday, September 23

Kim-Jacobsen-Arron Piano Trio—Performs Schubert, Beethoven, and Brahms. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 2; $8.50.*

Wednesday, September 24

Jeffrey Siegel, Pianist—Performs Chopin's polonaises, waltzes, and mazurkas. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $20.*

Cecilia Bartoli, Mezzo-Soprano—Performs with her family's chamber ensemble, I Delfici. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7; $30–$500.*

Emi Kagawa and Adam Neiman, Pianos—Kagawa performs Chopin and Scriabin; Neiman plays Schumann and Rachmaninoff; both are winners of Juilliard's 1997 Gina Bachauer International Piano Competition. *Paul Recital Hall, the Juilliard School, 60 Lincoln Center (769-7409); free.*

Thursday, September 25

New York Philharmonic—Performs Brahms's Symphony No. 2 and Symphony No.3; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-7000), at 8; $20–$75.*

Bargemusic—Trio performances of Vivaldi and Telemann. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 6:30; $23.*

Noonday Concert—Harpist Robin Huw Bowen performs traditional Welsh music. *Trinity Church, 74 Trinity Pl. (602-0873), at 1 P.M.; free.*

Friday, September 26

DROP—A psychedelic rock opera by Puak Mascotta and Hank Wagner. *NADA's House of Candles, 99 Stanton St. (420-1466), midnight; free.*

New York Treble Singers—Perform Mary Jane Leach's *Ariadne of Knossos*, with Arlene Travis, soprano. *Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, 7 W. 55th St. (961-0825), at 7:30; $10.*

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Performs two Mendelssohn works, in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the death of Felix Mendelssohn and the consecration of New York's Calvary Baptist Church; John Nelson, conductor. *Cavalry Baptist Church, 123 W. 57th St., at 8 (247-7800); $12–$36.*

New York Philharmonic—See 9/25, at 11.

Saturday, September 27

Greenleaf Chamber Players—Perform Bach with Peggy Pearson, oboe, and Lorraine Hunt, mezzo-soprano. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $35.*

New York Philharmonic—See 9/25.

Sunday, September 28

Debbie Friedman—Performs Granados, Obradors, and Strauss. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2:30; $25–$50.*

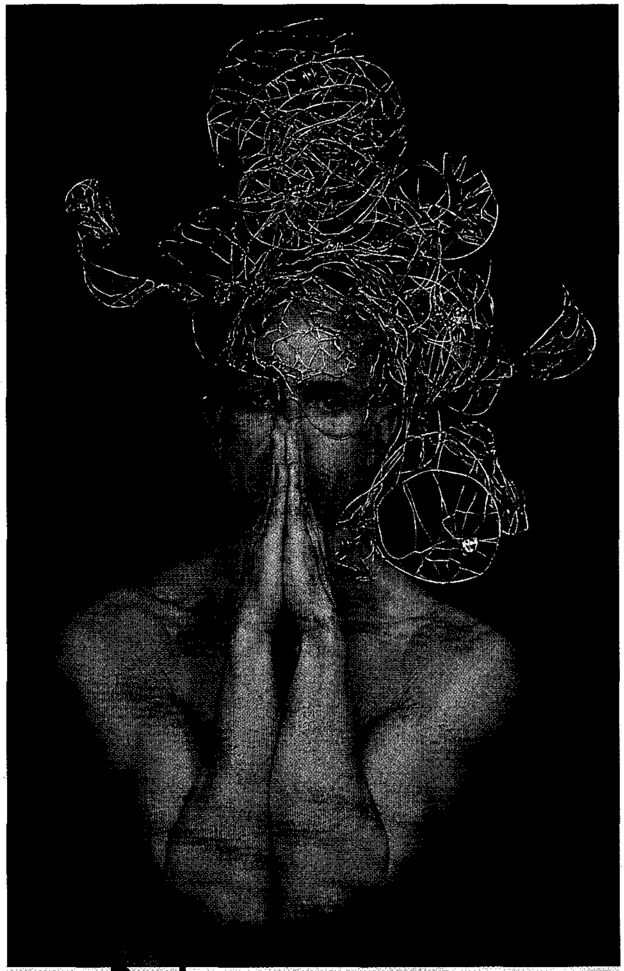
International Opera Singers Competition—Singers from Asia, Europe, and the U.S. compete for prizes and a New York recital. *Jewish Theological Seminary, Broadway and 122nd St. (308-6728), at 3; $15.*

Lynette Tapia, Soprano—Performs Granados, Obradors, and Strauss. *Kosciusko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. (734-2130), at 3; $12.*

Lionheart—The male a cappella ensemble performs sacred motets, secular songs and chants. *Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. (666-0675), at 4; $18.*

Riverside Festival Orchestra—Performs Vaughn Williams and Bruch's *Scottish Fantasy;* Arturo Delmoni, violin. *Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr. (870-6703); free.*

Bargemusic—See 9/25, at 2.



Previews

Now and Zen

This week at the Joyce, New York's Stephen Petronio—Trisha Brown's first male dancer, later acclaimed for the speedy and sexual choreography of his own company—swaps his punk image for something a bit less aggressive in 'ReBourne.' With Tibetan-influenced music by the Beastie Boys, of course. September 23–28.

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

Monday, September 29

Kathleen Battle, Soprano—Performs Baroque and sacred music. *Temple of Dendur, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1100 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3949), at 8; $60.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—First week includes Massenet's *Manon*, with Renee Fleming, 9/23 and 9/26 at 8; Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos*, with Deborah Voight, 9/24 at 7:30 and 9/27 at 1:30; Bizet's *Carmen*, with Denyce Graves and Plácido Domingo, 9/25 and 9/27 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $75–$2,000.*

New York City Opera—Performs Verdi's *La Traviata*, 9/25 at 7:30, Verdi's *Macbeth*, 9/26 at 8; Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algieri*, 9/27 at 1:30; Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, 9/27 at 8; and Verdi's *La Traviata*, 9/28 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$85.*

Amato Opera—The smallest opera house in the world begins its fiftieth season with a bilingual version (English, too) of Verdi's *Falstaff;* Anthony Amato, conductor. 9/27 at 7:30 and 9/28 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Dicapo Opera—Performs Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci;* Mark Flint, conductor, 9/25 at 7, 9/26–9/27 at 8, and 9/28 at 3. *184 E. 76th St. (288-9483), $25.*

Dance

Forever Tango—The Argentine form interpreted by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

Steven Petronio—Premieres two dances, *ReBourne* and a solo work, *I Kneel Down Before You*, as well as last year's *Drawn That Way*, 9/23–9/27 at 8 and 9/28 at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $28.*

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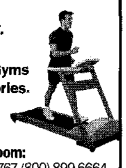

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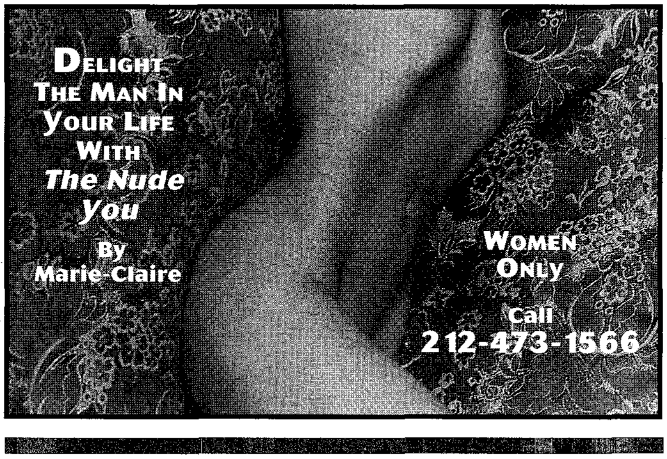
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Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

I Want A Woman—Who would not normally respond to a personal ad. A woman who is strong-willed yet sensitive, knows what she wants and won't settle for less. She is romantic, passionate, sensual, well-read and well-bred. She possesses uncompromising values, grace, class and wit. You strive for excellence and are sometimes disappointed when others don't measure up. You are stimulated by NY cultural scene but love the peace and tranquility of the country. You are 25-35, model-slim, take great pride in your appearance and not afraid to admit that you're a cut above. Although happy with your life, you yearn for the man to make it complete. I'm that man: 40, 5'11", 170 lbs, green eyes, wavy hair and quite good-looking. Interests include music (jazz), theater, downtown dining, cooking, antiquing, travel, fashion. I'm kind, caring, very successful, and pride myself on my strong sense of values and keen sense of humor. Photo/note, please. 8504 ✉

Physician With Hypnotic Blue Eyes—Jewish, 37, witty, with all-around good looks, seeks sexy woman, 23-30, with both inner/outer beauty. Note/photo. 8428 ✉

Beautiful Professional Woman—Divorced, Jewish, 54, 5'6", slender, strawberry blond, sensitive and caring. Enjoys classical music, theater, opera, books, fine food, wine and stimulating company. Seeks a kind, nonsmoking, tall, attractive, successful man with a sense of humor, to share all of the above. 8538 ✉☎

Bronx—6'2", slim, secure, self-sufficient man, German descent, octogenarian with car - seeks tall, slender, healthy, nonsmoking senior lady, for mutual satisfactory get-togethers. Phone/recent snap. 8438 ✉

Handsome PhD—Trim, slim, athletic, successful, romantic widowed male, looking to share cozy dinners, walks, theater and more, with pretty, 5'4"-5'5" female, about 45-48. Note/photo. 8437 ✉

Mensch With An Edge—Affable, handsome, romantic, successful, 44, 5'9", with city/country lifestyle. Passions include outdoor activities, fitness, fine wine, jazz, golf and stimulating conversation. Seeking a slender, sultry siren who shares my passions, has her own to share, and who is emotionally available. 8520 ✉☎

Bee Finds Flower—Luckiest bee alive finds flower laureate of his dreams. Happy beyond imagining. Bless New York Magazine. **J+A forever.**

Beautiful Woman—Fun, athletic, shapely, slim and bright, 5'6" tall. Seeks *handsome professional man of integrity,* who is tall, athletic, romantic and over 33, to spend quality time together. Note/photo/phone. 8527 ✉

Wall Street Analyst—35, Ivy, spends too much time at home playing Super-Nintendo and watching Discovery Channel. Seeks interesting woman, 20s-30s, to explore the City/maybe more. 8483 ✉☎

A Unique Combination—Of warmth, passion for life, good looks, success - a dynamic, old-fashioned romantic surgeon/scientist, trim, very fit, 5'10", funny, 43. Seeks female counterpart, bright, under 37, caring, for a quality relationship. Please, phone/photo a must. 8542 ✉☎

Class Act—Tall, great legs, slim, beautiful blond, sensuous, 38, Jewish - loves travel, tennis, sports. Seeks tall, successful, athletic and fit male, ready for a passionate relationship. Photo/note please. 8486 ✉☎

The Best Is Yet To Come—Life is good... Let's make it great! Late 40s lady... attractive, smart, sophisticated and successful, seeks to share life with similar gentleman (45-60). Let's enjoy the city... theater, film and walking. Let's enjoy the country...loving, laughing, talking. Let's travel together through the changing tides. Note/photo. 8509 ✉☎

Life In The Boonies—Bright, small-town, single Jewish female, 30s, honest, sensitive, quiet, communicative, strong, compassionate, 5'4 1/2", 114, of many emotional and physical attractions (going undiscovered by all but UPS man). Find me: warm, kind, compassionate, honest, humbly confident, good-looking, monogamous, smoke-free, politically liberal man (any race or religion), ready for marriage/offspring. 8392 ✉☎

Renaissance Man—42, blond, blue eyes, 5'6", handsome, cerebral, fit, nonsmoking professional - seeks passionate, petite charmer for laughs, for love, forever... Note/photo/phone. 8464 ✉

Handsome Jewish Male—30, 5'11", 160, easygoing, honest, sincere, nonsmoking, enjoys dining out, movies, Seinfeld, Central Park. Seeks slim, sweet, girl-next-door type female. Note/photo. 8477 ✉

I Need A Man Who Loves Life!—Vital, passionate, loving man, educated/cultured ...who needs a woman who is all that and more. 70 plus. Note/picture. 8468 ✉

Richard Gere Look-Alike—39, 6'1", handsome, well-built, successful executive ...seeks adventurous female, model type, 22-35, for mutually rewarding relationship - to share gourmet dinners, vacations, romance and passion. Photo a must. 8502 ✉☎

Head-Turning, Green-Eyed Barbie—Cuban, successful, bubbly, bright, fun, loving and cultured...seeking Ken. You: 30-38, intellectually stimulating, optimistic, handsome, financially secure, attentive, affectionate and emotionally present. Photo/note. 8426 ✉

What Is God's Gift?—Answer: women! If you are 20s-30s, in-shape, nonsmoker, single, white or Hispanic female with a beautiful personality and who is into health, fitness, working out and personal development, then this unpretentious, down-to-earth, educated, 30s, 5'8", passionate physical fitness enthusiast, male, would like to adore, appreciate and revere you and to have your true friendship, warmth and magic. Note/phone/photo, please. POB 40, Whitestone, NY 11357

Seeking Nice, Warm, Open Woman—With good sense of humor, to fill void in heart, arms and comfortable Manhattan home of similar man. You are intelligent, sunny, spunky and slender, and ideally also petite, elegant and under 52 3/4. In return, you get a tall, slim, reasonable, considerate, Wasp-born, successful Wall Street lawyer, 60s, who misses the sharing, giving and emotional enhancement that go with commitment to the right woman. I love travel, opera (and other music), movies, books, tennis...and bonding with you, if I should be so lucky as to find you. Photo helpful. 8463 ✉

Very Attractive Woman MD—Slim, gentle, with warmth, sensitivity, humor, *optimism, 40s, seeks sweetheart.* 8424 ✉

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Latin Lady—Management professional and part-time fitness instructor, 5'5", light brown eyes and hair, extremely fit. Seeks professional white or Hispanic male, 38-48, 5'10"-6'2", extremely fit. 8434 ✉☎

Avoid The Rosh Hashanah Rush—Fall crush. Choose now from the best of fall's new offerings. Very attractive, dynamic, "Uptown gal" (smart, savvy, stylish) who also possesses much of that "Downtown" passion, spirit, sensuality, soul...seeks a very loving, smart, savvy, successful mensch (48-70, with huge heart, humor) who has lots of empty space to share, great features/options and long-term available parking, for fun, frolic, fabulous friendship, and an incredible forever-growing love. Reply with recent photo. 8491 ✉

Woman To Woman—I stand apart from the crowd, do you? Beautiful, accomplished, feminine woman of depth seeks very special, ultra-feminine beauty, fit in body/mind, 48-55, nonsmoker. Photo. 8507 ✉

Northwest Values/Manhattan Savvy—Bright, blue-eyed, curvaceous, petite redhead, 38, cultured female executive - enjoys dancing, traveling, cooking. Prefers (212), nonsmoker, 35-45, single white male, optimistic, playful and caring. Send note/photo/phone. 8471 ✉

Professional Black Female—Attractive, 40, slim, physically active, enjoys NYC, movies, music (jazz/R&B), travel, Caribbean beaches, etc. Seeks professional man, 30s-40s, fit, active, tall (5'8" plus), nonsmoker, honest, reliable, likes to laugh and have fun, for committed relationship. Race unimportant. 8541 ✉☎

Nice Guy—33, attractive exec seeks female *who enjoys dance/romance.* 8544 ✉☎

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Very Lonely—Because I'm missing you to share my unlimited potential. This very handsome, athletic, very wealthy executive seeks slim, pretty female, mid 20s-early 30s, for any relationship that fits your personality, because I'm ready for any challenge to find love, happiness, friendship or anything else that is going to cure the pain of loneliness. 8493 ☒

Good-Looking MD—Gutsy, down-to-earth, passionate, with wide interests (especially the arts) and music (particularly opera), 48, 5'9". Much interested in family. Seeks a beautiful woman with passion, intelligence and originality, 33-41 (Asian woman particularly but others too). Note/photo. 8432 ☒

Laughter—The Hassler, integrity, fast cars, Muse Dorsey, *tradition*, Snowmass, St-Ouen, sense of humor, Torch Song Trilogy, cheek to cheek, success, kisses, Vivaldi, heart, Arch Digest, Chanukah, fidelity, Scrabble, Talk Radio, The Rainbow Room, passion, ABC, aerobics, kids, romance, Stanley Cup, Barneys, The Left Bank, family, Weatons, Scalinatella, compassion, The Godfather, character, pizza, Black Fins, style... 50s girl wants 50ish man with strong handshake, soft touch, who relates to above. Letterhead response only. 8452 ☒

Almost Perfect—Single Jewish male, 36, slim, 5'10", literate professional in diverse worlds, seeks creative companion. She's very smart, assured, ironic, stylish and petite. E-mail: Onthee@aol.com

Happy With My Life—But missing a special someone. I am a 40s, pretty, shapely blond, seeking an attractive, 40s or 50s, energetic, successful (gentle)man to cherish forever. Intelligence, sense of humor and warm heart a must. Life is short, but romantic sunsets await. Please send letter, photo and phone. 8514 ☒

In Search Of The Fairy Tale—Your mind, your body, your spirit and your soul. This very successful, handsome, Jewish NJ entrepreneur will truly push all your buttons. He's a self-made, sharp, warm, very easygoing, ambitious, family-oriented gentleman who's exciting, romantic, physically fit, very affectionate, and on his way to becoming very rich. He's looking to meet a single Jewish female, 24-28, genuinely warm, classy, very intelligent, family-oriented country girl with a heart of gold, an open mind, a naturally beautiful face and a very sexy, physically fit body. Nature, children, fireplaces, *his Labrador, Club Med, kissing*, sushi, tequila and Shania Twain are a few of his favorites. He's a great catch, and looking for the same. Photo a must. 8460☒

Escape To Connecticut—6'4" tall, slim, athletic build, handsome - long light hair, blue eyes, Nordic-looking, mid 40s. Strong physically, emotionally, financially. Love tennis, jazz, the ocean and Manhattan evenings. Hate pretense, small-mindedness and country music. Seeking tall, slim, athletic, pretty woman, 30-38, with similar interests, to enjoy CT and NYC. Good tennis player a major plus. Note, photo and phone, please. 8440 ☒

Outdoorsy Man—51, writer and wilderness guide, tall and thin, grey-bearded, nice-looking, warm, eco-concerned. Seeks attractive, self-aware, loving, spiritual woman who's passionate about nature, for lasting relationship. Photo, please. 8498 ☒

Not A Cliche—Jewish professional, elegant in style and manner, seeking intuitive man, 60ish, who can laugh at life's absurdities. Note/photo. 8503 ☒

Gorgeous Natural Redhead—Educated, class act with beautiful green sparkling eyes, long flowing hair, longer legs, trim figure and dazzling smile - seeks chemical reaction with Jewish, successful, sensual man, 35-47. Photo/note/phone. 8449 ☒☎

Striking, Slender—Kind, smart, shapely brunette, looking for brilliant, fun, financially secure, handsome, kind man, 35-50, able to go the distance with the right person, to build a wonderful life. Note/photo, please. 8447 ☒ ☎

Gawgiss, Slender Jewish PhD—Likes to laugh, seeking down-to-earth Jewish male, 44-58, with sense of humor, intelligence, warmth, to share theater, dining, NYC culture, biking, outdoors. Photo. 8421 ☒

Looking For Best Friend—Attractive, dynamic, Ivy, sensual Jewish woman, 5'7", 36, seeks successful professional, caring, fun man, 35-47, for a lifetime of love and laughter. Note/photo. 8539☒

MD—CT widow, classy, 55, nonsmoker, Italian origin, traditional family values, seeks male counterpart, up to 59. 8505 ☒

Fill My Heart With Love And Laughter—Attractive, petite blond seeks trim, nonsmoking 50s man. Photo. 8466 ☒ ☎

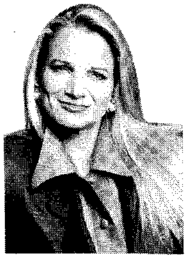
Honest Love—Unlikely to meet this man at a bar or at work, but you can find him *amongst intelligent, interesting friends.* 37, Jewish, warm, compassionate, highly intelligent, artistic, very handsome and attractive, great sense of humor, confident. Loves cobblestone streets, the sun after rain, knowledge, new ideas, travel, music. MD involved in holistic medicine - seeks honest love with a woman who's individualistic, intelligent, warm, sexy, stylish, artistic, naturally very pretty, compassionate and kind. Note/photo. 8500 ☒

Attractive, Warm—Jewish female, 37, professional. Well-traveled. Loves theater, film, fine arts and fun restaurants. Bikes and blades too. Seeks emotionally secure, family-oriented man. Note/photo. 8470 ☒

Attractive And Stylish Male—32, 5'10", blond hair, seeking never-married woman for a relationship built on mutual goals. I'm financially independent and interested in finding a bright, attractive lady who's able to laugh at life. 8487 ☒ ☎

Are You Looking For A Nice Guy...—Who will treat you like a lady? Divorced Jewish male, 6'1", 180, blue eyes, brown hair, 43 years old, looking for a woman who is attractive and in good mental and physical condition. If you would enjoy the company of a kind, considerate, traditional, single parent, please respond with letter and photo. You will not be disappointed. 8436 ☒

Seeking—Secure, fit young man, 40-52, to meet upbeat, classy 50-plus lady. 8508 ☒☎



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Rubenesque, 57, EdD—NJ/NY, bassoonist, chorister, boater, seeks evolved, successful man, 52-60. 8484 ☒

Handsome, Athletic Executive—33, 6', with great smile and humor, romantic and financially secure. I am looking to meet an attractive woman, 27-36, who enjoys fine dining, weekend getaways and laughter. Note and photo, please. 8454 ☒ ☎

Attractive, Slim Jewish Female—38, down-to-earth, enjoys movies, dining out, sports - seeks good-natured, single white male for lasting relationship. 8451 ☒☎

Passionate Teacher—Humorous, nonsmoking male, divorced, Jewish, energetic, attractive, loyal, 49, 5'8", old-fashioned values - seeks fit, natural, ethical, pretty lady, 38-45. Note/photo. POB 373, Pound Ridge, NY 10576

Most Wanted:—One wonderful, knockout Jewish woman who's kind, caring, age 35-45, to be my sweetheart of the South Shore of LI. Reward: one heck of a Jewish mensch - with heart, humor and integrity, to spoil you. 8443 ☒ ☎

Manhattan Born And Bred—Stylish former fashion executive, seeking male companion for skiing, entertaining, traveling. My boy's at college, my new business is growing and I'm ready for some good times. Slim, blond, blue-eyed, 5'6", with classic good looks and sophisticated taste. Note a must/photo appreciated. 8431 ☒

Norwegian/Canadian/New Yorker—5'6", slim, well-built, divorced, 40s, extremely lovely, quietly sexy, chic, with a sense of humor, style, playfulness, depth - seeks guy, 48-68, to get to know. 8529 ☒ ☎

Extra! Extra! Unique...—Extroverted gal, optimistic, active, divorced ad exec who is healthy, witty and wise. Interests: love for animals, cooking, sports, music, fashion, photography, family...homes in NYC and Woodstock. Looking for the same kind of sharp, secure guy, 45 plus. 8442 ☒ ☎

Lawyer—38, Jewish, very handsome, *seeks sweet, petite Jewish female, 20s-30s,* who, like me, believes happiness is best when shared. Photo. 8441 ☒

Weekend Dad—53, 5'10", physically fit. Interests: hiking, swimming, gardening, travel, reading, theater and country inns. Looking for a committed relationship with an intelligent, kind, attractive woman, 30s-40s. Note/photo. 8455 ☒

Renaissance Man, 35—Tall, good-looking, fit, successful - seeks pretty, slim, tall brunette, Jewish (not religious), happy, down-to-earth type with *good values, for a serious relationship.* No previous children. Age 25-32. Photo/letter/home phone, please. 8524 ☒

Beautiful Redheaded Psychotherapist—And author - loves life and human frailty, good conversation and fun. Seeks man, 50-65, for loving relationship. 8445 ☒☎

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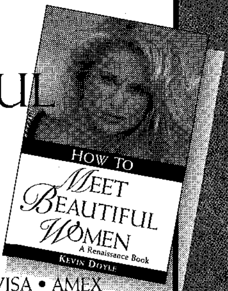

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Lover Bear—Hibernating time is near. My healthy, smart, polished mate loves nature, the arts and me - pretty, fit, feminine, insightful, playful, accomplished. No smoke. Photo/note. 45-60. 8501 ✉

A Good Connection—Tall, attractive, slim, with athletic build, Ivy League-educated, successful, financially secure, generous, nonsmoker, disease-free, creative, humorous, romantic - seeks slim female, 28-42, for romance. 8448 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Slim Designer—Classy, sexy, fun, seeks a high-caliber, handsome, very successful man, 42-51 - forever. 8525 ✉☎

Love Being In Love—45, single white male, teacher, seeking romantic, flexible woman, 30-50, chemistry important, not evaluating. Note/photo/phone. Will try to respond to all. 8506 ✉

Slim, Fit Redhead—Jewish, with top-notch looks, brains and personality, seeks exciting, devilish man, 55-65, for romance, adventure and magic. 8488 ✉☎

Naturally Pretty—Mature, refined, fun, kind, good cook seeks gentleman. Photo. 8304 ✉

Mourning The End Of Summer?—You need a new man in your life. He's funny, tall, handsome, affectionate, 40s Jewish businessman. If you are attractive, under 40, respond now. Photo essential. 8457 ✉

Tall, Trim And Truly Handsome—Jewish doc, 40s, seeking a tall, thin, naturally gorgeous 30s female with a soul warm enough to melt the first frost. Note/photo, please. 8475 ✉

Veterinarian—29, Jewish, petite, with Michelle Pfeiffer looks. Athletic, love the outdoors. Seeks smart, professional Jewish guy, 20s-30s. Photo. 8496 ✉ ☎

Younger Woman Sought—For love, family, passion. Down-to-earth investment banker, young 45, trim, athletic, successful, educated, adventurous, nice guy. Ready to settle down with intelligent, beautiful, sensuous woman, 25-40. Note/photo, please. 8435 ✉

Very Good-Looking, Classy Gentleman—41, 5'11", 175, well-educated, successful, Catholic, athletic and down-to-earth. Seeks an attractive, in-shape, intelligent woman, 28-40, for romance, marriage and family. Note/photo/phone, please. 8474 ✉

WELCOME BACK!!!

Summer's over (almost), but the fun is just beginning. New York Magazine's Strictly Personals celebrates your return with an amazing September special. Place your personal ad in New York Magazine between **Sept 1-30** and receive the following: **10%** off any ad, any size! Try our very popular and very successful (and we mean it!) phone service and get an additional **5%** discount, for a total savings of **15%** off your ad.

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Ended A 20-Year Relationship—Pretty redhead, an intellectual who smiles easily, seeks NYC man for magic. 8444 ✉

A Fit, Cute—Good-looking blue-collar guy in a white-collar world. I enjoy skiing, theater, exploring new places, affection, friends, my work. Seeking a pretty, fit, warm woman, 32-39, who wants to share a city/country lifestyle. Let's start as friends. Photo please. 8425 ✉

Very Handsome Protestant—Professional, 43, traditional values, seeks upbeat woman of substance, under 37, for committed relationship. 8481 ✉

Beautiful, Blue-Eyed, Blond Writer—Slim, fit, 5'6", mid 40s. Intelligent, intuitive and self-aware. Loves animals; loves to laugh. Seeks tall, handsome, kind, considerate, fun, funny, fit professional man, 40-52, for possible relationship. Note, photo and phone, please. 8522 ✉

Vivacious, Cute, Trim—Jewish professional woman, with a great sense of humor, warmth and caring (50), seeks smart, loving and fun, relationship-minded man (to 60). 8480 ✉ ☎

Pretty Blond—Jewish, divorced female, fit, bright, warm and caring, seeking Jewish male, 48-58, stable, full of life, for a real relationship. Note/photo. 8427 ✉☎

Reservoir Toes - Got Those—Also have stacks of books, read and unread, extra pages in my passport, a successful legal career, a backhand that needs work, a gentle nature, an artistic side and a love of animals. I'm a tall, handsome, youthful male, early 40s - what I don't have is you. Photo/note essential. 8531 ✉

Meet A Striking Woman—Joie de vivre that can't be beat! NY is my cultural playground; love museums, concerts, walking, biking, playing tennis. Want to meet a Jewish male, 45-55, with a social conscience and a passion for living. 8545 ✉☎

Vibrant, Attractive, Slim, Athletic—Wryly humorous, playfully cerebral, strong values, soft heart... Into jazz, nature, tennis, WBAI. Seeks male, 48-55, with wit, depth and breadth. 8512 ✉ ☎

I Know You're Out There!—You: 35-45 male, accomplished professional, traditional, kind, fun... Likes: country/city, gym/sleeping in, TV/Broadway. Me: female exec, hazel, 5'7", fit, Catholic, easygoing, attractive. Looking for partner with whom to carry on old (and create new) family traditions. 8423 ✉

Boyishly Handsome—40s, professional, fit, fun, with dynamite humor, broad interests. He's honest, intelligent, caring, playful, financially secure. You're 34-44, nonsmoker, sincere, very attractive, sensual. Photo required for response. 8433 ✉

Good-Looking Package—And nice person too, in his nifty 50s, with very eclectic and affluent life style, seeks (212)/(201), pretty, slim, intelligent, independent lady, 40-48, for loving lifetime relationship. Note and photo, please. 8495 ✉ ☎

Perfect Timing—37, charismatic MD, surgeon, Jewish, 5'11", athletic, energetic, warmest heart/smile. Seeks thin, attractive, "glass half full" wonderful woman, 20s-30s, to simply share life. 8543 ✉

Rugged Italian—42, fit, secure, down-to-earth, kind, seeking fit, attractive, 25-35 female, any race. Photo. 8515 ✉ ☎

Single White Female—53, brown hair, brown eyes, short, strong and built for endurance. Likes the city, dining out and classical music. Loves the ocean, getaways, and animals. Busy health-care professional - seeks man of character. Must share integrity and a great sense of humor. No smoking. 8530 ✉ ☎

Gay White Female—5'5", slim, pretty, kind, stable, wealthy entrepreneur, young-looking 48, nonsmoker, in search of feminine, slim, sexy soul mate, 38-48, sincere, with brains, class, a good heart...to share Hampton weekends, love, life, happiness. Note/photo a must. 8497 ✉

Heart Of Gold—Inside a successful Jewish media sales exec, 39, 6'2", JFK Jr. type (lighter features), bright, kind, caring, affectionate, witty, loyal. Seeks soul mate for a lifetime of hugs and kisses. Note/photo, please. 8063 ✉

Debonair, Handsome, Wealthy—Green-eyed, romantic 56-year-old, single white male, 5'10", trim, worldly CEO with exotic tastes. I enjoy tennis, dining, travel, jogging, photography and my Hamptons retreat (in jeans). Eager to share my upscale lifestyle with a beautiful, in-shape, upbeat, 32-42-year-old model type with similar interests. That special someone I can respect love and cherish, foreign-born okay. No baggage. Note/phone/recent photo essential. 8546 ✉ ☎

Genuine—High-energy, highly educated, beautiful woman, 36, who loves big-city culture and country air, seeks 5'10" plus, 32-37, handsome man who is highly educated, well-established, dynamic athlete/professional, to share outdoor sports, adventure, travel, intense fun and create beautiful life together. Photo/note. 8439 ✉

Dare To Dream The Impossible...—Seeking a mensch who's waiting to take this happy, attractive, 5'7", 40ish lady into his arms. He knows how to enjoy life, love ...and tell a joke. Note/photo. 8467 ✉☎

One Love, One Life—When it's one need in the night - tall, dark, leading man, now 47, seeks a younger heroine to make tomorrow our own. 8523 ✉

Attractive, Sexy—5'4", slim, Chinese-American female, PhD, who loves travel, theater, movies, tennis, hugs and kisses... seeks an honest, affectionate, fit, financially secure, white/Asian professional male, 40-55, to share love and laughter. Note/photo, please. 8490 ✉

Gay White Male, Italian-American—Fit, retired, financially secure. Enjoy travel. Seek same. Photo gets mine. 8528 ✉

European Male, 43—Business professional, 6', fit, energetic, kind and compassionate, enjoys travel to Europe, rollerblading, the arts and finer things in life. Seeks intelligent, slim and attractive, single white female, 32-38, nonsmoker, who is affectionate and is also searching for soul mate to share life and more. Note/photo/phone, please. 8429 ✉

Smart Lady—Wants NY winter, Berkshire summer, soul-mate autumn. 8478 ✉

It's Time For Us—Me: businessman, Jewish, 53, 6'1", sincere, caring, athletic, with varied interests. You: bright, warm, active, attractive, slim, 38-46. 8446 ✉

Handsome, Kind, 39—Enjoys hiking, humor and 60 Minutes. Seeks pretty, interesting woman who mistakenly thinks all good men are taken. Note/photo. 8526✉

Extremely Successful—European background, blue-eyed, handsome executive for worldwide operating company, seeking attractive, mid 20s-early 30s female for long-lasting, rewarding relationship, because I'm sure that you deserve the best. 8492 ✉

Southern Entrepreneur—And judge, Jewish, widower, 62. Lives in harmony with nature in lodge in remote wooded area on private lake. Likes outdoor activities, travel, dining out, Broadway plays, good conversation and antiques. Travels to NY, Colorado, Paris, Rome. Photo, please. 8430 ✉ ☎

Pretty Jewish Woman—Slim, lively, bright, easy to be with, LI. Seeks male counterpart, 63-70. Note/photo. 8422 ✉

Let Me Love You—Do you like warm hugs? Passionate kisses in the middle of the night? Handsome CEO, 43, Jewish, has passion for personal and business success, with strong family values. Looking for attractive, fit, 32-45 woman who understands how to have a relationship, has a good sense of humor, is secure in her judgements. Kids are okay. Note/photo/phone, please. 8476 ✉

Happy, Pretty President—Successful, very active, fit, passionate, 5'4", 118 lbs, shapely, sensual, divorced Jewish woman, moved by music, art, outdoors and life. Seeking smart, accomplished, sensitive male best friend/lover, 48-60, to share the joy, sorrow and humor of life. 8458 ✉ ☎

Live In Sweetness Of Love—Are you my partner, my man, for a laughing, playful, caring, peace-of-mind life? We're bright, secure, attractive, passionate explorers who revel in each other and life's wonders. 40s-60s and note/photo/phone, please. 8154 ✉

Swedish PhD Candidate—Independent, fit, adventurous, 5'4", blue-eyed blond, 36, wants to start a family with intelligent, creative, accomplished professional. Tall, sophisticated, nonsmoking, animal-loving equestrian - maybe Jeremy Irons/Adam Arkin type. Real letter/photo. 8547 ✉

Tall, Slender Jewish Female—32, 5'8", attractive, athletic professional with great sense of humor - seeks confident Jewish professional, 33-40, 5'10" plus, athletic, fun and loves to laugh. Photo/note. 8472 ✉

Childless By Choice—I am a single white male, 34, 6'5", hopelessly romantic, affectionate, athletic, Ivy-educated, sincere and stable, and a nonpracticing Catholic. I believe in true love, soul mates, commitment and marriage - but I do not want to raise children. Do you believe in a balanced life of work and fun, romance and passion, travel, good food, fine wine, dear friends and new experiences? I seek a like-minded female, 26-36, who will appreciate the love and devotion of a good-hearted man. Please be fit, fun-loving and hypnotically feminine, with an engaging smile, a playful personality and a heart of gold. Photo/phone/note, please. 8519 ✉

Adventurous—Successful Westchester chiropractor, stylish, slender, passionate, fun-loving 50something woman - very young at-heart and looks - seeks equally successful, fit, mature man for romantic, sincere relationship. Must love family, beach, skiing, travel. Nonsmoker, please. Recent photo and note. 8469 ✉

Handsome Jewish Professional—31, slim and fit, seeking same. You are 27-36, happy, fun, seeking... Photo. 8540 ✉ ☎

Good Companion, Better Friend...—Best lover. Attractive, intelligent, passionate gentleman seeks successful, independent woman, 30s-40s, of femininity, sensuality and adventure, for committed relationship. 8450 ✉ ☎

Brown-Eyed Beauty—33, 5'9", slim, highly athletic grad student. You are a successful, educated male, 30-43, tall, athletic, outdoorsy, wholesome, playful and kind. Note/photo. 8461 ✉

Gay Male—6'1", 170, 44, into hiking, skiing, foreign films, art galleries, looking for masculine guy for emotional and physical relationship. Phone/photo/note. 8482 ✉

Gay English Gentleman—33, genuine, professional, fashionable, outgoing, living in Great Britain, seeks friendship with similar New Yorker. Possible end-year vacation in US. 8456 ✉

Single Jewish Male—42, seeks kind, fun, articulate, romantic, full-figured, single Jewish female, 26-39, college graduate, who enjoys reading, movies and New York. 8518 ✉ ☎

Accomplished Bachelor—Free spirit, open heart, sense of humor, lean, tall, good-looking, fit, sensual, thinker - seeks same in woman, 35-45, who lives in present. Note/photo, please. 8459 ✉

Gay Dental Student—Eastern Europe-born - an honest, sensitive and spoiled achiever - is searching for partner in crime. You should be around 36, active but gentle, tolerant, unbeaten optimist, who enjoys life as much as your above-average profession, and who believes in a shared life. We're not quite aware how and where to meet special ones, so please write a letter. 8513 ✉

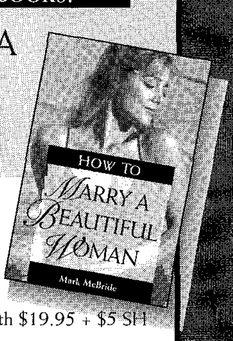
Beautiful, Bright, Sensitive Brunette—Big brown eyes, very shapely, 5'7", irrepressible spirit, spontaneous, adventurous, enthusiastic, great sense of humor, style. Enjoys theater, concerts, good conversation, dancing. Seeks handsome, caring, intelligent professional male, 45-55, 5'9" plus. Note/photo. 8453 ✉

Blond, Blue-Eyed—35, single Jewish female, educated, adventurous and passionate, who loves life, is upbeat and sincere. My interests are theater, film, music, autobiographies, dance, good friends and especially the beach. I am an accomplished, busy professional, genuine and affectionate. I am hoping to find a man who is passionate, emotionally and financially secure, and has a zest for life...who is also marriage- and family-minded and lots of fun. 8499 ✉

NY/Boston—29, pretty, fit, devilish, caring, seeks Jewish male counterpart. Tennis/photo/successful...a plus. 8532 ✉

Wanted: A Funky Mensch—I'm a wild and chic, musical and academic, adventurous and domestic, slender, 33, Jewish beauty - seeking tall, nonsmoking, 30s Jewish male. We'll go to movies and concerts, communicate, have fun making babies, travel, order take-out, bike and beach, fight and make up. 8462 ✉

Would You Like To Ski—Over Mont Blanc from France into Italy with me? Single white female desired by an Ivy PhD with post-doctorates from MIT and Harvard Medical School. I'm 42 (look 34), Chinese, attractive, kind and humorous. I love travel, fine dining, the arts and fashion. You're pleasant, lovely, intelligent and under 35. Photo, please. 8521 ✉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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Benjamin, Gogol, Barnes...—If you know these are writers and not the names of famous dogs, we're off to a good start. Smashing, slender, successful scribe, Jewish, 5'2", oceanic eyes, looks mid 20s, with biting wit (don't worry, I won't leave marks), seeks trim, 30s, handsome man, interested in the arts, provocative conversations. Photo. 8494 ✉ ☎

I Like It Like That—I am an attractive, successful 34-year-old woman who is very funny. I love paddleball, rollerblading, listening to music. Looking for a very handsome professional, Ivy League-educated, who can concentrate on a career and a passionate person. Nonsmoking male between the ages of 28-34, over the height of 5'10". 8479 ✉ ☎

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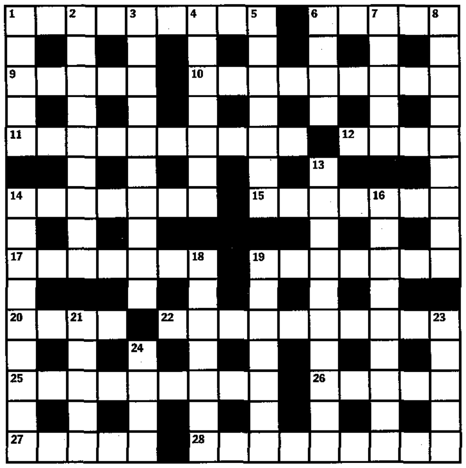
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Disagreeing about a point made tongue-in-cheek. (9)
6 Drop a music man. (5)
9 The Parisian and the waters of forgetfulness. (5)
10 Tots caper about. She looks on. (9)
11 After cut-back repeats blunder, causing anger. (10)
12 Support—for money. (4)
14 A standstill could render one thousand out of date. (7)
15 Opportunity the novice found in the church. (7)
17 Enduring without purpose. (7)
19 Serving men dealing with remains. (7)
20 Abandoned, which isn't right. (4)
22 Many a guy holding on can appear uncertain. (10)
25 Militant leaders. (9)
26 Oliver's perverted bent. (5)
27 A struggle to get going. (3,2)
28 The sovereign taken in by an alien killer. (9)



DOWN

1 Invalid—a self-made invalid. (5)
2 A worker turned in beaten and had a little sleep. (9)
3 He's warned there may be a charge for effecting an entry. (10)
4 Keep taking notice. (7)
5 A person most reluctant to give credit. (7)
6 Loudly scoffed "It was bound to happen." (4)
7 Following? Dead right! (5)
8 The citadel's made a cut—oil's problematic. (9)
13 Battling heavyweight from a Northern town. (10)
14 Impractical individuals producing fancy catalogues. (9)
16 A nice long break can be so pleasant! (9)
18 Implements inadequate accommodation in seagoing craft. (7)
19 Beastly fighting man finding it dull before a stick-up. (7)
21 Certain measures taken about a number in prison. (5)
23 Teach how to serve trout properly. (5)
24 Some ultra-patriotic little group. (4)

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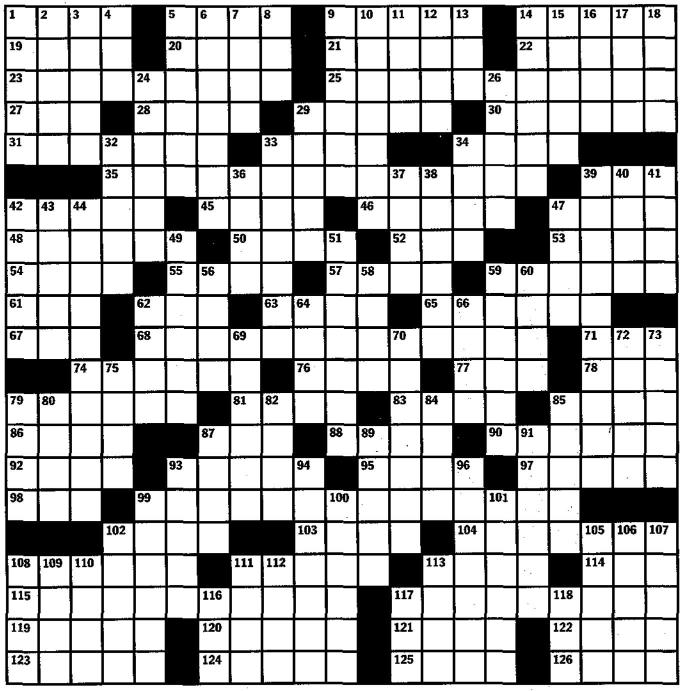
'Sports Equations': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Knighted lady
5 Bede of fiction
9 —— Klinker (Bergen dummy)
14 Rounds before the finals
19 Throw off, as fumes
20 Break a bronco
21 Some soda-fountain drinks
22 Cape Cod town
23 Lloyd + Meg = baseballer
25 Lenny + Edward = decathlete
27 Rink surface
28 Apiece
29 Shylock's pound
30 Properly positioned to play the football
31 Czech Republic region
33 "—— yellow ribbon . . ."
34 Uncontrolled tumult
35 Patrick + Louis = boxer
39 Missing link
42 Equity member
45 Adult elvers
46 Majority leader Lott
47 Theater area
48 Lucre
50 Lady Bird's middle name
52 —— matter of fact
53 Kind of hygiene
54 WW II general Wingate
55 Peut—— (perhaps: Fr.)
57 Novel price, once
59 Baby's rocker
61 Half a diam.
62 Mil. mail depot
63 Former Brit. coins
65 Texas border city
67 "Slippery" tree
68 Walter + Alexander = skater
71 Peacock network
74 Antacid
76 Billfold fillers
77 Bisector's amount
78 Holbrook or Linden
79 Sherwood, for one
81 Autumn pear
83 "Good Earth" heroine
85 Concerto epilogue
86 Poker chip-in
87 Tom Hanks film, 1988
88 Ending for citron or salmon
90 Pre-wedding party
92 Recipe direction
93 Semicircular head ornament
95 Metrical foot
97 Sports palace
98 Freight weight
99 Eleanor + Les = gridder
102 Peach throwaways
103 Offshore land mass
104 Famed shipping tycoon
108 Julia's "Seinfeld" role
111 Let up
113 Where Arles is
114 Urban rd.
115 Robert + Dorothy = hoopster
117 Nathan + Bill = golfer
119 Watered silk
120 Prom
121 Pianist Templeton
122 Pay attention
123 Stockpile
124 Reverie
125 Type of dagger
126 Bettor's consideration

DOWN

1 Jeans fabric
2 Gasoline brand
3 Bannister was one
4 Incoming-flight abbr.
5 Ellington's "Take the ——"
6 Service for working moms
7 Beijing nursemaid
8 Earthlings
9 Insignia
10 The Orient
11 Worse than colds
12 Possible allergy symptom
13 Compass letters
14 Exec's scribe
15 Director Lubitsch
16 Pasteur portrayer
17 Made furious
18 Smarting
24 —— dull moment
26 Marijuana cigarette
29 Who's base, in a comedy routine
32 What money burns in one's pocket
33 Last, in order of height
34 Gossipmonger Barrett
36 Annals unit
37 Cable car
38 Deal secondhand
39 Ruth + Elias = hockey star
40 "I've Got —— in Kalamazoo"
41 Soccer great
42 Love, Italian-style
43 Reef buildup
44 Mike + Steve = netman
47 Washerful
49 Jitterbug
51 Move forward
56 Mechanic's need
58 "Woe ——!"
59 Coronation items
60 Janet of Justice
62 Queries
64 Cries of surprise
66 "—— boy!"
69 Shinbones
70 Sequester
72 ——Powell, Boy Scout founder
73 "It" girl Bow
75 Groucho's expression
79 Forgo food
80 Undeceived by
82 Folklore frightener
84 Mary's tagalong
85 Ears that we eat
87 Life stories, for short
89 French city near Belgium
91 Former Sandwich Islands
93 Indian carving
94 Airline to Colombia
96 Chicken buy
99 Gets the suds out
100 Think highly of
101 Up next
102 Jetties
105 Used a carpenter's cutter
106 Vine-covered
107 Transmits
108 Austen opus
109 Weaver's device
110 About 30 percent of the world
111 Winglike
112 Treat for Fido
113 Neighbor of Senegal
116 Say further
117 Taken for a sucker
118 Before sigma



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 77.

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